

JULY • 25¢

THE **A**merican

MAGAZINE

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PUBLISHERS OF THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—
THE COUNTRY HOME MAGAZINE—COLLIER'S—
WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION



**A GAY NOVEL OF
LOVE AND BEAUTY** BY *Clarence Budd'*

BEVERLY SMITH • JEROME BEATTY • and A COMPLETE S

"YOUR CAR IS REALLY THREE CARS IN ONE"

*say service managers
the country over*

IF ANYONE KNOWS HIS CARS, it is the car dealer's service manager. So we have talked with scores of service managers all over the country. What they say boils down to this simple fact:

Every car has three different grades of performance. Here's why—

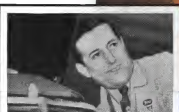
The farther you advance the spark of a modern car, up to the point of maximum efficiency, the more power you get from gasoline.

But the motor "knocks" or "pings" when the spark is set farther ahead than the "anti-knock" quality of the gasoline used permits.

Judged by anti-knock quality, there are three grades of gasoline: "low grade," "regular" and gasoline containing "Ethyl."

That is why your car has a device, variously called "distributor adjuster," "Octane Selector," etc.—for setting the spark for each of these three grades of gasoline.

And the performance of your car depends upon the grade of gas and spark setting, as shown below.



O. E. MOORE, shop foreman for W. B. Dwyer Co., Ford dealer in Detroit, Mich., says: "Those of us engaged in tuning cars know that the grade of fuel used goes a long way in making our work stand out. We always recommend Ethyl to a customer who expects the tops in performance. Then we can go all the way with the spark advance and still avoid 'ping.'"



GUS RUSHNECK, service manager of B. F. Curry, Inc., Chevrolet dealer, New York City, says: "When the public understands that there are three grades of performance built into every car, we service men will lead happier lives. Sure, the cars will run on any gas they buy... but a Chevrolet has so much more on the ball when you can tune it up for real top-grade performance. That means gasoline 'with Ethyl.'"

YOU HAVE THESE 3 CHOICES



Poor performance
with "low grade" gasoline

There is no anti-knock fluid (containing tetraethyl lead) in "low grade" gasoline. Power is lost because the spark must be retarded to prevent "knock" or "ping."



Good performance
with "regular" gasoline

Most regular gasoline has in it anti-knock fluid (containing tetraethyl lead). The spark can be considerably advanced for more power without "knock" or "ping."



Best performance
with gasoline containing "ETHYL"

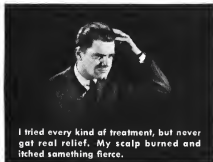
Gasoline "with ETHYL" is highest in all-round quality. It has enough anti-knock fluid (containing tetraethyl lead) so that the spark can be fully advanced for maximum power and economy without "knock" or "ping."



"WE GIVE both our new and used car customers the best performance and the most economical run for their money by tuning up their cars for gasoline 'with Ethyl,'" says William E. Kennedy, service manager for Triangle Motor Sales, Inc., Chrysler and Plymouth distributors, Lima, O. "Our call-back, no-charge labor costs have been reduced over 50% because now our Chrysler and Plymouth cars are tuned up for Ethyl."

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION, manufacturer of anti-knock fluids used by oil companies to improve gasoline

How I got rid of DANDRUFF for keeps



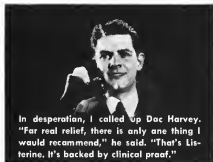
I tried every kind of treatment, but never got real relief. My scalp burned and itched something fierce.



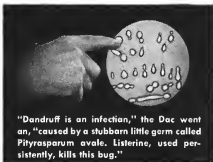
During my last attack my hair began to fall out worse than it ever had before. I really got worried.



Every time I wanted to look my best those disgusting dandruff scales would drop off on my coat shoulder where everybody could see them.



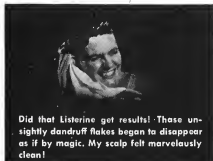
In desperation, I called up Doc Harvey. "For real relief, there is only one thing I would recommend," he said. "That's Listerine. It's backed by clinical proof."



"Dandruff is an infection," the Doc went on, "caused by a stubborn little germ called *Pityrosporum ovale*. Listerine, used persistently, kills this bug."



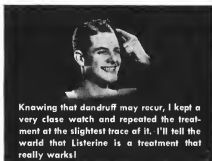
Well, I started on the Listerine treatment—doused it on the scalp and followed it with a vigorous and thorough massage, morning and night.



Did that Listerine get results! Those unsightly dandruff flakes began to disappear as if by magic. My scalp felt marvelously clean!



I kept the treatment up for a month, realizing that dandruff requires persistent medication. My scalp and hair felt swell and looked swell!



Knowing that dandruff may recur, I kept a very close watch and repeated the treatment at the slightest trace of it. I'll tell the world that Listerine is a treatment that really works!



It's comforting to realize that now I can go anywhere without having to worry about unsightly dandruff scales on my coat.



Listerine . . . the most effective treatment for dandruff I ever used . . . and so delightful!

If you have any evidence of dandruff, start right now to get rid of it with Listerine Antiseptic. Begin the systematic daily treatment which has actually *proved its ability to cure dandruff*.

Listerine is not content, as many remedies are, to merely get rid of *symptoms*. Listerine strikes deeper—gets at the *cause*; kills *Pityrosporum ovale*, the germ that causes dandruff.

So far as we know, Listerine is the only

treatment that backs its claims of cure by a vast array of evidence from laboratory and clinic, where dandruff sufferers were under observation, week after week. From the record in a great midwestern skin clinic:

Marked relief from dandruff in two weeks on the average for a substantial number of those who used Listerine Antiseptic once a day.

Look at the result in the New Jersey clinic, where dandruff was patiently stud-

ied in 1936:

76% of patients using Listerine twice a day showed either marked improvement in or complete disappearance of dandruff within a month.

This Listerine treatment is the treatment for you! Don't waste time with others, lacking clinical proof of results. Start today with Listerine Antiseptic and see how quickly you note improvement.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

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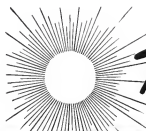
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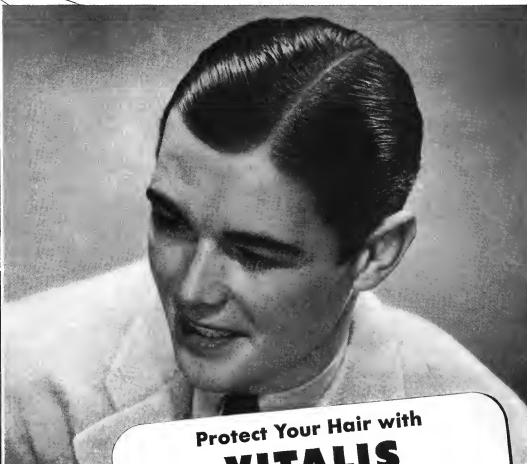
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Baking Sun-Soaking Showers

can ruin the looks of your hair!



EIGHTEEN holes of golf, three sets of smashing tennis, or a long, lazy afternoon on a sunny beach. Man, that's a fine summer schedule and swell for your body, but it can do a lot of harm to your hair!

The sun's hot rays beat down on your hair, baking out the natural, nourishing oils that keep it healthy and lustrous. Your daily shower or swim completes the damage. No wonder the end of summer leaves you beautifully tanned but your hair bleached dry, brittle, lifeless.

That's why in summer your hair needs the help of Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" to combat the deadening effect of sun and water. Simply apply Vitalis to the scalp with a brisk massage. You'll feel an exhilarating tingle as circulation is aroused and the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis come to the rescue of your oil-depleted scalp. Your scalp will loosen

Protect Your Hair with
VITALIS
 and the "60-Second Workout"



1 50 SECONDS TO RUB—Circulation quickens—flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!



2 10 SECONDS TO COMB AND BRUSH—Hair has a lustre—no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

up, that tight, dry feeling will go and your hair will have a rich lustre.

When you use Vitalis your hair stays just as you comb it—and no trace of that objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Go ahead, enjoy your sports this summer. But keep Vitalis handy to help protect and enhance the health and looks of your hair. Use Vitalis regularly.



WARNING—For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis now comes only in the new, sanitary Sealubes—sold by barbers who display this seal. Accept no substitutes. Insist on Sealubes!

VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT" HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

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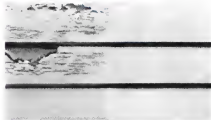
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This salon did not remotely resemble a barbershop



Beginning FOR BEAUTY'S SAKE

BY CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

A rollicking new novel... the story of a man who learned about glamour from women... by the author of OPERA HAT (Mr. Deeds Goes to Town)

 I REMEMBER that I was making some interesting calculations with respect to the transit of Mercury, which will occur on November 10th in the year 1940, and which will be visible in the Western and Pacific states. Now, as everyone knows, the best hour at which to make a telescopic study of Mercury is in the late afternoon, when it is near east

elongation. I was not ready to agree with certain of Lowell's and Schiaparelli's conclusions, although I was gradually being forced to their point of view. At the moment I had reached the age of twenty-six years, three months, four days, seven hours, forty-three minutes, and approximately sixteen seconds. Then came the interruption which

marked the commencement of upheaval in my life. At the moment it seemed more annoying than cataclysmic.

"Mr. Dillsome," said Professor Rounds, "the young ladies have arrived."

"Indeed," said I with, possibly, a trace of testiness. "What young ladies?"

"From Mrs. Merton's Select School

FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN WATER
COLOR BY ALFRED PARKER



*She had grabbed
and kissed me be-
fore I could de-
fend myself*

for Young Ladies," said the professor, "and, as I informed you at luncheon yesterday, you are to escort them through the observatory and give them such information as they seem to crave—or are capable of assimilating."

I arose reluctantly and went down. I found four young women whose appearance did not indicate a profound interest in astronomy, and an older woman who, obviously, was their cicerone or instructor.

"Young ladies," said the professor, neglecting utterly to mention their names—which, of course, we would not have remembered, "this is Mr. Dillsome. He will show you what is to be seen."

THREE of the young ladies were dressed in ordinary garments, but the fourth, a very small specimen of her sex, bearing about the same relation in size to a full-grown woman that the moon does to the earth, was clad in an abbreviated dress printed with an intricate pattern of dazzling colors.

"Follow me," said I with some impatience.

"Are you an astronomer?" asked this young person.

"I am one of Professor Rounds's assistants," said I.

"Can you tell fortunes as well as he can?" she asked.

"I beg your pardon?" I asked.

"Fortunes. You know. A dark man is coming into your life and you are going to take a journey across water, and all that. What I'm getting at is, can you toss a horoscope?"

"I am," said I with proper dignity, "an astronomer, not an astrologer. And the correct word is 'cast' not 'toss.'"

"Miss Pringle!" exclaimed the cicerone chidingly.

"The only reason I came," she said, "was to get my fortune told. You don't mean to say you can't do it?"

"Lay off him, Dime," said one of the other young ladies.

"I thought astronomers had whiskers," said Miss Pringle. She stared at me in a manner that embarrassed me profoundly. "The whole thing is a bust."

"Shut your little trap," said another young woman, "and let's get it over."

"They're soulful," said Miss Pringle.

"What are?" asked the other, whose name, I subsequently learned, was Miss Higginbotham.

"His eyes," said Miss Pringle.

"Probably," said Miss Higginbotham, "from studying infinite space. You do

that most of the time, don't you?"

"This," said I, "is a reflecting telescope. It has a 100-inch reflector, which weighs four and a half tons."

"The very idea!" exclaimed Miss Pringle. "You don't have to lift it, do you?"

"It is stationary," said I severely.

"Then," she asked, "what do you care how much it weighs?"

That, it seemed to me, was a curious thing to say. I ignored it. "Before you came," said I, "I was engaged in observing the planet Mercury. You will observe—"

"You have a large assortment of planets, haven't you?"

"Uncountable," said I.

"Then," she said, "let's play with an interesting one—like Venus. We'd rather have Venus, wouldn't we, girls?"

IF YOU don't dry up," said Miss Higginbotham, "I'll cuff you down. Let the lad strut his stuff. Go ahead, Mr. Dillse, and fear nothing."

"The name," said I patiently, "is Dillsome."

"And what else?" asked Miss Pringle.

"Bertram Erasmus Dillsome," said I.

She repeated it after me, and then, thoughtfully, "Mrs. Bertram Erasmus Dillsome. It wouldn't be my poisonous luck that you are married, would it?"

"I am not married," said I.

"How perfectly ducky of you," she said. "Now go on and amaze us."

"In order to conceive the distances with which astronomy must deal," said I, "you must be aware of the fact that light travels at a speed of 186,300 miles per second—"

"It could," said Miss Pringle, "make the Yale track team."

"Now," said I, "if we imagine ourselves at a spot so far away that it would require light a million years to travel to it—"

"It's probably a local haircut," said Miss Pringle in a whisper. "You really could do a lot with him."

"We would," said I, "in that location, find ourselves in almost utter darkness—"

"I'd like that," said Miss Pringle. "What could we sit on?"

"Young woman," said I, "if you came here to inspect this telescope, I shall complete the irksome task of showing it to you. If you came for the purpose of making remarks which have no bearing upon the subject, and which derive doubtless from a juvenile brain of very secondary order—"

"Oh, do go on!" she cried. "It's slick. Did you notice how his nose wrinkles? I'll bet he has a beautiful, manly body. How much do you weigh, Mr. Dillsome?"

"One hundred and seventy-three pounds," said I.

"How truly stunning!" said Miss Pringle.

"Mr. Dillsome," interposed Miss Higginbotham, "she's not really fresh; she's just a little dumb."

"The orbit of Mercury," said I, "has been discovered to be altering its position. Its perihelion moves forward about forty-three seconds each hundred years farther than it ought to move. This deviation was discovered in 1845 by Leverrier—"

HE'S just simply divinely serious," I heard Miss Pringle say to Miss Higginbotham. Then to me, "You're positively grossly enthralling about perihelions. I'll bet a stack of blues that anybody who knows about perihelions could tell fortunes like nobody's business. How's for just a little, twenty fortune?" She held out her small palm.

"Palmistry," said I, "if I understand that method of gullery, is in no way associated with astrology. In palmistry one is supposed to reach conclusions by the position and depth of lines of the palm; in astrology—"

"Don't be stuffy," she said.

"Madam," I said, directing my remarks to the cicerone, "my time is not without value. I have been interrupted





"What," demanded Blimp, "is so funny about two fleshy people bein' in love?"

in my observation of the planet Mercury. If I can impart information I shall be glad to do so. This, if I may point it out, is an astronomical observatory, not a booth at a county fair."

"That," said Miss Pringle in a pitiful voice, "practically quells me. Do you ever come to New York?"

"Never."

"Because I graduate in two weeks, and that is where I live, and a good many boys, the first time they meet me, want to know what is my telephone number—and if you came to New York and didn't know my telephone number it would be absolutely useless, because it is a private number and Information won't give it to you, on account of so many people would call up to sell life insurance, or would we contribute to the foulest charities."

"The last man she gave her telephone number to," said Miss Higginbotham, "was selling ice cream in a white suit by the side of the road."

"That," responded Miss Pringle in an injured tone, "was purely business, as you know very well. We all said he did not look like an ice-cream man, but like somebody that cashed checks in a bank for you. And I thought Papa would like it if I called to his attention a nice-looking check casher, because the ones he has are old grumps."

THE mirrors," said I, "of early reflecting telescopes were made of speculum metal. The mechanical parts of the great telescopes of Herschel and others were crude, and could not be made to follow celestial bodies faithfully in their westward motion."

"My goodness!" exclaimed Miss Pringle, as if suddenly reminded of something, and she forthwith extracted a small hand-mirror from a bag she carried and proceeded to study her face in it.

"How's your perihelion?" asked Miss Higginbotham ironically.

"It needs," said Miss Pringle, "a spot of touching up." So she painted her lips with some pigment and scrubbed powder on her minute nose.

"Fifty years ago," I continued, "glass replaced speculum metal."

"How sad for the speculum-metal people," said Miss Pringle. "They couldn't make any more dough, could they? Papa says the most entertaining things about obsolescent industries—"

"Thank you," said Miss Higginbotham. "This has been most instructive. We will just have time to get back for dinner."

"But I have explained nothing," said I. "I have shown you nothing."

"Oh, yes, you have," said Miss Pringle. "Don't go and be modest. I think you should wear it a little long—not quite like it is—but kind of intermediate,

so it will curl right above your ears."

Miss Higginbotham tugged at her arm.

"Oh, must we go?" asked Miss Pringle. "Well, what are your visiting hours? I mean between two and five, like in hospitals, or what, because I can ride over quite often and hear more about speculum glasses and perihelions. And my telephone number—Have you anything to write it down?—is Decatur—"

"Your telephone number," said I, "is not remotely interesting to me."

"Decatur 9-4576," she went on, as if I had not interrupted. And then she suddenly grabbed the lapels of my coat, pulled me to her, and gave me a resounding kiss on the cheek. With an "I'll be seeing you," she was off before I could recover my equilibrium.

As they filed out I heard her say to Miss Higginbotham, "I think it was the back of his neck turned the trick. You so seldom see a lad with a nice nape."

"Some time, Dime," said Miss Higginbotham, "you'll stick your neck out."

"It's out like a giraffe," she said. "And you wouldn't think he was my type! But you never can tell. All of a sudden—just like that!"

"Simply goofy," said Miss Higginbotham."

Then they were gone, for which I was profoundly thankful.

NOW, I do not wish anyone to draw the conclusion that I am a woman-hater. I am not, decidedly. I enjoy the society of ladies. I find them charming and sometimes sympathetic. I am at ease in their society. The only thing I find objectionable in them is youth. When they reach a reasonable age, say sixty, I like them exceedingly. Therefore, any reports that may have been disseminated that I dislike women are wholly erroneous.

That is one reason why there is little sympathy between myself and my aunt. Although she is a woman of mature years she appears to be youthful. On the rare occasions when I see her I am invariably astonished to note her appearance, which would lead one to believe that she is not less than twenty years younger than her actual age.

Her name is Dimity Sprig, Incorporated. At least, that is how it appears upon the letterheads which she uses when she writes me on birthdays and at Christmas. She added the "Incorporated" some years ago, for that is not a portion of her actual name. She is a spinster and doubtless



had some vague notion that incorporation was a substitute for wedlock.

I see her very rarely, and then as briefly as possible, because she does not approve of astronomy as a profession. She continually tells me that it has no future; that it produces nothing salable; and who the devil cares what capers the stars cut up? Her interest is in two matters—the making of money and the retention of a youthful appearance.

"Not that I am vain," she said, "but it's a rattling good advertisement."

SHORTLY after Mrs. Merton's young ladies left I found myself restless and hungry, so I put on my hat and strolled down to the village for my dinner. As is my custom, I stopped in at the barbershop to exchange a few words with Blimp and to see if he was ready to dine. Blimp is not the barber—by that I mean he is not the proprietor of the shop, but a hired artisan. Nevertheless, he is a person of rare discernment and of a quite incredible knowledge of the world. If I may be said to have an intimate that individual is Blimp Moggs. He calls me "Doc," for what reason I do not know. He is exceedingly rotund, with very pink cheeks.

He looked up from a lathered chin as I entered and smiled warmly. "Evenin', Doc," he said cordially. "How's things up in the sky?"

"Perfectly normal," said I.

"Business goin' on as usual, eh? Now, take the WPA on Mars—buildin' any new canals?"

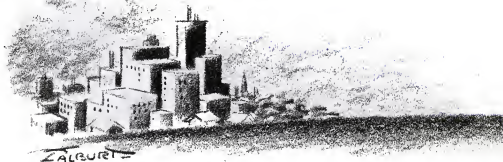
"No signs of Martian activity," said I, for I am accustomed to his humorous point of view.

"Set a few," he invited, "and we'll go grab a crowd of steaks."

He busied himself upon the customer's visage and I sat idly turned the pages of a motion-picture magazine which depicted numbers of young women in various states of nudity. I presume there are individuals who are interested in the conformation of a perfect stranger's knees, but I am not numbered among them. Toward the end of the book my eyes chanced upon a full-page advertisement upon which appeared a photograph of my aunt, Dimity Sprig, Incorporated. I did not read it, and experienced a slight sensation of distaste that she should find it expedient to utilize her spurious appearance of youth for the purpose of attracting customers.

By this time Blimp had satisfied his patron, and we walked down the street toward the hotel. As we passed the telegraph (Continued on page 130)

THE PAROLE RACKET



How do gangsters get out of the "jug"? An experienced crime reporter set out to find the answers. In a nation-wide survey he talked with criminals and parole administrators, with politicians and public officials. And here he explains why the wrong men too frequently are freed

AS a newspaper reporter, Martin Mooney helped blow the lid off New York City's rackets and precipitated the appointment of Thomas E. Dewey, now District Attorney, as special rackets prosecutor.

WITH crime increasing and prisons filled to overflowing, our country is up against a critical decision. It is this:

Shall we have more and larger prisons—or more paroles?

More prisons mean increased federal, state, and local expenditures—more taxes. More paroles, on the other hand, mean more crime, judging from our experiences in recent years; and the cost

of increasing crime is staggering. A police commissioner in one of our largest Eastern cities recently reported that the cost per conviction of every criminal is \$1,000! And in this one city during a recent three months' period there were committed 1,758 major crimes, including murder, manslaughter, robbery, assault, and burglary.

There is little question even among police authorities that parole as a theory is good. The idea of giving a well-behaved convict a reward for good behavior and an opportunity to rehabilitate himself is certainly a sound one. The real trouble at present seems to be that the wrong convicts are getting it. Hardly

a day goes by that we do not read a report of a slaying, robbery, or an assault by some paroled convict. Only recently came the report of two men who, in broad daylight, ran from a bank into the main street of a Middle-Western community, their guns spitting fire. They killed one policeman, wounded a woman shopper, and, as they started off, their getaway car ran down a thirteen-year-old boy on a bicycle.

Those two men were bank robbers. They had been paroled only three months before and had been put on their honor as parolees to live within the law.

Paroled men have been involved in every major kidnapping case in this



CARTOON
BY TAL SUFI

BY MARTIN MOONEY

country in recent years. With only one exception, every federal agent shot down and slain by gangster bullets has met death at the hands of men turned loose from prisons on their "honor"—set free on parole.

THE fact is incontrovertible that the increase in the number of paroles has brought a corresponding increase in crime. It is becoming more and more apparent that first offenders are, as a rule, serving out their sentences, with the usual time off for good behavior, while the habitual criminals, who know the ropes, are the ones who are getting the paroles. The result is that from the

paroled convicts we get our gangsters and murderers, who get in and out of prison with startling rapidity. Recently I saw an official report showing that in the jails of one of our great industrial cities were 500 prisoners who had repeated 50 times or more. And I, myself, talked with two habitual criminals, both on parole, one of whom had served 51 and the other 68 prison sentences!

Why is this? How is it that public officials dare to turn loose habitual criminals to commit more crime? Who are the men, paid from the public purse, who set these criminals free? Why do they do it?

I first asked myself those questions

several years ago when, as a newspaper reporter, I was engaged in a series of racket investigations that led to the revelation of the extensive operation of major rackets in this country. Since then I have known literally hundreds of paroled ex-convicts. I have talked with these men, listened to their stories. I have also talked with dozens of federal, state, and local parole officials and with members of parole boards.

Inevitably, I have encountered some of the virtues as well as the evils of the parole system. I have found three states where there has been a sincere effort in recent years to establish a sound parole system. I have run across parole boards that can point definitely to cases where paroled ex-convicts have for years been earning an honest living. I also know that it is true that newspapers make much of crime news and that the public is continually fed sensational headlines detailing the crimes of paroled prisoners, while stories of paroled men who have gone straight have been given little prominence.

BUT, on the other hand, I have found ever-increasing evidence that parole is shot through with corruption; that politicians trade paroles for votes, pay off their obligations to those who put them in office by using their influence on parole boards. In many instances parole boards themselves are composed of politicians who must pass out favors. Paroles are "fixed" with as little concern as one might go about fixing a parking ticket.

Moreover, I found that in many instances the wrong men are set free by parole boards through the efforts of well-meaning clergymen and welfare organizations that permit sentimentality to run away with their better judgment.

To support my conclusion that the wrong men get parole, I might well cite such notorious cases as those of John Dillinger, Clyde Barrows, Clyde Stevens, and other paroled convicts who have slain federal agents during the past decade and who have mowed down policemen in every large community in the United States.

It would make a long list, a list to shame the parole authorities.

But I would rather tell you from my own experience of a man I shall call "Slim," a criminal twice paroled who, at the time I met him, was on the pay roll of a county clerk's office in an Eastern state at \$2,200 a year. He was employed ostensibly as an official file clerk, but actually as a strong-arm thug, whose job it was to "smooth down" citizens who might complain about "political pull."

Some day you may run into Slim or his counterpart if you, as a citizen, should attempt to stir up a fuss about the actions of some public official. It may be a thin-mouthed, hard-eyed individual, like Slim, who will come around to your place of business or your home to "talk" things over and (Continued on page 114)



M★

ARY liked her at once, with a touch of envy. She was fresh and lovely and young, and there was that something else. Mary didn't speak to strangers, but here—here under a copper halo and with eyes like molten blue poker chips—was the thing constantly in her mind. The flair, the physical flair.

They got into the shoe-box automatic lift. Mary pressed the button under the card which announced reticently, "4, CHADBOURNE, Photographers."

The girl smiled and said, "That's where I'm going, too. And I'm scared."

"New?" Mary asked.

"Out of the convent," she said. "The name is Jane Carson."

"With the dew still on," Mary murmured, and stepped out of the elevator. "Have you ever modeled? Do you know anyone here?"

"Not an amoeba. Do you?"

"I'm an old grad. Going to register?"

"If that's what you call it, yes."

The girl at the desk was occupied with two elderly female parties who were examining recent studio "portraits" and were obviously skeptical of the camera's integrity.

"Do you mind?" Mary said, straightening Jane's hat.

"They don't care about that, do they?"

"They do care about that."

"I thought it was just the dewy eye and the long, clean limbs. I've got the jitters."

"You've got the face. And flatten that collar."

"Weren't you nervous the first time?"

"I didn't have the face."

But Mary had. It wasn't a bud; it wasn't a flower. Still, from the beautifully rounded, high forehead to the small, firm chin it had character and that unspectacular loveliness of warm, olive-brown skin, intelligent gray eyes, and a largish, sympathetic mouth. And this

Latham made her famous—her figure, her flair, her shattering smile

By

**CHARLES
BONNER**

STAR

bright

*They were gorgeous, both of them. They had
what it takes to snatch a man's breath . . .
but only one was lucky*

head was supported by a body which had a tailored grace that imposed a great strain upon the necks of passers-by.

THE elderly parties departed, and the girl at the desk said, "Register?"

"I'm Mary Kent," Mary said, and, to her surprise, "This is my friend, Jane Carson. She wants to register. I should think Mr. Chadbourne would be interested."

"Got any shots?" the girl asked wearily.

"Jane's just starting," Mary said. "Out of the convent."

"We'll take a couple," the girl at the desk said. "Regular fifty per cent off. That is, if they think so."

Then she really looked at Jane. And saw the peach-bloom face, the summer-dusk eyes, and the long, tapering legs. She said appraisingly, "I think they'll think so. You're nearly too beautiful, honey."

"Or a reasonable facsimile," Jane said, and giggled.

"I'll get Mr. Chadbourne." The girl got up and disappeared down the dark alley past the developing rooms.

Mr. Chadbourne came out, a little,

gentle-faced man with tired pouches under his eyes. He remembered Mary. "How is it in Hollywood? I saw one of your films. You were good."

"I like it," Mary said firmly. "I've made three pictures. This is a holiday. I dropped in to look over some of my old stills. For publicity, you know. You always made the best."

"Paul Latham, you mean," Mr. Chadbourne said, looking at her intently.

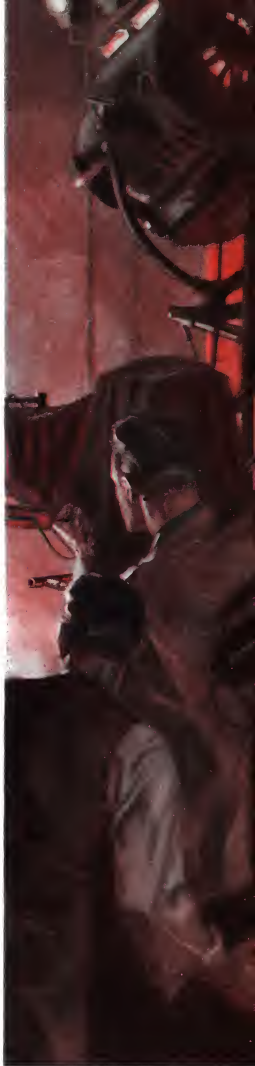
Mary said abruptly, "And this is Jane Carson. Absolutely fresh."

"Anyone who's a friend of yours," Mr. Chadbourne murmured politely.

Mary hesitated, then said with a firmness that astonished her, "The best. And, for you, she's a find."

"I see," said Mr. Chadbourne tolerantly. And, with sudden interest, "A different type. We'll take some shots."

THEY mounted a winding staircase with an iron rail and entered the studio. It was two stories-high. Crisscrossing the ceiling and bolted to it was a tangle of metal tracks, suspending square tin boxes of lights which could be moved to any position and adjusted to any angle. In the foreground a man bent over a still



life of glassware, illuminated by a single floodlight. With great care, he moved a goblet, touching its base with his fingernail so as not to cloud the glass. In the gloom beyond rose an amorphous mass of props, among which you could make out a palm, a Greek column, several large square blocks arranged in steps, and a portable chromium bar.

"Latham, Latham," Mr. Chadbourne called, and Mary caught her breath.

"Is he—? I thought he was—"

"I don't take very many pictures myself any more," Mr. Chadbourne announced. "Yes, Mr. Latham came back to us a month ago. He'll be glad to see you."

MARY turned and walked quickly over to the man who was arranging glassware. "Hello, Frank. That's a swell composition." And her warm voice sounded as though nothing had ever been so interesting.

"Why, Miss Kent! Shake! Coming back to us?"

"You're no flatterer. Haven't you seen my films?"

"Gee, yes. They're tops. What I meant was . . ."

"Mary Kent," Mr. Chadbourne said confidentially to Jane, "was the best model we ever had."

"I'll be good, too," said Jane, taking off her hat and calling attention to a mass of blinding new-penny hair.

"You'd better," said Mr. Chadbourne with amiable succinctness. "Mr. Latham will be up in a second."

As he went down the stairs a tall young man came up. He had little crinkles around his dark eyes as though they were constantly amused, but his mouth was firm and serious. He walked with quick, determined steps, as if the purpose in walking was to get there. He went over to where Frank and Mary were chatting.

"Hello, Mary," he said quietly.

She gave her head a stiff inclination. "Mr. Latham."

"I've seen your pictures. You're fine. I don't like the emotional scenes. You hold in."

"They're subtle," she murmured, turning away.

He nodded his head slowly. It was a quizzical gesture, not one of agreement. His deep brown eyes rested steadily on the back of her hat.

"Mr. Chadbourne," Mary said to him over her shoulder, "thought you might use a couple of plates on Miss Carson. She'd like to register."

He looked at Jane. "I'll use a dozen," he said.

For an hour he worked swiftly and silently, with those special gifts for dramatic lighting, for subtlety of pose, for evoking the personality of the sitter which made him the most wanted photographer in the city. He could have set up his own studio and grabbed the best accounts going. He refused to. He

wasn't a businessman, he said. He was an artist, others said. It was true. He had been a painter, a fine painter. Two of his canvases hung in the Luxembourg, one in the Metropolitan, several in smaller museums. But he painted now only for his own amusement. He had fallen in love with the camera.

"The camera," he said, "can make the picture which exists in the artist's brain. It is precise and truthful if the photographer's conception is honest—and his subject, too." That was important to Paul Latham. He emphasized the need for co-operative integrity between the artist and the model. "There have been no great portraits without it," he said, and summoned dozens of examples to prove his point.

He finished, and said to Jane, "There. I think we have something. Come around tomorrow and we'll look them over. I guess I can put you right to work posing for Spin-dri hosiery. Stockings all right?"

Mary put in crisply, "Stockings all right. But no posing for underwear or medical advertisements."

"Thanks a ton," Jane said to Paul. "Toodle-oo. And, Miss Kent, I can't possibly—"

"We'll go down together," Mary said.

Paul turned to her. "It would be fine if you'd drop in again." And he was unsmiling.

Mary stared. "I'm catching a plane back tomorrow. Hollywood, you know."

"Then, maybe this evening."

"Good-by," Mary said.

BELOW, on Fifth Avenue, Jane turned round, wondering eyes to Mary. "You were so swell. But you don't know me. I may be awful. Why did you do it?"

Mary said, "I'm not sure."

"Do you think I'll make good?"

"My dear," she said slowly, "you're made for good. Do you know who that was? That was Paul Latham, Hollywood's unofficial hawkshaw. I saw how he looked at you. I know the signs."

Jane's lovely mouth made a perfectly round "O," while a ripple on her forehead struggled with the situation. "And get to be a star like you?"

"Don't be silly," Mary said sharply.

"I'm only a featured player. And you can't name a single film I've been in."

"I can! There was *Passing Ships* and *No Man of Ours*. You were wonderful."

"Bless you," said Mary, her heart tumbling pleasantly. "We shall lunch together."

Afterward, immense friends already, they walked up Fifth Avenue together, getting great amusement from the new things and the odd things they saw and relishing the thrilling, cockle-warming unfolding of confidences.

That was, until Jane said, "Isn't Mr. Latham fascinating? Is he an old friend?"

Then the spring seemed to go out of Mary's step and she faced up the avenue with set lips. "I'll tell you," she said. "Latham was the fly in my ointment, the tangle in the skein, the monkey wrench in the machinery, the run in the stocking—he was my particular bad news. He tried to keep me from Hollywood. Not just straight, by talking me out of it. He tried to queer my chances with the scouts, and succeeded—nearly. He was low. He was ruthless."

"He looks nice," Jane said a little stubbornly.

"And he can do more for a girl than



It was a wildly gay party, and when Latham found Jane she was having a difficult time

any other man in the city. The picture people come to him. He's famous as a picker. Every one of his girls has gone over. I would have if he'd pushed me I have, without his pushing me."

Mary stopped short, stared over the heads of the crowd, over the tops of busses, her eyes seeming to fasten on a

grail, her lips firm, her chin quivering a little. "I got to Hollywood by myself. I'm climbing there, I'll—"

To Jane, she was breath-taking: the carriage of her handsome head, the slant of her chin, the determination. Character. That was it. Not unfeminine, but character. Jane looked at herself in a shop window and saw the soft, rounded lips, the wide, welling eyes, the glorious swirls of hair. How inferior to Mary, how unsubstantial, how gossamer. And how very pretty.

She pulled herself back to Mary. "Have you got your plane ticket?" she asked. It still didn't seem possible to her that people flew out there.

"I'll twist Hollywood's tail," Mary

said soberly, "until it screams. Come on up, darling, and help me pack. Do."

They turned east on Fifty-eighth Street, crossed Madison Avenue and Park Avenue, and on the way to Lexington Avenue entered a quiet little hotel which seemed to Jane in complete harmony with Mary's personality and disturbingly out of tune with all her own notions of glamour and film actresses.

Mary flung herself on a sofa in her apartment. "I'll have twenty-six winks," she said, "and then pack, and then we'll dine in some little place. Thank heaven for you instead of press agents and keyhole peepers and playboys. The plane's at eight-thirty in the morning. Hollywood. Darling, you'll be out with me in

no time. I know. You'll be good."

"This is for you," Jane said, picking up an envelope from the floor.

Mary sat up, fingered it open slowly. And all the lovely, warm color left her face. She didn't move, holding the telegram in front of her eyes in steady hands.

Jane said, "What is it—love?"

"Not love," Mary said. "Hollywood. It's over. They haven't taken up my option."

Jane was on her knees with Mary's head on her young breast, Mary crying quietly. And Jane thought her own ache was the greater, for they couldn't do this sort of thing to Mary Kent. This sort of thing couldn't happen to her friend Mary. . . .

JANE went down to see her pictures next day, and they were wonderful. Paul Latham's dark eyes glowed and Mr. Chadbourne did part of a hornpipe. "It's a discovery, Paul," he said, and didn't seem to care if Jane heard.

"Miss Carson," Paul said through his serious lips, "I think we can make a great many beautiful pictures. But you don't know anything about posing. It is an art."

Jane wanted to throw her arms around his neck. "Call me 'Jane,'" she said, "and don't forget Hollywood."

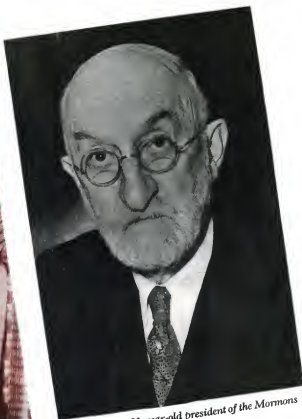
Paul's face (Continued on page 64)



FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN
OIL BY TOM LOVELL



Work for the idle . . . quilts made by needy women



Heber Grant, 81-year-old president of the Mormons

The MORMONS

How 22,000 men and women have been taken off relief by a vast community program for security



OUT along the interurban line in a tree-shaded section of Salt Lake City stands a sturdy brick-and-timber building. Deep bins in its basement hold 5,000 sacks of potatoes, 4,000 sacks of apples, and 2,000 sacks of onions. Men in mackinaws and overalls trudge in all day long with additional sacks and crates. On the floor above, they leave heaping armloads of fruits and vegetables still moist with rain and dew.

In a spacious kitchen at the rear of the building, kettles of pears and peaches and tomatoes boil merrily, as nimble-fingered women in white aprons preserve this array of products of orchard and

field. More than 200,000 jars and cans have already been stacked ceiling-high in countless rows. Up a flight of wooden stairs other women are sewing dresses, stuffing quilts, and cutting patterns. Above them on the wall hang sprawlingly lettered mottoes and proverbs and slogans. Most of the homemade signs stress the importance of co-operation and working together.

Co-operation means a lot to these people and to many others like them in 221 such storehouses throughout the Far West. Not so long ago most of the men carrying sacks and armloads of vegetables and the women canning fruits and

stitching shirts were dependent upon government relief, or possibly on private charity. Now they have become self-supporting. They are doing useful work. The food they preserve and the clothes they sew provide not only for themselves, but for thousands of other persons engaged in the various phases of the Security Program of the Mormon Church.

This unique plan of the Mormons is based on the belief that every able-bodied person can do some useful task if only given the chance. Why not make that chance available? The church, financed by tithes and "fast days," is obtaining farms, building storehouses,

PHOTOS BY WIDE WORLD AND PICTURES, INC.



find a way

A few of the Mormon Security projects . . . hoeing the fields, canning vegetables, making hats and dresses, storing vegetables for future needs

setting up projects, and making other arrangements for the providing of the necessities of life for thousands of men and women. The work is done by the people taken off federal relief rolls or private charity lists. Each Mormon is put at the job for which he is best fitted. The idle lumberjack fells trees or chops wood. The destitute farmer plows a loamy field. The products of all these tasks are pooled together in the storehouses. From there they are distributed to the people engaged in the program.

The supplies are given out on a co-operative basis, his need rather than his skill or ability determining what each

individual receives. Yet the Church Security Plan differs from other co-operatives in one fundamental respect. It is a means to an end, whereas co-operatives of the Swedish type, for example, are ends in themselves. The Mormons' program is pointed toward the time when its co-operatives will cease to be co-operatives—when the surplus goods from the Security farms will enable the men tilling them to pay back their debt

to the church and own the tracts outright. The ordinary co-operative does not aim toward this objective. Its chief purpose is to produce or distribute certain products co-operatively.

Although the Security Plan seeks to make its participants independent farmers and workers, it has a very definite principle in common with other co-operatives. It is for security and not for profit. No one (Continued on page 140)

By Richard L. Neuberger



Robin Hill
by
Phyllis Duganne



FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN OIL
BY NORMAN ROCKWELL

*His hands closed fiercely
about her. . . . "How
did you get here?"*

*When a man is engaged to a girl it
gives him certain rights. That always
bothers the suitor who hasn't given up*

THE clock on the Information Booth in the railroad station said eleven-thirty as Jane Lombard passed it and followed her porter down the long cement runway toward the train. A group of undergraduates returning to college stopped talking long enough to watch her go by, and Jane elevated her chin slightly and tried to look like the art teacher at Robin Hill School, which she was, instead of a sophomore on her way back to Stuart University, which she resembled. She was two years out of college, but not her most severely pedantic expression could make her look more than eighteen years old; visitors to Robin Hill invariably assumed that she was one of the pupils.

There were still more students smoking on the platform; young heads jerked, young eyes appraised her pleasurably, and a low and appreciative whistle sounded behind her. Jane glared, and, glaring, bumped squarely into a hatless, broad-shouldered young man and would have fallen had he not caught her elbows with strong hands and righted her. Her pocketbook slipped from beneath her arm to the floor and objects scattered—lipstick and compact, cigarettes and lighter, a memorandum pad and address book, fountain pen, a package of mints, and three letters from Wendell Sloane.

Gallants sprang from all sides to pick them up, and three young men, scrambling fiercely, seized the three letters.

"Going back to school, Jane?" one inquired, looking up from a deliberate perusal of the envelope addressed in Wendell's so legible handwriting.

"How's everything on Nineteenth Street?" queried the second.

The retriever of the third letter parted

his lips to speak, but the broad-shouldered young man looked at him, once, and he closed them and handed the letter silently to Jane.

Jane had believed that the misty, far-off look in her blue eyes had been a glare, but there was no doubting that the broad-shouldered young man was glaring. His eyes swept the undergraduate group slowly, and it seemed to Jane that muscles swelled in his arms beneath the sleeves of his tweed jacket; his big hands were clenched. There was silence.

"I'm sorry," he addressed Jane, then, in a low voice. "I'm a clumsy oaf."

He looked so grave, so serious about it that she smiled, and that old-fashioned decoration to beauty, a deep dimple, appeared at the left corner of her mouth. "It was my fault," she said. "I wasn't looking where I was going."

"I never look," declared the young man, and the undergraduate body stood rooted as Jane's laugh, a contralto chuckle unexpected in one so small and fair, sounded in the stillness.

SHE was still smiling as she entered the dimly lighted sleeping car, but after the porter had gone and she was sitting with her feet curled up on her berth, she looked at Wendell's letters and frowned. For the hundredth time since she had received the last letter she told herself that she was disappointed, not annoyed—but, if glaring had been incompatible with her features, annoyance was not, and in the pale light of the green-curtained berth Jane Lombard looked exceedingly annoyed.

She reread the last letter. So Mrs. Kingsley wanted him to motor to Robin Hill with her and Bobby, did she? Mrs. Kingsley thought a tutor's tasks most elastic, reflected Jane. Going to Europe with Bobby and his mother had been one thing; she had paid Wendell well for it and, despite twinges of what in a less intelligent young woman might have been jealousy, Jane had no quarrel with that.

But Wendell had been back in the United States for two weeks and she had not yet seen him. Naturally, he had visited his family; that was all right, too. But she had so looked forward to this trip to Robin Hill together, the long hours of talk while the train wheels rumbled and the Vermont landscape slid by the windows. After all, they were engaged to be married, even if they had not announced it. Now she would meet him for the first time since June before everyone. "How do you do, Wendell? Have you had a nice summer?" The art teacher and the English instructor, meeting again after vacation.

Jane suspected that there had been more escorting of Mrs. Kingsley than Wendell had told her. From Biarritz, in July, he had written: "I seem to be a hybrid tutor and gigolo, but it is all rather amusing, a stratum of life which I had not seen before." "Stratum,

*Jane was too happy to feel
the instant dislike which
snapped between them*

indeed!" Jane had thought to herself. Wendell liked to dance and sip champagne as well as any other normal young man of twenty-seven; he needn't call it a stratum. Elaine Kingsley must be thirty-five, at least—Bobby was fourteen—but, if you cared for her type, she was still an attractive woman, extraordinarily chic and vivacious.

The green curtains swayed toward her as someone lumbered down the aisle; voices rose, and laughter. "Mustn't wake Jane," a voice warned loudly, and another voice added, "Wish she'd come out and have a drink with us!"

"You mugs pipe down!" the serious voice of the broad-shouldered young man spoke.

"Say, who do you think you are—the manager?" another, belligerent, voice demanded.

The broad-shouldered young man's voice softened. "I think I could manage," it said sweetly, and there followed silence.

Jane's eyes danced. A champion, a knight-in-armor, that was what he was! She tried to imagine Wendell Sloane defending the sleep of a strange young woman from a group of slightly intoxicated students, and could not.

WHEN she awoke in the morning the students were gone and the train was quiet, but on her way back from the diner she encountered the broad-shouldered young man solemnly taking breathing exercises on the platform between two cars.

"Good morning," she said pleasantly, and found herself curious about him.

She smiled at him again when he returned to their car. "Thank you for keeping those boys quiet last night."

"Those cookies!" said the young man contemptuously. "I was itching to knock some of their heads together."

She laughed. "Do you live in Vermont?"

He shook his head. "No. I've got a job as physical instructor at one of these private schools." He paused, to register his disapproval of private schools, and added darkly, "Maybe I made a mistake."

"What school?" asked Jane, and when he said, "Robin Hill," she found, to her amazement, that she would have been disappointed at any other answer. "I'm the art teacher there," she told him.

"No kidding?" His brown eyes lighted. "Say—may I sit beside you?" He moved across the aisle, and she noted how very light on his feet he was. "My name's Dunn—Harry Dunn. What is this school like? I talked with the Carmichaels in New York and they seem on the level, but—well, I guess I'm prejudiced against private schools."

"The Carmichaels are darlings," Jane said warmly. "And most of the faculty are nice." She thought of Wendell, whom she had forgotten for almost ten

minutes. Harry Dunn's voice went on, like a series of explosions, beside her, and she remembered Wendell's beautiful accent, the shading and subtlety of his choice of words.

The school station wagon was waiting beside the platform, with Dr. Carmichael himself at the wheel.

"Hello there, Janie! Hello, Dunn—you two made friends? Good!"

Harry Dunn was doing breathing exercises again. "Say, this air is something!" he approved.

Jane's blue eyes glinted humorously toward Dr. Carmichael; when Harry Dunn turned to help the baggagemaster with the trunks, she whispered, "He's priceless, Dr. Mike! Wherever did you find him?"

The head of Robin Hill chuckled. "I rather think he's what we need—counterirritant to a faint odor of effete-ness I thought I smelled, last year, around the English Department."

"Um," said Jane.

They stopped in the village at the general store and post office, and Jane jumped out to say hello to old Mr. Higgins, the postmaster and storekeeper. His eyes twinkled at her, as he took her hand, and he cocked his head like an ancient bird. "Well—feel's good's you look?" he inquired perkily.

Her face was sober, as they started the long climb to Robin Hill. "Mr. Higgins looks such a lot older, so sort of frail, since last year," she said to Dr. Carmichael.

"He's in his eighties," the headmaster answered.

"He's got a fine head, that old duck," Harry Dunn interposed. "Looks like Emerson, don't you think?"

"Very much," agreed Dr. Carmichael, and Jane looked at the new physical instructor curiously.

THE road wound, mounting steeply, and reds and yellows and tawny copper colors crowded excitedly about them, with the high sky intensely blue and clear.

"Don't you ever breathe?" Harry Dunn demanded abruptly of Jane. "Consciously, I mean?" He was very conscious of his own breathing, and his eyes sparkled with enjoyment in it. "Take a great lungful!"

Jane did, and blinked rapidly and shook her head. "It makes me dizzy."

"That's bad," said Harry Dunn. "Try it again—hold it."

She laughed. "I don't believe I care for that sort of thing," she murmured, and they turned in at the school driveway, with the sprawling buildings, the house and remodeled barns, the new boys' dormitory gleaming white in the bright sunshine, and Priscilla Carmichael coming out to greet them.

Jane had her last year's room, in the girls' wing of the main house; she unpacked and put her things about, trying not to think of Wendell, because

suddenly, now that she was here, waiting seemed intolerable. Nearly four months . . . and, for the first time in weeks, she cried herself to sleep that night. The next morning she awoke, ashamed of herself and filled with the energy which the high air of Robin Hill always gave her. There would be a lot to do, and she dressed rapidly, in dungarees and a bright sweater, wool socks, and sturdy moccasins, and hurried down to the living-room.

"Now you look like yourself, Janie," Mrs. Carmichael said, and Harry Dunn, in sweatshirt and corduroys, agreed solemnly, "She looks good."

CARS roared up the hill and screeched down again; the station wagon brought the first load of students from the morning train. Color blazed in Jane's cheeks and laughter hung on her lips. "Oh, Miss Lombard, did you have a nice summer?" "Look, Miss Lombard, I got a permanent!" "Miss Lombard, what you think—I have a baby brother!" The Carmichaels greeted parents, conducted tour after tour of the school buildings. "Janie, can you find Made-moiselle?" "Janie, will you see where Betsy Davenport has gone?" "Janie, could you and Mr. Dunn dash down to the village and get the order from the butcher? His car's out of order—!"

Jane drove, hatless, her hair bright like the maple leaves, her eyes blue and clear as the sky. "It's a madhouse, the first day!" she said, and drew a deep, full breath and then laughed at Harry Dunn's approving expression. "I can take it or leave it alone!" she told him gaily.

A large car driven by a chauffeur in uniform swung about a curve, holding the middle of the road, and Harry Dunn reached over and helped Jane turn the wheel.

"Why don't you look where you're going, you big ape?" he roared, and Jane caught a glimpse of Bobby Kingsley beside the driver and Mrs. Kingsley and Wendell in the rear. The car swept on up the hill without pausing, and Harry said, "Why, you're trembling! The big gorilla—for a plugged nickel I'd go back and beat him up!"

"Don't be so fierce," said Jane faintly. She was not trembling because she had been frightened.

"Better let me drive," he suggested. "If that dressed-up monkey is still there when we get back—"

"I'll drive," Jane said, smiling in spite of herself. "We must hurry, and I know the road."

It had never seemed so long before, the three downhill miles to the village and the three miles of climbing back. The big car was still outside the school when they returned, and while Harry carried the packages into the kitchen Jane went, almost reluctantly, into the living-room.

"You know (Continued on page 136)

BEGINNING NEXT MONTH

Jim Farley's OWN STORY

A swift-moving parade of contemporary history, set down
in never-before-told stories from behind the political scene



ACME
PHOTO

✱ POSTMASTER GENERAL FARLEY takes off his gloves and, in an amazingly outspoken series of articles, shares with the readers of *THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE* his innermost thoughts. Without evasion he bares the inside story of the present administration and the striking personalities who have risen, fallen, and remained with it.

What really happened at the Chicago convention? Who really threw the nomination to Roosevelt?

Just what caused the break between the President and Al Smith?

What did Farley think of the advent of the Brain Trust and of its subsequent evolutions?

Has this administration used WPA, PWA, HOLC, and other relief and loaning agencies to build patronage?

What are the outstanding mistakes of the administration? Its outstanding successes?

What are the President's greatest assets? His greatest handicaps?

Would he accept a third term, and, if an election were held today, what would be his chances?

Just what truth is there in rumors

that Farley intends to resign from the Cabinet? Does he feel that he is, as some columnists have said, the man who "takes the raps" for the administration?

These are just a few of the questions which are being asked today on every side, questions that Jim Farley has agreed to answer. And he will answer them without pulling his punches. The first article in this remarkable series, publication of which will mark an event in magazine history, will appear in the August issue of *THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE*. This article is called:

Selling Roosevelt to the Party • IN THE AUGUST ISSUE

By MARGARET
CRAVEN

Cheerio!

*The intriguing story
of Bill... who knew
how to say a bright
good-by to any girl*



BILL was sitting on the after-deck smoking his pipe when he saw the girl coming through the mist and the long twilight. She was rowing well, feathering her oars with a practiced grace. She brought the dinghy close to the side without bumping it, and she held it there against the pull of the tide.

Just for an instant Bill thought she must be Kay, come at last to end his waiting, and such a surge of joy rose within him that he jumped to his feet, giving his pipe a rude whack against the rail.

But, no—Kay would not pull up so gently, or row so well. Kay would drop both oars, stand up in the boat to the risk of her lovely neck, and cry out in a voice breathless with eagerness, "Bill—Bill—here I am! Isn't it wonderful?"

This girl was not like that at all. Hers was no quick, stabbing beauty, but something slower and wrapped in reserve as stanch and old as the wall of China. She had that marvelous pink-and-white complexion one associates with babies and English women. She wore slacks, topped off by a sweater.





Bill wanted to shake her. "You can't have what you want," he said shortly. "Not this time, Kay"

She said, "There's a storm rising, and a strong tide, too. You must take care your boat does not drag her anchor."

So that's why she had rowed out? To warn him? Bill knew all the vagaries of wind and tide from Flattery to Queen Charlotte Sound, but he didn't tell her that. He wanted to make her talk. He liked that British twang. "A storm?" he said. "You mean a chinook?"

She looked up at him gravely. "Oh, no; rather not. A chinook is a warm south wind that melts the snows in spring. There are no snows, and it isn't spring. I mean a qualicum. It'll land you on the rocks if you're not careful. Quite!"

"Quite?" Bill said, imitating her accent.

"You're ragging me."

"Oh, no. I like it."

"Okay, Yankee."

"Ouch! Don't do that. All Americans don't talk through the nose."

"And all English don't talk as if they had a mouth full of porridge."

"Mush," Bill corrected.

"Porridge," she repeated firmly.

"All right. As long as I'm in Canadian waters, porridge it is. So you're English?"

"But rather."

"You English. In whatever odd corner of the earth we find you, you're always the same. You never change."

"Neither do you," she told him. "We can tell a Yankee as far as we can hear him, and that's rather far."

"Well, you couldn't," said Bill cheerfully, "if George the Third hadn't been such a pinhead."

"Or George Washington such a beastly traitor."

"What-t?"

"Quite!" And she pulled on the oars.

"Hey, wait a minute. King's X. How do you know there's a storm coming?"

SHE rested on the oars and let the dinghy drift. "It's in the air. Can't you smell it?"

"That's no storm. That's Sandy's cooking. He's engineer and crew, and as a cook he's fierce. As a matter of fact, I intended to row ashore in the morning. I saw the roof of your house through the trees. I hoped you'd sell me milk and butter and eggs. Will you?"

"I might," she said, "and I might not."

He hung over the rail, watching her row back through the gathering dusk. He could hear the crunch of the rollers as she pulled the dinghy into the boat-house. He could hear the bark of a dog.

Then her voice came back to him over the water. "Cheerio!" she called out.

"Cheerio!" he called back.

He knocked out his pipe against the rail, put it in his pocket, and swung himself down the ladder into the galley,

where the reek of Sandy's cooking was still heavy on the air. He walked through the narrow passage into the engine-room, where Sandy was tinkering with this gadget and that, his grizzled old face content but greasy.

"I heard ya," Sandy said. "I heard what ya said about my cooking. I heard ya twisting the tail of Johnny Bull. You got it right back that time, young fellow."

Bill chuckled. "I'm turning in, Sandy. Don't nurse that engine all night. It only has to last two more days."

"I've nursed this engine so many years, blamed if I won't miss it," Sandy said.

"I'll take a turn in the night and make sure we're holding," Bill told him, and went on into the cabin.

He lay in his bunk a long time before sleep came, the old boat rolling gently with the swell. After a while the wind came up. Rain beat against the port-holes, and the boat tugged at her cable. Bill was up three times that night. How many nights he'd spent like this in some hidden bay of these Canadian islands he loved. It was going to be a wrench to leave them.

HE WOKE to the fragrance of coffee and bacon. Sandy was dropping pans and burning his fingers in the galley. The storm had gone, leaving a cloudless sky. Bill could see the beach well now. As symmetrical as a half-circle, and sandless. Smoke rose lazily from the cottage, wood smoke, blue-white against the deep green of firs.

As he was pouring the coffee he saw the girl come down a path to the beach with a bobtailed sheep dog. She wore a bathing suit and she ran straight into the water, the dog following her.

"Br-r-r-r!" Sandy said. "These English! They must have their cold tub. Freeze her ears. That's what she'll do."

He followed Bill on deck, and they leaned over the rail and watched. She swam vigorously, using a sturdy, old-fashioned overhand stroke. Presently she emerged, a nice, bright pink, pulled off her cap, and shook her hair in the sun.

After breakfast Sandy went back to tinkering with the engine and Bill cleaned up the galley. When he had finished he took his pipe on deck. He could see the girl moving through the trees. He could hear the whine of a handsaw. Evidently she saved the best of the driftwood. He could see the woodpile, too—larger than the needs of a summer fireplace. She must stay on in the winter, then. A rainy, cold, lonely vigil it would be, 'way up here on the coast of the island, made up of tides and firs and cloudy skies. He wondered about her—how she was—and if she were alone.

He decided to go fishing, and was on top of the cabin fussing with lines and hooks when the girl rowed out. In the bottom of the dinghy she had eggs and butter and milk.

"So you took pity on a hungry man?" Bill greeted her.

She said, "I did, rather. After all, you're a guest in these waters. It didn't seem quite cricket to let you starve."

"I'll accept your offerings if you'll let me pay for them," Bill said. "No charity from the redcoats."

She said, "If you prefer;" and then. "You're going fishing? If you expect to catch any very large fish, you must have some small fish for bait. Have you a herring rake?"

"No."

"If you'll row in I'll lend you mine."

Bill had never even seen a herring rake, but after the girl had been kind enough to bring him some fresh supplies he thought he'd just accept its loan, dump it in the bottom of the rowboat, and go ahead and spin for salmon.

He rowed ashore. The girl disappeared into the boathouse and came out with an object that looked like a long broom handle with some little needle-like tines on one end of it.

"Here you are," she said. Her voice was grave, and yet there was a look about her eyes as if she were laughing at him. That decided him.

He took the rake, thanked her, and rowed around the inlet until he saw a school of small fish under the boat. He remembered his father telling about the Indians catching smelt with herring rakes. One Indian paddled the canoe and the second stood in the bow, bringing the rake back through the water, the little fish impaled on the tines, and dropping them neatly into the canoe. It sounded easy enough.

He looked toward the beach. The girl was standing there with her dog, watching and waiting. She was smiling. He stood up in the bow. He brought the rake through the water. Something happened. He got it in too deep or brought it back too strongly. The boat swerved, and Bill felt himself moving very fast and head-first for the bay. The water was so cold it made him gasp, but he managed to hang onto the herring rake. He dragged himself over the stern into the rowboat and tried again. This time he fell in even faster. He was coming up from his third try when he saw the girl. She had rowed out with her dog and was sitting there looking at him.

"Really," she said gently, "you must stop this. With all that beastly splashing you'll scare the fish to Prince Rupert."

Bill dragged himself into the rowboat and tried to keep his teeth from chattering. "You d-d-did that on purpose," he said. "D-d-do you think that's nice?"

"No, but you called George the Third a pinhead. He's one of my favorite kings."

"I take it back. He was ill-advised."

"Thank you. I'll take back what I said about George Washington, too. He was a rebel. That sounds rather better, don't you think?"



"He was a great man. He had courage."

"He had false teeth, too, that didn't fit, and he had the gout."

"My dear young lady," Bill said, "I'm entirely too cold to fight the Revolution all over again." He picked up the oars. "I'll tell you what I'll do for you, Redcoat. If I have any luck I'll bring you a fish."

"I can't accept magnanimity from a Yankee," she said. "If you bring me a

fish I'll cook it. I'll even ask you to dinner."

"With deep berry pie?" Bill asked. "The kind you pour custard on and eat with a spoon?"

"Quite."

"And Devonshire cream? And tarts? and—"

"Now, look here. You haven't caught that fish yet."

"I will. I'll bring you a chinook salmon."

"On rod and reel?"

"Absolutely. Just wait and see."

tage on the minute. Bill wore his flannels, the ones he was saving to wear when he met Kay. Sandy had scraped the stubble from his chin, scrubbed the grease from his hands, and borrowed one of Bill's shirts. They were immaculate and shining, and totally unprepared for the shock that awaited them.

Phyllis had rowed out to warn him, and he promptly insulted her'

ward, leaning heavily on a walking stick. He had a face you would not forget—thin and worn by suffering. You knew, when you watched him limp forward, that he had not walked well for years—not since some dark day on the Somme, perhaps.

"This is Captain Chalmers, my father," the girl said.

"I'm Bill Dewey," Bill said. "And this is my friend, Sandy McPherson."

You would not forget the dinner, either. The girl did it all herself, and she did it beautifully. There was no effort



ILLUSTRATED BY PRUEY CARTER

"I don't believe it. You'll never do it."

"Oh, yes, I will. May I bring Sandy?"

"Rather. Half past seven. You can bring the fish along with you. Those little fish cook quickly."

She rowed back to the beach, and Bill rowed out to the old boat, changed his clothes, and took Sandy fishing. Between them they managed to catch one salmon. Sandy cleaned it, and took it in to the girl.

They presented themselves at the cot-

age. It was a small cottage. Some people would have called it scarcely more than a shack. When the girl opened the door she was in dinner dress. Bill had a view of a comfortable, homey room, of lighted candles in old candelabras, of books, rosewood, and the dog by the open fire. Of a table laid for four and gleaming with the most beautiful old silver and china he'd ever seen.

A gray-haired man in tweeds rose from a chair by the fire and came for-

to impress. You guessed they dined this way because they liked it.

After dinner Bill and the girl—Phyllis, her name was—made a bonfire on the beach. Captain Chalmers and Sandy sat at one side of the fire, discussing the windjammer days, and Bill and Phyllis sat at the other side, with a drift log for a back rest. By the firelight they could see the old boat rolling gently at her moorings.

"We've had her (Continued on page 111)

"A thousand ways to say 'I love you,' and only one is right"—Why Hollywood pays \$300,000 a year to a former prop boy who has a lucky number, and cashes in on dreams

BY JEROME
BEATTY

DRAWING BY
SEYMOUR BALL



MERVYN OF THE

I HAVE learned to know rather well many of America's important businessmen, in whose hands has been placed the power of life or death over banks handling millions of dollars and industries employing thousands of men. Often our conversation has turned to motion pictures, and almost invariably these executives would sniff patronizingly at Hollywood.

"The trouble with the movies," they would scorn, "is that they have no business sense. They need good executives. They throw away their money, hiring incompetents at enormous salaries. Why, only the other day I read they were paying a man \$300,000 a year, just to produce pictures! Our greatest bank president doesn't get that much!"

Then I would rise and state, "Hollywood has too many incompetents, but it also has some of the smartest executives in the world. You pick ten great industries and I'll pick ten Hollywood producers who could run them as well as or better than they're being run now."

They would laugh at me and change the subject.

A producer who can consistently turn out good money-making pictures is a rare bird, and the reason he is paid three times as much as the chairman of the board of a great corporation is that he's worth five times as much and works ten times as hard.

Judged by the standards of some executives who like to take three hours for luncheon at their luxurious clubs, mo-

tion-picture executives are preposterous fellows. And perhaps the executives are right.

There's Mervyn LeRoy, who, in the midst of spending just \$1,000,050 to make *Anthony Adverse*, which pulled in \$3,500,000, rode, yelling, around the lot on a bicycle towing a box on wheels which was labeled "SCRIPT OF ANTHONY ADVERSE." You can hardly imagine the distinguished Mr. William Woolfus Winterbottom, president of the First National Bank, yelling and riding a bicycle through his banking offices, towing a box on wheels labeled "GOVERNMENT BONDS," even when he's just finished working on his tax return.

But if some of these executives had

about a million high-speed decisions to make each month, had to turn out an entirely new product every two months; if they had a horde of temperamental people on their hands, each person needing a special bit of handling to make him produce his best; if they had to create, to build, to spend big money on a snap judgment, so it would come back doubled or tripled, they might be a little eccentric, too. In moments of relaxation, for instance, the president of the Perfect Peanut Company might frequently be seen pushing a goober with his nose through the corridors of the packing plant.

Let's look at Mervyn LeRoy, who recently went to work for Metro-Goldwyn-



Mervyn LeRoy pedaled all over the movie lot lugging the script of "*Anthony Adverse*" behind him in a trailer

MOVIES...



Carole Lombard in the throes of a script conference with Mervyn

Mayer for \$300,000 a year, with a bonus if his pictures make over a certain amount. He probably will direct two or three pictures a year, himself, and supervise the direction of three or four others.

I knew Mervyn first fifteen years ago, when he was a fresh prop boy, getting \$22 a week on the Lasky lot in Hollywood. Recently I dropped into his handsome office on an appointment to say "Hello." He held out 75-cent cigars. A banker did the same thing once, when I

called on him, except that he took two out of a box of 25, one for each of us. Mervyn took a handful from a humidor that must have held 500. It was a real elephant's foot, trimmed with gold bands, hollowed out and turned into a humidor. It was given him by the Sultan of Johore, whom he met in Singapore, and who also gave him the huge tiger-skin rug that decorates the office.

Mervyn (not even his secretary calls him "Mr. LeRoy") is thirty-seven years

old, and looks ten years younger. He is not related to "Baby" LeRoy, the actor. He is small, wiry, almost always moving, and breathless in his enthusiasm over any subject under discussion, from horses to Shakespeare. He says, "I bet Shakespeare had a gagman to help him, or he never could have turned out all that stuff." He has never read a line of Shakespeare, but that doesn't stop him from arguing that it won't do for pictures.

"I never read (Continued on page 72)

Too Many COOKS



Wallenko beamed when Wolfe lifted the cover

ILLUSTRATED BY
RICO TOMASO

BY
REX STOUT

What has happened so far:

ON THE very first night after Nero Wolfe and his secretary, Archie Goodwin, arrived at Kanawha Spa, a murder was committed. Wolfe had come to the resort to be guest of honor at a meeting of *Les Quinze Maitres*, a society composed of the fifteen greatest chefs of the world. And on that first night, the chefs engaged in a test of their skill. They went into the dining-room, one by one, and tasted various dishes to determine their ingredients. Phillip Laszio, a member of the society, presided over the test, but mysteriously disappeared from the dining-room after Jerome Berin had taken his turn at tasting. Later, Laszio's lifeless body was discovered behind a screen in the room.

The prosecuting attorney, Barry Tolman, and the manager of the hotel at which Laszio had worked, pleaded with Nero Wolfe to help in the case. He refused. Nothing, he said, was going to delay his scheduled return to New York. And, too, why should he be interested in avenging the death of such an unpleasant person? . . . For Laszio had injured many of the chefs present at the meeting. From Marko Vukčić he had stolen his wife, Dina. From Leon Blanc he had stolen a job. And from Jerome Berin he had stolen a valuable assistant.

However, when Tolman arrested Berin, Wolfe changed his mind and determined to free him. In questioning the servants, who had previously denied all knowledge of the murder, Wolfe pried from two of them a strange story. They

had peered through the pantry door leading to the dining-room shortly after Berin had finished his test and left. Laszio was nowhere in sight, but a man was standing beside the screen—a man dressed in the green livery of Kanawha Spa and blackened to resemble a Negro.

After a long, hectic night, Wolfe procured the release of Berin on the strength of this story. Then, in the early light of morning, he established himself in bed to rehearse the speech he was to deliver at the last dinner of the fifteen masters that evening. It was Archie's job to prompt him from the typed copy of the speech. Tired and bored, Archie's attention wandered to the window. There was a sudden movement in the shrubbery outside; he flung the manuscript at the window, and at that same moment a gun went off. He heard Wolfe's voice behind him: "Look here, Archie!"

He turned, and saw the blood running down the side of Wolfe's face. . . . The story continues:

FOR a second I stood dead in my tracks. I wanted to jump through the window and catch the son of a—the sharpshooter, and give him personal treatment. And Wolfe wasn't dead—he was still sitting up. But the blood looked plentiful. I jumped to the side of the bed.

He had his lips compressed tight, but he opened them to demand, "Where is it? Is it my skull?" He shuddered. "Brains?"

"Hell, no." I was looking, and was so relieved my voice cracked. "Where would brains come from? Take your hand away and hold still. Wait till I get a towel." I raced to the bathroom and back, and wrapped one towel around his neck and sopped with the other one. "I don't think it touched the cheekbone at all. It just went through skin and meat. Do you feel faint?"

"No. Bring me my shaving mirror."

"You wait till I—"

"Bring the mirror!"

"Hold that towel there." I hopped to the bathroom again for the mirror and handed it to him, and then went to the phone. A girl's voice said good morning sweetly.

"Yeah. Swell morning. Has this joint got a doctor? . . . Well, send him over here right away! A man's been shot in Suite 60, Upshur Pavilion. . . . I said *shot*—and step on it! Send the doctor, and that Odell, the house detective, and a state cop if there's one around loose—and a bottle of brandy! Got it? . . . Good for you! You're a wonder!"

I went back to Wolfe, and whenever I want to treat myself to a laugh all I have to do is remember how he looked on that occasion. With one hand he was keeping the towel from unwinding from his neck, and with the other he was holding up his shaving mirror, into which he was glaring with unutterable indignation and disgust.

He moved his shoulder up and down a little. "Some blood ran down my neck." He moved his jaw up and down, and from side to side. "I don't feel anything when I do that." He put the mirror down on the bed. "Can't you stop the confounded bleeding? Look out! Don't press so hard! What's that there on the floor?"

"It's your speech. I think there's a bullet hole through it, but it's all right. You've got to get stretched out and turned over on your side.—Now, damn it, don't argue!—Here! Wait till I get rid of these cushions."

I got him horizontal, with his head raised on a couple of pillows, and went to the bathroom for a towel soaked in cold water, and came back and poulticed him. He had his eyes shut. I had just got back to him with another cold towel when there was a loud knock on the door.

THE doctor had a bag in his hand and a nurse with him. As I was ushering them in, somebody else came trotting down the hall, and I let him in too when I saw it was Clay Ashley, the Kanawha Spa manager. He was sputtering at me, "Who did it how did it happen where is he who is it?" I told him to save it up, and followed the doctor and nurse inside.

The doc was no slouch, at that. The nurse pulled up a chair for the bag and opened it, and I shoved a table over by the bed, while the doc bent over Wolfe without asking me anything. Wolfe started to turn over but was commanded to lie still.

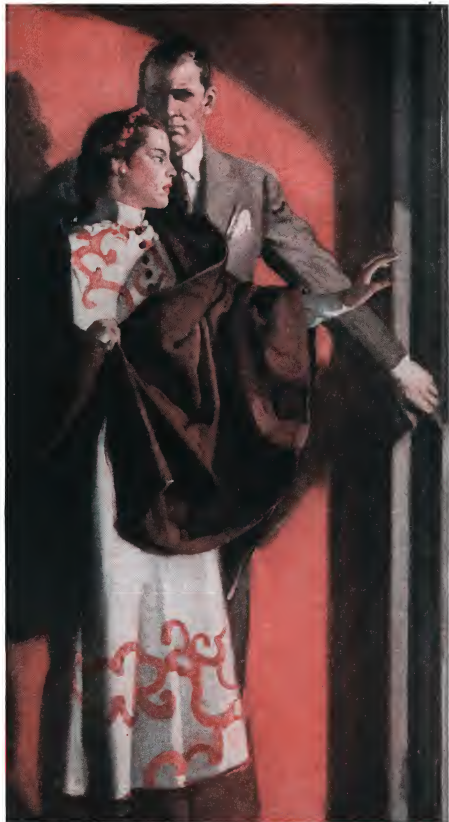
Wolfe protested, "Confound it, I have to see your face!"

"What for? To see if I'm *compos mentis*? I'm all right. Hold still."

There was another loud knock on the door. I went out to it, and Ashley followed me. It was my friend Odell and a pair of state cops.

I took the quartette to my room. I ignored Ashley, because I had heard Wolfe say he was bourgeois, and spoke to the cops:

"Nero Wolfe was sitting up in bed, rehearsing a speech he is to deliver tonight, and I was standing four yards from the open window looking at the script to prompt him. Something outside caught my attention—I don't know whether a sound or a movement—and I looked at the window, and all I consciously saw was a branch of the shrubbery moving, and I threw the script at the window. At the same time a gun went off, outside, and Wolfe called to me, and I saw his cheek was bleeding and went to him and took a look. Then I phoned the hotel, and got busy mopping blood until the (Continued on page 149)



Lio glanced in quickly, and said, "That isn't the man!"



Many Americans out of sympathy with both the New Deal and the Old now look for leadership to Lewis W. Douglas. . . . A vivid picture of a man who once ranked in power close to the President, and who may loom large in the 1940 sweepstakes **BY JOHN JANNEY**

Keeper of the Middle Road



PEERING ahead toward the presidential prospects for 1940, we usually assume a battle between the Democrats and the Republicans. But many things can happen in two years. The Democratic Party may split. Fissures yawned in the party structure during the Supreme Court, Wage-Hour Bill, and Reorganization Bill fights. These can be patched up. But if business continues to ride the roller coaster, and the New Deal is pushed to ever more drastic reforms, a wing of the Democratic Party threatens to break loose.

A large tribe of Republicans hope this will happen. Depressed by the Old Guard leadership, despairing of winning under a straight G. O. P. label in 1940, they shuffle restlessly, eager to join the rebellious Democrats in a rousing anti-New Deal war dance. Then the line-up would be:

New Deal versus Coalition.

A coalition, even more than an established party, needs a leader of strong personality to hold it together. Otherwise it redissolves into factions. Who could make the disaffected Democrats and the refurbished Republicans pull together as a harmonious team?

The quick and obvious answer is Mayor LaGuardia of New York. He is vivid, dynamic, and formidable. He understands coalition: It was a Fusion Party which he led to his two smashing victories over Tammany Hall.

Many Republicans, however, though they love LaGuardia locally, fear him nationally. Once in the White House, they suspect that he would "out-deal the New Deal, out-radical Roosevelt." And

conservative Democrats mutter that "New York City is not America." LaGuardia is very much Sidewalks-of-New York, and the Democrats shudder when they remember what that tune did to their party in 1928.

Who, then? Some of the influential men who are quietly working for the coalition idea have in mind a Dark Horse.

He is a Democrat. He is from the Southwest. He was a war hero who had the courage to oppose the bonus. He had a distinguished career in Congress. He is not now in this country but is serving as a college president in Canada. He is only forty-three years old. In the early days of the New Deal he was by

general consent ranked right next to Roosevelt in power and importance. Remember?—Lewis W. Douglas, of Arizona, the expense-slashing Director of the Budget in those dear, dead days at the dawn of the New Deal when Economy was the watchword.

Of course, he is a long shot. So are the other possible candidates for a Republican or coalition setup. The line of If's between them and the White House is so long that it looks like a picket fence. If! If! If! If! If!

In the case of Douglas, for example, I doubt if his stubborn independence could make the compromises which coalition would require; if some of the Re-

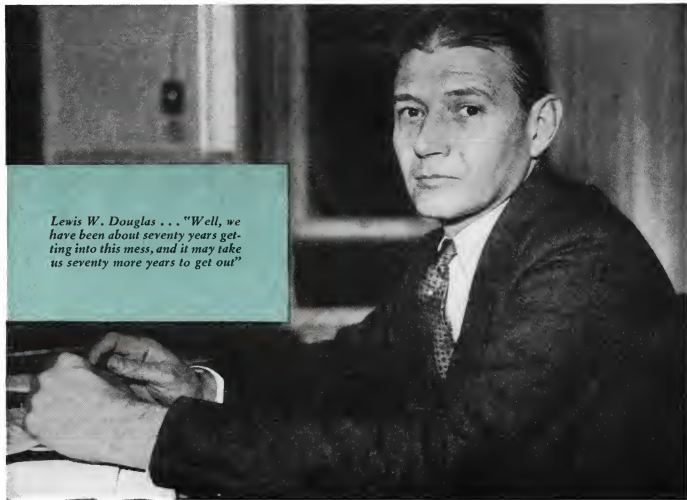
publicans, who have blithely adopted him because of his criticism of the New Deal, would not be shocked if they fully understood his ideas; if the country will be ready by 1940 for some of the sacrifices his old-fashioned principles might require; and, finally, if he would raise a hand to get the nomination. He has only recently taken his place as head of Canada's renowned McGill University. He has no thought of neglecting his position there in order to chase political

cratic or Republican ticket, but they do so only out of habit, and with their fingers crossed. They distrust Big Government, as represented by the New Deal. Equally, they distrust Big Business, as represented in the Republican Party. They deplore the concentration of power in vast government bureaus, and they are uneasy about the concentration of power and money in vast corporate structures. They look back with nostalgia to an older America of

from his own first-hand experience.

Growing up in Arizona, at the turn of the century, Douglas saw a land which was still frontier and where pioneers still walked the earth. The men he knew were independent and fiercely ready to fight for their freedom.

Later, in college at Amherst, in New England, he saw an older America, more placid than the West, but equally stubborn in its individuality. He knew the tidy villages, the independent farmers,



Lewis W. Douglas . . . "Well, we have been about seventy years getting into this mess, and it may take us seventy more years to get out"

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

rainbows. It is with no encouragement from him that certain of his devoted and powerful friends are unobtrusively advancing his cause for 1940.

Long shot or not, he is a man who especially deserves study at this time. Partly because of his rare personality, partly because of the brilliant flights and ironies of his career, but most of all because he represents a force which will have to be reckoned with by both parties in 1940. He is the outstanding example of the millions of Americans who cannot go along with either the New Deal Democrats or the Old Deal Republicans.

Just now these millions are political orphans. They may vote the Demo-

cratically owned companies, of local merchants and small, independent businessmen. They know we can't turn back the clock, but they think we can check, and gradually reverse, the tendency toward the public collectivism of government and the private collectivism of corporations.

Douglas is one of these. While the majority of them have not had time to think through the reasons for their discontent, he has been hammering out his philosophy for years. Moreover, he has seen Congress, the New Deal high command, and big business—from the inside. He knows the life of small Western towns, of mine and ranch and range,

merchants, and professional men, the Town Meetings.

Later still, when he studied government bureaus in Washington and corporate organizations in New York, with their graded armies of employees, he began to wonder whether this life was as good as that of the other kind of America he had known. These men often made more money than the others, but there was something lacking in freedom, in initiative, in power of decision, in responsibility, in pride.

Douglas does not question motives. He concedes that the New Deal officials are honestly seeking "the greatest good of the greatest" (Continued on page 123)



BUZZ *Meets a* MAMMOTH

BY BEVERLY SMITH

sonage, hints that tainted moneys have replenished the church treasury, reports that I stole a police vehicle and made a mockery of the traffic laws—these cannot but be embarrassing. Therefore, I intend to make a free, frank, fearless, and untrammelled statement of the facts.

As for the agonized screaming . . . but the facts are so puzzling in their sequence that I must begin at the beginning.

It may be wondered why Mr. Theodore ("Buzz the Bullfrog") Thwing, a gentleman with an unfortunate prison record, should have been boarding with us at the parsonage.

LET me say at the outset that I regard Buzz as a man of sterling, if impulsive, character. I have known him for forty years. We grew up as boys together in Pikesville, Maryland. I was a carefully nurtured only child, myopic and frail (though I have become obese in recent years). Buzz was a member of the night watchman's large brood, poor, untended, and wild. Yet we were friends. When I was tormented by the toughness of the neighborhood, Buzz flew to my defense with the fury of a small tiger.

As a boy he was noted as a frog shooter. Because of my passion for fried frogs' legs I fear I encouraged him in this. He often took me with him on his forays along the creek. His accuracy with the long-barreled revolver which was his only legacy from his father was amazing. I well remember watching him bring down a plump amphibian at twenty paces.

This frog-shooting prowess, combined with his short stature, his bowed legs, his protuberant eyes, and the hoarse croak of his voice, led to the nickname which has followed him through life; even, alas, through courts and prisons.

We came to the big city at about the same time, but here our paths diverged. I went to the theological seminary, while he obtained a position as a bartender's assistant in a regrettably low neighborhood. On his subsequent troubles with the police I will not dwell. They were, chiefly due to his bad companions, to his amenability to persuasion, to his skill with the revolver, and to his chronic inability to comprehend the then existent laws against intoxicating beverages.

But this I say. If I had shown half the zeal in guarding him against evil associations which he showed in guarding me against my childhood tormentors, he might never have served his three terms in what he calls the Big House (i.e., prison, in the argot of the underworld). True, I was preoccupied with the worries of my parish, but that is no excuse. I hold myself fully to blame.

That is why I intervened after his last arrest, and persuaded Judge Putts and Chief of Police Hummel to parole Buzz in my custody. He has lived as a boarder at my parsonage ever since, paying his \$8 a week regularly, when he has it.

My good wife objected strongly to the arrangement at first, but she, too, has come to regard Buzz with affection. With my increasing financial difficulties, I may even confess that his board is a

THIS is not an apology. But recent rumors in my parish concerning myself, my nephew Abercrombie, and Mr. Theodore ("Buzz the Bullfrog") Thwing, make it fitting—nay, imperative—that I speak forth.

The idle gossip about the bruises and abrasions on my brow, right cheek, and nose hardly merits a reply. But whispers that weird rites involving torture have been practiced in my modest par-

*The resourceful if slightly
sinful Mr. Thwing takes a
hand in parish matters*

*"He don't know his own
strength," Buzz would
say proudly whenever he
met with disapproval*



welcome addition to the family budget. The decay of this once fashionable parish brought a burden of debt both to the church and to myself.

Under the law one more conviction would mean a compulsory life sentence for Buzz. Therefore I watched over him vigilantly. I took good care, never fear, to deprive him of his treasured long-barreled revolver, and put it away securely in a drawer of my dresser.

This hurt his feelings at first.

"Aw, Rev, you ain't gonna take away my old frog gun?" he protested. "Re-

member in school, the Constitution says every American has got a right to carry their own rod?"

"The police think differently, Buzz," I reminded him.

"The cops never caught me with that frog gun yet, Rev," he urged.

"And never will, so long as you are paroled in my custody," I rejoined. "No more guns for you."

With passing time our faith in Buzz grew. He worked hard at his new profession of peddling hair tonic from door to door. I enrolled him at the Y. M. C. A.

He visited there diligently in the evenings, until I found it necessary to forbid his using the billiard tables at the Association. Apparently his skill with the cue equals that with the revolver, for the secretary of the Y protested to me that Buzz was draining the younger members of their funds. He pointed out that gambling is strictly against the rules of the Y—and rightly so.

After that Buzz seemed to lose interest in the Y. M. C. A. I was touched to learn that he had covertly placed his pool winnings in the church collection plate during services. He could not understand why I insisted on returning the money.

Withal, I was greatly satisfied with Buzz's conduct until some time after the arrival at our house of my nephew Abercrombie, or rather, I should say, my good wife's nephew Abercrombie.

Some thirty years ago my good wife's sister Althea married a prosperous wheat farmer living in Minnesota. His name was Olaf Johnson, a man of Scandinavian descent, I believe. After ten years the union was blessed with an only

son, Abercrombie, who became the apple of his mother's eye. Indeed, I gathered that the lad was being raised with almost too much maternal solicitude.

I was rather surprised, therefore, to learn that his mother was willing to entrust her treasure to us for a few months. "My little Abercrombie is almost a man now," she wrote. "I want him to absorb the culture of the metropolis. Also, he wishes to learn something of the work of a florist. He has hated wheat ever since he was lost in Olaf's south forty at the age of three. He loves flowers, and has won many a prize with his gardens. He wants to learn how flowers are marketed.

"Incidentally, this visit with you will cure him of a fancied disappointment in 'love.' Because a foolish minx on the next farm makes fun of him, my little Abercrombie imagines his life is blighted! He will soon forget that. Take good care of him. Be sure he takes his cod-liver oil and drinks his glass of hot milk at night."

We looked forward to his visit, and I confess the \$15 a week which his mother generously offered to pay for his board promised to be a welcome addition to our now critically straitened resources.

Yet I was astounded, almost shocked, when Abercrombie appeared in the flesh. I realized then that mothers use the word "little" as an endearment rather than as a descriptive adjective. Abercrombie, at twenty, is six feet tall. Many men are that. But he also seems nearly six feet broad and six feet thick. It is not that he is fat. He is merely big in all directions. His bones are big. His wrists are bigger than other men's ankles. His fingers are as large as other men's wrists. His feet are colossal, yet he moves upon them lightly. Only his head is small, and seems to be set on his shoulders without the intervention of a neck.

HIS coloring startled me. His mother's people are blond, and his 'ather's side must be blonder still, for Abercrombie's thick hair is of a light tow color which is almost white. His eyebrows are strikingly bushy for so young a man, and almost obscure his eyes, which are of a pale gray.

When I opened the front door and saw this great creature on the steps I shrank back with instinctive fear. "I'm Abercrombie, Uncle," he rumbled, and his face broke into a shy, nervous smile which quite disarmed me. It was the smile of a bewildered child. I hastened to make him welcome, shook as much as I could grasp of his big hand, and patted his back, which was like patting a wall. I tried to draw him into conversation, but he fell silent, venturing little beyond "Yes, Uncle" and "No, Uncle." I assumed that his manner was due to the fatigue of the trip. Even my good wife could not cheer him up, though she won a timid smile from him when she brought him a tray of sandwiches to stay his appetite until dinner. She said he de-

voured the food as if he were famished.

Though dinner was only an hour later, Abercrombie ate it with undiminished appetite. Again and again he cleared his heaping plate with silent speed, and passed it with shy persistence for another helping. My good wife was flattered at first, then rather embarrassed when the food ran out, and Abercrombie was reduced to polishing off a pan of cold corn bread and a quart of milk.

"THERE wouldn't have been twelve baskets full of loaves and fishes left over if you had been there, eh, Nephew?" I observed sharply, and immediately regretted it. Abercrombie looked puzzled, then blushed so painfully that I ran upstairs and brought him down a bag of bonbons I had been keeping in my study for my own needs. There were tears in his eyes as he ate the bonbons. I was ashamed of my penuriousness.

he murmured. His bulging eyes followed the swift-moving fork up and down, much as the eyes of the tennis gallery follow the ball back and forth over the net.

After dinner Buzz sat as though lost in thought. Then he jumped up and slapped his knee. "You know what that kid eats like, Rev?" he exclaimed. "He eats like a pachyderm."

"Where did you learn that word, Buzz?" I asked. "Were you ever employed at a zoo?"

But he, lost in unaccustomed reflection, did not reply. Even then, as I now realize, Buzz was hatching his rash and fantastic plans.

The next morning I took Abercrombie around to the shop of our leading florist, Mr. Blum, with whom I have had considerable contact at the larger weddings and funerals. He is a learned old man, gentle in all save his prices. He flinched

NEXT MONTH



No one was more surprised than Joan when her home became suddenly swamped by a flood of strange young men. They arrived at different times, with different excuses, but all had the same purpose—to

MARRY IN HASTE

Edward Hope is the author of this scintillating American short novel complete in the August issue



Truth to tell, my financial cares weigh unworthily upon me. The realization that Abercrombie's \$15 a week would scarcely cover his food bill came as a blow. Since then I have steeled myself never to look at the dear boy when he eats. I, myself, have sometimes been jokingly called a hearty eater, but compared with Abercrombie—well!

Buzz, at this first meal of Abercrombie's, ate almost nothing. Chin on palm, he watched with undisguised admiration as my nephew tucked away his food. From time to time he clucked his approval. "Gee, look at that kid eat,"

at first sight of my nephew, but softened when he learned that the boy was willing to work without pay, and actually beamed when he saw how tenderly the lad's great hands arranged a bouquet. We agreed that Abercrombie should work at Mr. Blum's shop for six months.

IN THE weeks that followed I was pleased to note the growing friendship between Buzz and Abercrombie. My good wife and I liked the lad, but we could not quite understand him. His sorrowful shyness baffled us. He was like a bereaved young giant, except at



I feel sure the police exaggerate when they say I passed the First National Bank at 80 miles an hour

ILLUSTRATED BY
GEORGE HOWE

meal-times, when he showed an animation and energy which—but, tut! I will speak of that no further.

Buzz seemed not to mind Abercrombie's silence. Hailing the boy familiarly as "Abber," he chattered along to him with unabashed garrulity. They found a curious bond of friendship in their mutual hatred of wheat. Abercrombie disliked the actual grain, because of his childhood terror when he was lost overnight in his father's wheat field. Buzz recoiled from the finished product, wheat bread, because of an experience he once had in the Large House.

"BECAUSE I talk out of turn," I heard him explaining to Abercrombie, "they put me in solitary; see? And for two weeks it's nothin' but bread, bread, bread, bread, bread. And water. No more bread for me. Corn bread? Okay. Wheat bread—out!"

"I hate wheat," rumbled Abercrombie. "I like flowers."

"Sure, sure," agreed Buzz. "Flowers is great stuff."

Thus pleasantly their camaraderie

ripened, and Buzz won the confidence of the massive youth.

One day I ventured to question Buzz about the boy. "You like Abercrombie?" I asked.

"A great kid, Rev," he said. "A great kid."

"There is nothing wrong," I inquired hesitantly, "with his—er—his mind?"

"Naw, naw, Rev. That boy's smart as a tack. Bright as a whip. Shy, that's all. Got the blues. Woman trouble."

"Woman trouble?" I faltered.

"Sure. Double-trouble. First, his ma. She's had him hog-tied to the apron strings since he was a baby. Hardly let him out of her sight. Then, last year, Abber falls for this girl on the next farm. He's got her picture in his suitcase. A pip, Rev, and at first she likes Abber. But she lets the neighbors kid her out of it. Them Minnesota people can't understand a guy that hates wheat. And they know Abber is a momma's boy. They know he loves flowers. So they keep kidding Abber and this girl until she throws him over. Now she's gone and got engaged to some big apple-knocker

with 1,280 acres of wheat, a guy who used to play fullback on the Minnesota Gophers. No wonder Abber is lower than a whale's belly."

"Stomach" is a more genteel word, Buzz," I admonished him, not so much in way of reproof as to cover my own lack of constructive suggestion. The complications of rustic romance are somewhat beyond my province.

"LOWER than a whale's stomach," said Buzz dutifully. "What we gonna do about it, Rev? We gotta snap the kid out of it. How about making him socialize around a little?"


"He shuns the church socials," I pointed out, "and at the last church supper he trudged away as soon as the fried oysters were exhausted. You are the only one he seems to like, you and your foolish (Continued on page 106)

\$15,000,000 for a better jar cover . . .
 \$3,000,000 for a golf tee . . . \$165,000
 for a diaper . . . the world is ready to
 hand out money for new ideas to meet
 its simplest needs—such as a non-van-
 ishing cap for a toothpaste tube. . .
 When you read this article you'll prob-
 ably say, "Why didn't I think of that?"



Gadget GOLD

BY WELDON MELICK

 THREE or four times a year the National Inventors Congress, comprising 30,000 professional and amateur gadgeticians, holds a preview of its members' latest ideas. A large hotel becomes for three or four days a huge showcase wherein manufacturers, distributors, and investors on the lookout for new money-makers will discover—and perhaps option with down payments—likely winners among the most conglomerate collection of 400 to 700 delightfully practical and ingeniously balmy devices that can be gathered under one roof. There have been 27 such previews in 23 principal cities of the country during the last 7 years.

A revolutionary type of valveless automobile motor may be displayed beside a console mousetrap lined with mirrors, in which trained mice are demonstrating how they lose caution upon glimpsing

what appears to be old-home week. There is a \$35,000 model of the solar system electrically synchronized with every movement of the sun, moon, and earth by means of 110 delicately adjusted gears. If you crave a little more action, there's an affair that resembles a Turkish-bath cabinet. Turn the switch, and it ejects 200 hamburgers an hour.

A pretty little Southern farm wife stands in confusion by her exhibit, wondering what to do with her blue and pink disposable diapers now that she has invented them—she has no children of her own. A microscopic earring guard vies for attention with a one-man submarine. One inventor is demonstrating his bathtub rumble seat; another is scaring imaginary bandits away and attracting customers with a cap-pistol burglar alarm. A dimple-maker, a one-runner sled, a cow-tail garter, a snore eliminator,

and web-footed shoes designed for walking back from a canoe ride are destined to make or break their creators.

Every one of the exhibitors knows in his heart that his invention is the cleverest million-dollar idea ever thought up. What he doesn't know is whether the public and the commercial world will realize it, and that is what he is there to find out.

THERE is almost immediate undreamed-of wealth in store for those who have something that really satisfies a universally longfelt want. Others, who have starved themselves and their families in order to pay for models, patent papers, and attorney fees, will start scrimping and hocking Grandma's teeth for their next creative organ. There is no known cure for a person bitten by the inventive bug. He just can't help invent-

ing, and a dose of success will only spread the fever.

Such are the vagaries of this vocation that some of the most brilliant inventors never earn a penny from their life's work, while huge fortunes have been built on inspirations that might have come to anyone. A streamlined train patented by a Massachusetts man in 1865 was so far ahead of its time that the world was not ready for it until half a century after the inventor could no longer have claimed royalties for its use. Dozens of the first electrical appliances were only expensive headaches to their creators because they didn't become marketable until electric power was generally available and the patents had greatly depreciated, or had expired, as all patents do in seventeen years, whether their owners have received any royalties or not.

A Denver motion-picture operator patented in 1925 a double motion-picture projector which made it unnecessary to have two machines in every booth. But no manufacturer would buy a patent which would enable him to sell only one machine wherever there was a market for two. The inventor kicked himself for his bad judgment and put his papers away where he wouldn't be reminded of them, and where they would still be if talking pictures hadn't come along before his patents ran out. Synchronization of sound film made a double projector advantageous, and he was able to take his pick of several eager bids in 1934.

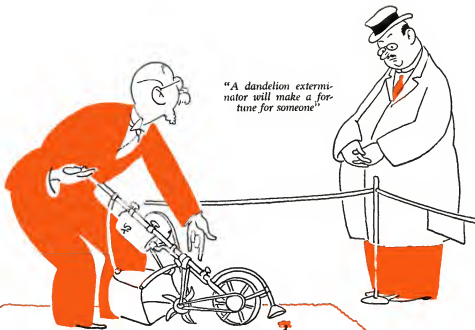
EDWARD SALAZAR, of Chicago, Ill., a clever Basque industrial designer, has sold 22 inventions through contacts made at the congress exhibits. His creations include some extraordinarily ingenious and advanced devices. But he has profited most from his simplest ideas. For instance, a concrete fence post into which nails can be driven netted him \$26,000. A strip of tar roofing paper the

length of the post and thick enough to hold nails, is clinched, edge-exposed, in the concrete during manufacture.

Salazar's first invention, a wire stretcher for fences, which had to be patented in his grandfather's name because the inventor was only eight years old at the time, paid good dividends on the 200,000 of them sold. When toy spades, rakes, and hoes were selling in the dime stores, Salazar suggested to the toy company employing him that the tools were more intriguing in sets of three than individually. With a piece of wrapping paper around the handles, 3,000,000 sets were sold at a profit of \$20,000.

A spring-wire jar stopper made \$15,000,000; and \$3,000,000 was paid the originator of the golf tee for the trouble of whittling a model and applying for a patent. If you had thought up the hinged collar button, you could have collected an equal sum, and the same kind of money is still waiting if you stumble onto the right way of keeping

"A dandelion exterminator will make a fortune for someone!"



DRAWINGS BY GUYAS WILLIAMS

the cap on a tooth-paste tube from vanishing most mysteriously.

On the other hand, Diego Arzic, the former Austrian navy and marine engineer whose thrilling solar system took three years of mathematical computation and five more years of actual construction in Chicago, may never find a manufacturer, for there would be few buyers of a universe that would have to retail at about \$5,000.

THERE is 26-year-old Dorothy LeSueur, of Holdenville, Okla., who found time between farm drudgeries to think of attaching cellulose and gauze to a waistband, and had to borrow a baby from an orphanage to demonstrate her disposable diapers. She will collect \$165,000 from their manufacture in America alone.

That was Mrs. LeSueur's first invention and she knew nothing about marketing her idea to the best advantage. But, through the National Inventors Congress and its exhibits, she was able to contact an interested manufacturer. The aim of the organization is to bring together those persons who need one another's services. In the case of the diapers, it performed this function to an unanticipated degree. A couple who strolled in to see the new gadgets found in Mrs. LeSueur's booth the one thing they needed most around their house. They subsequently adopted the orphanage baby, pants and all.

Grace Corel is drawing \$150 a month minimum (Continued on page 81)



thanks

FOR THE ACCIDENT

*They treated Lucia as if she were fragile. And
Lucia didn't like being just a knickknack*

by
JANET ADAMS



OUTSIDE, the sky was as bright as a new tin pan; the day gave promise of heat. Inside the ranch house Wah Loo, cook for the Circle T, padded softly from kitchen to dining-room and back again. At the breakfast table three of the Coles systematically demolished a tower of wheat cakes as high as the grain elevator down in Brandon, a platter of ham, a huge stack of toast, and the contents of a vast pot of coffee. The three were Margaret Cole, her brother Buff, and their father, Ole King Cole.

There was still another Cole present, but she was one with them only by annexation. An alien, sitting solemnly over her orange juice and gazing steadily across the table at Buff. At the way his eyes crinkled up when he smiled. At his sunburned hair. At the breadth of his shoulders. Memorizing him against the time when she would sit across from him no more.

After a while Buff glanced over at her and scowled. "Stop that nibblin' and eat," he commanded mock-seriously.

They all thought that was very amusing—the Coles. They all looked at her fondly and a trifle apprehensively, as if they sensed that she was out of her element.

Even Buff, when he brought her to Brandon three years before as a bride, exhibited her to his family and friends

as if he had picked up some trinket out on the coast.

A figurine of a girl with a cloud of dusky hair and clear gray eyes set wide apart. With a lovely little nose, a lovely mouth, and a lullaby sort of voice. The top of her head had come to the second stud in Buff's dress shirt the night that they met. He had gone out to the coast to officiate as best man; she had been maid of honor. She caught the bride's bouquet and looked over the top of it directly into Buford Cole's candid blue eyes. After that it had been inevitable.

Hence, in due time, it was Lohengrin, rice, and red carpets for the two of them. They had a gala honeymoon underwritten by Buff's dad, after which they went back to Brandon to live. At that, Brandon wasn't so impossible. It had plenty of background, real and historical. For example, the mountains were real enough. Craggy ramparts that guarded the place from the outside world. Or that hemmed it in and kept it a small town in spite of anything that the chamber of commerce might claim for it. It depended entirely on the point of view whether one felt that they guarded the town or restricted it.

The newly married Coles had been regally entertained—Buff creating lots of merriment at parties by continually pretending he had mislaid his wife. He



would charge around, saying, "Where is she? What have I done with her—you know who I mean—The Gadget." The name stuck and, although she had never made a campaign of being itty-bitsy, she didn't exactly mind. At the time it had even seemed a rather comic idea.

Buff caused a house to be built for The Gadget out on the road to the country club; that was where most of the younger marrieds lived. Architecturally he had been somewhat vague, the result being that the house turned out kind of semi-Esperanto in design. But it was adequate, and The Gadget set about furnishing it with large pieces suited to her husband's massive measurements and a few frivolous femininities to sat-

isfy her soul and remind her of home.

From Buff's sister, Margaret, she learned a lot of things. She learned that Margaret was one person at a wedding—delicately decorative—and quite another in overalls, boots, and a checkered shirt as herd mistress of the Circle T. For Margaret worked right along with Buff and her dad. She had her own blooded herd to do with as she wished. And at night, instead of sitting down with some needlepoint, she studied the market reports, to learn when to sell her

beef at a profit. She and The Gadget belonged in different hemispheres.

They got off to a very lame start from the day that Margaret broke down in an unaccustomed confidence and said that Buff's real pal (before he met The Gadget, naturally) had been a handsome lass from a ranch across the valley whose chief claim to fame lay in the fact that she could lift a hundred-pound sack without visible effort. She was range-bred, that girl across the way. Someone who could appreciate Buff's extraordinary exploits at the local rodeos. Where was she now? The Gadget had inquired. Margaret said that the amazon had gone abroad for an extended visit.

The Gadget admired King Cole ex-

"You must be that suave city slicker I've heard about," she said witheringly



FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN WATER COLOR BY JOHN GANNAW

travagantly. The feeling was mutual. In fact, the King treated his daughter-in-law as if she were fragile—handle with care. As if she might some time break.

A thing she was just about to do, but not in the way that any of them suspected. They warned her that she wasn't strong, that she must save herself. And she intended doing just that before it would be too late. It wasn't going to be easy to tell Buff that she wanted a divorce, but there were things no longer to be borne.

First, there was his own take-it-for-granted attitude. He had cut her out of the herd over there on the coast as deftly as he would have cut out a calf which he fancied and with, she felt now, about as much real sentiment. Thenceforth she had worn the brand of the Circle T. She was simply some more of Buff's livestock. Despite all of her artful wiles she had never been able to compete with the romance of shipping beef.

THE country—that was the second thing. A land of immutable silence. A land of hush. The mountains pressed so close that they seemed to lean over her, crests of granite frowning from morn till night and in every kind of weather. Once she had tried to tell Buff how they glowered but he had laughed at her whimsies. So from that time on she kept her fears to herself. Penned them up. Brooded over them until the whole situation threatened to become psychologic.

Lastly, there was Margaret. Lovely to look at, strong as steel wire, and as fearless as the wind. Without obvious intent, she defeated The Gadget utterly.

Buff unfolded his long length from the breakfast table and stretched prodigiously. King Cole pushed back his chair and strode out through the kitchen. They could hear the screen door slam. Margaret excused herself and went to give Wah Loo his instructions for the day.

Only The Gadget remained, biding her time and drinking her orange juice.

Lazy-like, Buff sauntered around the table and kissed his wife carelessly on the ear. "So long, dingus. I'll be comin' in at noon."

The Gadget smiled but the smile was mechanical.

Then Margaret returned and stuck her head through the door. "By," she called airily. "Think you can find some—"

"He thought I was slipping," Margaret sobbed. "He reached out and—"





thing to amuse yourself with, now?"

It cost The Gadget something not to kick and yell. Not to hurl things. "I think so," she said crisply. She was seething. They probably wished she had stayed in town. They didn't try to make her feel that she was a burden. They tried not to make her feel it, which was infinitely worse.

She rang the bell for Wah Loo to let him know she had finished, then drifted into the living-room. She had seen Buff sprawl in this room many a time. Dreaming cows. Thinking cows. Talking cows. Sometimes she sat for hours with that incessant cow talk eddying around her. She knew that evenings such as those were among his souvenirs. An arduous day behind him, the sun gone back of the peaks, a good dinner under his belt, and his squaw close at hand.

SHE moved restlessly to the door that led to the wide, screened porch, a trim figure in a tailored shirt and linen breeches. The sun glinted on her boots. This was as good a day as any to make the break with Buff. Things were becoming intolerable and her mind was made up. That can-you-find-something-to-amuse-yourself-give of Margaret's had touched matters off.

She knew where Buff was to be found that morning. Accordingly, she went to the corral and asked Tim to saddle Sundown for her. Then she rode to the gate and under the elkhorn arch. The declaration of independence she was about to make would wound Buff cruelly. And it followed that anything which hurt him would hurt her; she knew well enough that the parting would be far from painless.

Now that she had decided to leave the mountains she viewed them with a little less antipathy. The country was part of Buff's blood and bone. She had seen him lift his eyes to the hills in both love and understanding. She had even seen him raise his arms in a sort of fellowship with the sun, the way that the Indians used to do. And she had seen him look sheepish when he found her observing all this and try to transmit the whole gesture into a yawn and a stretch. A bit of pantomime that fooled her not at all.

A cloud of dust came whirling toward her down the road, so she and Sundown took to the shallow ditch, alongside. As it approached, the car slackened perceptibly. Slowed to a walk. Idled. The young man at the wheel leaned out to attract her attention. "Hello—small, dark, and dainty!" he hailed her blithely.

She was in no mood for banter. "You must be that suave city slicker I've heard about." With that she gave him a withering glance and set her heels against Sundown's sides, urging him forward.

"Hey! Hold on! I didn't mean to be fresh. I've lost my way—haven't seen a soul in miles. I'm looking for the Circle T Ranch. Fellow by name of Cole."

She raised her eyebrows slightly. "Well?"

"Well, what—sourpuss?" His sunny smile belied his words.

"Well, you go along this road to where there used to be a gas station. It isn't there any more but you can see where it used to be . . ."

"And I turn to the . . ."

"And you don't turn anywhere. You keep straight ahead, even though the road doesn't look much used. I'm giving you the short cut instead of the country road; that's three or four miles longer. Oh, well"—she wheeled Sundown right-about—"I might as well show you."

"Now you're talking," the young man said hopefully.

But she wasn't. She was merely vol-unteering as silent guide. He throttled his car down so they could make conversation as she jogged along in the ditch beside him.

"I'm Jimmy Charters," he explained; "a friend of Buff Cole's—know him?"

She nodded.

"Cat got your tongue?" he inquired.

She stuck it out at him.

"I was just rambling through here. Thought I'd look Buff up. We were in school together—both prep and college—but I haven't seen him since."

THERE was a pause. A meadowlark filled it in. The Gadget knew that Jimmy Charters wanted to ask who she was but he restrained himself. Perversely, she didn't enlighten him. Instead, she asked, "Going to stay around here for a while?"

It was of some importance whether or not he stayed. She couldn't very well toss a bombshell into the family midst if they had a guest.

He said, "I'd like to if I'm urged."

And, after a while, since it seemed she had nothing more to say he began to sing. Ostensibly to himself—"Out where the handclasp's a little stronger . . ."

She got the implication and suppressed a smile.

So that is how it happened that she rode back under the elkhorn arch less than an hour after she had ridden out.

In the ranch-house yard Jimmy Charters stopped his car and vaulted over the door. "It's been awfully good of you to come out of your way like this. But whom shall I thank—and all that sort of thing?"

He had nice eyes and a very persuasive smile.

The Gadget swung to the ground. "I don't really know why I didn't tell you before. I'm Buff Cole's wife."

"You? What (Continued on page 146)



FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN WATER COLOR BY JOHN ALAN MAXWELL

*They had to pretend before these people who were so
important . . . pretend that their marriage was happy*

BY RUTH BURR SANBORN

THE thing is," Wake said awkwardly, "that he wants to have a look at my wife."

"Oh," said Jane. The word sounded small and lonesome. She tried to find something to go with it, and said, "All right. Why not? What's your idea about entertaining him?"

"Them," Wake corrected. "Mrs. Jergen's with him."

"Them," repeated Jane politely.

"Sunday dinner," said Wake. "He isn't the type for tea. Red blood and brawn; roast beef and potatoes; you know. Better get Hepatica to help you. I want to have things right."

Jane did not say that things would be nearer right without Hepatica; that Hepatica had to be watched every time she lifted her heavy hand or set down her ample foot. They used to laugh about Hepatica. . . . She said worriedly, "Hepatica isn't so good at roast beef. But she can fry chicken. Would that do?"

"I suppose so," Wake said impatiently. "You can as much as get up a dinner, can't you? You know what it means to me."

"Us," said Jane. She thought for a minute that she had said it aloud. She said hastily, "You planning to ask anybody else?"

"We might ask Coralie," Wake said. "So Mr. Jergen wants to have a look at your friends, too?"

"Might not be a bad idea at that," said Wake, too heartily.

"It will throw the table out," she said. And hated herself for raising objections. And couldn't help it. "We'd need another man."

"I suppose that means you want to ask Drury."

"Not at all. But I might ask Coralie's husband," said Jane. "After all, she's got one."

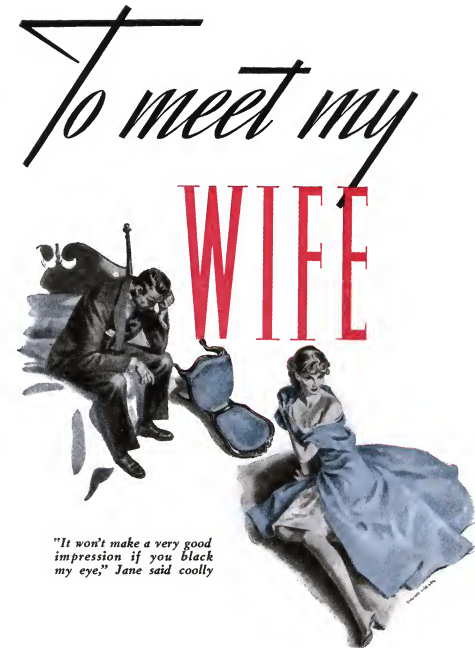
"Oh, if you want to make an issue of it," said Wake. "You don't have to ask her at all, for that matter."

"All right," said Jane.

IF ONLY, Jane thought, she didn't love Wake so, it wouldn't be so hard. She couldn't, looking back on it, guess how they had reached this point of petty bickering. She loved him too much to be wise and crafty. When they disagreed it frightened her, and fright made her angry, and she flung her fear and anger in Wake's face.

Jane did not blame Wake for what had happened to their three years of marriage. It hadn't been easy for Wake, either. When Wake took his degree in engineering he had not expected to sit on a stool and write figures about what other men had done. Still, they said to each other valiantly, he was lucky to have any job at all.

The trouble was, Jane thought, that



"It won't make a very good impression if you black my eye," Jane said coolly

they began too big. They tried to keep up with the Mavericks and the Busters and the Grews; entertained at the club because they were entertained there. Jane realized now that she had made a terrible fuss about that new coat. She wouldn't have, though, if Wake hadn't been so unreasonable about the car. He turned it in for a new one after he met Coralie.

Drury Russek had a new car, too. Jane had ridden in it not because it was new—nor because she liked Drury. Only, sometimes it was convenient to have a date of your own. Jane had saved her pride that way. She had not saved their love. Their love lay torn between them. But it was alive still; it stirred and ached to a touch. Jane realized now that she had gone with Drury that first time because he was like Wake—tall and dark. He was not like Wake in other ways. The greediness of his mouth was not like Wake's nor the hot look in his

eyes. Drury had frightened Jane. He had frightened her most when he asked if Wake was going to let her get the divorce.

"What divorce?" Jane said stiffly.

Drury thought that was funny. "Yours and Wake's," he said.

IT WAS a measure of how far things had gone that she had not run to Wake with the simply side-splitting joke about their divorce. They seldom talked of anything important now. Jane didn't even know many details about this job of Jergen's. The way she understood it, the floods had changed the course of a river and left the Jergen ranch, and others, without water. They wanted the river brought back and tucked into its own bed. There would be a dam. Miraculously, they were considering Wake. It was a big chance. In more ways than one.

If, at this dinner, she could show the

Jergens how grand Wake really was, they couldn't help giving him the job. There wouldn't be any Coralie then, nor any Drury Russek. There would be only big, simple things: iron mountains and copper hills and heat and cold and work. And herself. And Wake. It was more than just a job. It was their life together. . . .

UNFORTUNATELY, one of Hepatica's periodic attacks of religion coincided with the day of the dinner for the Jergens. Hepatica, in her intervals of sin, was none too brisk; repentance paralyzed her.

"Get the cherries ready for this pie," Jane suggested.

"Ma'am?" said Hepatica, astonished. She was holding, for no good reason, a pair of muffin pans; she let them fall. Jane jumped, at the crash, and the pie-crust tore raggedly across. She folded it over and began to roll it again. "The cherries," she repeated. "Put them in that dish."

"Yas'm," said Hepatica. She whanged the can opener and made all the dishes jump. "Can we eat dat dinnah come twel'-thirty?"

"Twelve-thirty tonight?" said Jane. "Is the oven hot?"

"Middlin'," said Hepatica. "W'en Ah wuks for de Everestes, dey et dey Sund'y dinnah at twel'-thirty jes lak any day."

"Right now," said Jane, "you're working for the Brides."

Said Hepatica, "W'y couldn' we leas'ways eat dat dinnah come one 'clock?"

"We can't ever eat it if you don't move faster," said Jane. "Have you cut up the chickens?"

"No'm," said Hepatica. She tore open a paper bag, and peas burst out over the floor. "Ah be late fo' dat 'vival meetin' sho'."

"I'll tell you what," said Jane, upon an inspiration. "If you'll pay attention to what you're doing, and not forget anything, nor spill anything, nor drop anything, nor burn anything, then I'll ask Mr. Bride to drive you over."

Hepatica's flat, black agate face broke wide open across the white edge of her smile. "Sho' nough? In de new cah?"

"In the only car we've got," said Jane.

Jane made the salad herself: tomato and cress and grated Parmesan cheese. The cherry pie was a success; the garnet richness oozed just enough through the slits in the crust. She counted out the potatoes, washed them herself, and laid

them on the drainboard. "Allow an hour for them to bake," she told Hepatica. "The last ones weren't quite done."

"Yas'm," said Hepatica.

Jane set out the dishes in the order in which they were to be used, and the butter spreaders and soup spoons and salad forks. "Now, do you understand everything?"

Hepatica broke her song about Jacob's seein' angels climbin' up a ladder, and said, "Ah specs so."

"I'll write it down," Jane decided, "and we'll go over it again to make sure." That was one nice thing about Hepatica—she could read. Jane got a pencil and paper. She wrote painstakingly, rounding her letters for plainness. *Black bean soup (eggs and lemon), crackers; fried chicken, apple rings, squash. . . .* "See if you can have it as nice as it was last time," she said diplomatically. "Do you remember?"

"Yas'm," said Hepatica.

"Bring in the chicken and potatoes for Mr. Bride to serve. Then pass the gravy and the peas. Is that clear?"

"Yas'm," said Hepatica.

Gravy, wrote Jane, *peas; salad, biscuit; cherry pie, coffee.*

Jane set the table herself. She used her grandmother's silver. The lilacs were tight and hard, purple, almost black, in the yellow glass bowl. In the living-room sprays of forsythia stood tall against the walls. Jane was glad it was not too warm for a fire. Her work-bag hung on a chair, with one of Wake's socks sticking out. She left it where it was; a homely, domestic touch. Everything looked right, she thought. It had to be right—for her and Wake. She ran upstairs to dress.

"Moses seed de glory," sang Hepatica, from the kitchen, "in de burnin' bush!"

"YOU'RE late," said Wake.

"I had a few little things to see to," Jane said. "I'll hurry." Wake looked anxious; he looked handsome, and dependable and strong. She started the bath and laid out her one new dress—sleeveless wool, the color of pussywillows. "I hope you'll like the dinner."

"I hope the Jergens will like it," said Wake.

"That's what I meant," said Jane.

"So you don't care whether I like it or not," said Wake.

"There's cherry pie," said Jane. Wake was nervous. She said, "They won't come before one, will they?"

"How do I know?" said Wake. He untied his tie, and began again. "What time is Coralie coming?"

"Coralie?" said Jane. "Coralie isn't coming."

"She isn't coming!" cried Wake. "Why not?"

"Because I didn't ask her," said Jane. "You didn't ask her!" shouted Wake.

"You said I needn't, if I didn't want to."

"I didn't say (Continued on page 66)



Hepatica's announcement, "De biscuits done bu'nt up," didn't help the stormy atmosphere


"I can do more with a delinquent girl by giving her a new dress than by preaching all the sermons in the world"

"I want to teach wives not to scream at their husbands when they (the husbands) have hang-overs"



DIXIE'S MOTHER

Confessor

 AFTER eighteen years of mixing intuitive wisdom with sentiment and dispensing the result as justice in a land that drips with sentiment, Madam Judge Camille Kelley, of the Juvenile Court of Memphis, Tenn., has entrenched herself so firmly in the mid-South that she can call politicians, reporters, and hoodlums "sonny men"—and they grin and bear it. None of them ever says to her, "When you call me *that*, smile."

The politicians and the hoodlums take it because they either love her or are afraid of her. The reporters take it because, next to the Mississippi River, Madam Judge is the best news source in the lower valley, and, like the river, there's no telling what she's going to do next.

She has no license to practice law and the legislature made her a judge by special dispensation, but lawyers seek her counsel. She has never made a political

speech for herself, but has never had an opponent, and politicians seek her favors.

Her husband never knew her age, and neither do her two grown sons.

"Age is psychological, not chronological," the judge says. "I haven't had a birthday since my teens. I never told my husband or my children my age. I vote twenty-one plus. Suffice it to say that my older son is thirty-three and exhibit A. My younger son is thirty-one and exhibit B. I stand on a woman's prerogative and refuse to answer any

and all questions concerning my age."

She handles her court like a clinic, preaches that children should be seen and heard, and seldom punishes the little darlings. She spares the rod and talks baseball to delinquent boys and gossips about clothes with wayward girls. Her critics whisper that she is a sentimentalist and is too lax with potential criminals; that she is a matriarch. Her supporters shout from the housetops that she's the greatest influence for good in the South, and point to the record.

More than 36,000 cases of human behavior have appeared before her. She has given defendants another chance time and again through probation or by letting them go scot-free. Cops have bitten their nails and pulled their hair while she talked sweetly to some little hoodlum about his home and mother, and called him "sonny boy." Learned judges have shaken their heads and said

By
JAMES STREET



"Some marriages may be made in heaven, but many of them are made when the heavens are full of stars and the moon, and the lovers are too full of liquor"



it won't work. Learned judges may know the law and cops may know the rules, but Madam Judge knows Southern human nature, and 85 per cent of the "sonny boys" who have been trusted by her have made of themselves respectable "sonny men."

Her system probably wouldn't work anywhere except in the South, because the South is a way of life and Southerners respond to sentiment.

She handles politicians the same way she handles the tow-headed truants who face her. Her judgeship is one of the choice political plums in the state, but the job apparently is hers forever, because she can pick up her telephone and mobilize an army of women that will follow her to the polls or to the legislative lobbies.

That's why politicians humor her, for to the women of Tennessee she's a Joan of Arc, ready to launch a crusade at the drop of a lipstick. She can rouse the rabble and hold her own in any oratorical hurricane, and her battle cry is "for home and the babies." Any Southern politician who has ever given away a cheroot or stumped the hustings will tell you that combination can't be licked. So, if you can't lick 'em, "jine 'em."

"If you've got to stir up something, pick on hornets but not the women-folks," is an axiom Southern public servants learn in the kindergarten.

JUDGE KELLEY has never used her political power to seek any other office, because she'd rather be guardian than governor. Her influence with the "sonny men" of the legislature was tested recently when peakish little Eunice Winstead, nine, and gangling Charlie Johns, twenty-two, got married up—"jumping the broom," they call it in Tennessee's mountains, where the folks have beaten their plowshares into spindles and their liquor stills into tourists' souvenirs, but where they still hold that the way of a man and a maid is nobody's business except their own.

The couple walked together down the pike from Sneedville, Eunice taking two steps to Charlie's one. They met a preacher in the middle of the road and he hitched 'em up, and they went their way,

Eunice forgetting about mud pies and dolls and wondering about apple turnovers and babies. It was the code of the hills, and if a child wanted to jump the broom there was no law "ag'in' it."

Charlie's baby bride had never heard of Judge Kelley, but down in Nashville, where the "sonny men" meet and write rules for human behavior, the solons reckoned the judge was going to be powerfully riled up because Eunice had jumped the broom.

Over in Memphis, Judge Kelley sat on a rosewood couch, half-submerged in messages begging her to march on Nashville, and talked calmly into her telephone, a portable set with a long extension which her servants can plug in from almost any corner of her big house. She kept telling the indignant women to keep their shirts on, or whatever you tell excited women, and then she tossed the receiver back into its cradle and called John, her Negro houseboy and chauffeur.

"Get the car ready, John," she said. "We're going to Nashville."

John said "Yas'm, Judge," and grinned. He once whipped two professional prize fighters in a Beale Street battle royal.

The judge put on her war paint and armor, a bit of rouge, a new hat, a red



"The average child would rather take a beating any day than hear his father and mother quarrel"



rose, her diamond rings, and a rope of beads.

"How fast are we going, John?" she asked her chauffeur a few minutes later.

"Hugging fifty, Judge," said John, who talks to a car and pets it as though it were a cotton-ploving mule.

"Road's clear; make it sixty," ordered the judge, who rarely rides in trains, because they make her ill.

She went before the sonny men, but didn't scold them. She just looked at them as the lady who lived in the shoe must have looked at her brood when they got out of hand. Years before, the judge had hammered at the legislature until it had passed a law which compelled girls under eighteen and boys under twenty-one to have their betrothals made public five days before their weddings.

There were a few violations of the law, because shotguns still don't understand statutes, but, all in all, the law worked all right for a spell, and then the children began running over to neighboring states which had no restrictions, and thousands of Tennesseans jumped brooms in Mississippi, Kentucky, and Arkansas. It

was taking cash out of the state, for, after all, honeymooners do spend a few dollars here and there, and, too, the marriage fees should be considered. So the sonny men rubbed the law off the books, and the public didn't think much about it until little Eunice walked down from the mountains and got Tennessee more adverse publicity than the Volunteer State has had since the monkey-law fiasco.

JUDGE KELLEY didn't tell the legislators "I told you so." (A woman should never tell a man "I told you so," the judge says.) She didn't lecture. (Don't ever lecture men, she says; it hurts their vanity and they get rebellious.) She warned them that Tennessee's mothers demanded protection for their children and would unite and fight to get it. The solons knew it would be political hara-kiri to buck the judge when the issue was children.

Adroitly, the judge touched softly one of the most vulnerable spots in the makeup of Southerners. She explained that Eunice's broom-jumping had jumped Tennessee back on Page One of the nation's press. She knew, as all of us who were reared in the South know, that we may act as though we don't give a jumping John Brown what other persons think, but really we are the most sensitive people in the world to national ridicule.

"Gentlemen," the judge said, "this mustn't happen again."

So the legislature passed another law fixing the minimum marriage age at sixteen. If the girl is under eighteen there must be a three-day waiting period before application for the license and issuance, and the parents or guardians must be notified.

Then Judge Kelley went to Mississippi and pleaded with the sonny men there, and they passed a marriage law. She is going to Arkansas next.

"I've just begun to fight," she said. "We must have universal marriage laws. Some marriages may be made in heaven, but many of them are made when the heavens are full of stars and the moon, and the lovers are too full of liquor."

A movement was recently announced to have her seek the governorship, but she shook her head vigorously. "I would not have the job if I could get it. I've dedicated my life (Continued on page 126)



"Clashing colors wreck homes. Men are very sensitive to colors. No man wants to see violent colors when he wakes up"





Storm on the Island

BY STEVE FISHER



*He was the brilliant hero of a great disaster
... but Myrna hated him for being brash and
swaggering—for stirring her senses with his kiss*

CAST OF CHARACTERS

MYRNA BAKER	<i>Young and pretty hotel proprietor</i>
COMMANDER BAKER	<i>Her father, a retired naval officer</i>
HAROLD	<i>Houseman at the hotel</i>
MACKAY	<i>Myrna's fiancé, a naval radioman</i>
RICHARD BRENNAN	<i>Torpedoman in sunken submarine</i>
HARRY MORRIS	<i>Also a torpedoman</i>
CARL MOORE	<i>Navy ensign staying at Myrna's hotel</i>
WINDY	<i>A crippled guest</i>
BERTHA MARTIN	<i>Redheaded widow</i>
BILL SPAULDING	<i>Who has been annoying Myrna</i>
KIM MULDANE	<i>A detective</i>

The dead hand seemed to be reaching toward the steps it was passing



SHIFTING clouds passed in the Hawaiian sky and lightning flashed out, releasing a torrent of rain. The lightning came zigzag then from either side of the island, slanting toward the ground in brilliant white V's. Coco palms groaned and threw off their dress; rain shattered the silence. It had come all at once to relieve the intensity of night, and through the sheets of pouring water the hotel was suddenly visible, when a moment ago its unlighted windows had been shrouded in the darkness off the Pearl Harbor shore.

It was a wooden building of some bulk and it squatted on the ground not unlike an ugly old woman who has spread her skirts and sat down on a muddy shore. It was two and a half stories, the half being an attic; and, in spite of their discomfort, the attic rooms rented at only a slight reduction in price. The second floor had been a thing of elegance back in the ancient days when a too optimistic real-estate man, hearing that the Navy was to be based at Pearl Harbor, ordered its construction. It had since degenerated into a floor of tremendous and useless windows that looked out onto the lanai like so many overly large eyes resting wearily on several fat cheeks.

Along the outside of the not too steady

balcony a bright, new sign proclaimed: "HAWAIIAN HEAVEN HOTEL," and, in smaller letters: "Sailors' Midway Stop."

The main floor sat holding a large porch in its lap, and had French doors that had long ago surrendered their glass to mosquito-proof screens. In daylight it faced the Navy's Ford Island and planes zoomed across the water toward it, taking off and skimming the hotel's roof with only inches to spare.

BUT it was night now, and the giant beacon lights from the air base flashed red and green, and tugs moved up and down the harbor in restless tension. Although the hotel was dark, the night was alive. A radio voice came from inside, amplified to its loudest pitch. It had been on for three days and two nights. This was the third night. The voice that came from the radio and spoke out into the shadow-filled room was tired and just a little husky. It was the familiar emergency voice that goes on and on and on, whenever there is a flood or a terrible earthquake or a fire that destroys a city.

The radio voice made no attempt to entertain, to amuse, nor to be original. It repeated things over and over; it gave orders; it retracted the same orders; it recounted names that sounded bleak and empty—the list of the dead, the list that

kept growing and growing. The voice had become unreal at last; the horror in the news it gave had become a monotony that droned without end.

It poured out in its terrible pitch to the empty room, while lightning jerked static through its raw continuity. But the voice went on, seemed even to grow in the rising storm:

Reporting from the tug SEAGULL . . . reporting from the USS SEAGULL at sea just off Pearl Harbor, Territory of Hawaii. We are lying just above the sunken S-14, which went down three days ago and has not risen. The sea is alive with Navy craft and rescue work is going doggedly on. The radioman in the S-14 reports they have used up the last oxygen tank. They have no more air. I repeat, they have no more air, can last no longer than another hour.

As we have reported, the torpedo tubes have been jammed, so that men cannot be sent through them. And because of the unusual position of the S-14, which rammed undersea wreckage, our surface divers have not been able to reach the tubes in what was to be an effort to clear them.

Divers Harry Morris and Richard

Brennan, who were sent out from the S-14's conning tower in the boat's only two diving suits with portable oxygen tanks, have not reported in the last hour and it is feared that they are lost. I repeat, divers Harry Morris and Richard Brennan, who were sent out from the S-14 in the desperate hope that they might clear the torpedo tubes so that the remaining men could be shot out with sufficient pressure to force them to the surface—these divers have not been heard from and it is believed they have perished. Sending these men out had been the S-14's last chance, though it was apparent even to them that the divers would lose their lives in a hopeless cause, because the wreckage is too thick for two men to clear. If the other men were released from the conning tower, even with emergency oxygen masks, they would rise so slowly that the pressure would kill them before they reached the surface.

As we reported yesterday, surface craft attempted to hook the underwater debris with giant hooks attached to cables, so that it could be cleared away, but it turned out to be no more than an attempt, because the wood of the wreckage was rotten and gave with the first effort to pull it away.

We have a new list of men already dead inside the submarine. . . .

Endlessly, the voice went on.

INSIDE the hotel lobby, which included a bar, a divan, and several tables and chairs, there was suddenly both sound and light. A door opened from the houseman's room, which was here on the main floor. A flashlight reached out across the floor; then the houseman came out. He was barefoot and wore a faded robe which he had put on hurriedly.

He quickly moved to the screen French doors and released the canvas storm curtains. He put the flashlight on the floor and, stooping, secured the canvas to the proper pegs. He picked up the flashlight and rose. He made the downstairs rounds, closing windows, locking doors, and then he walked back across the floor toward his own room. He ignored the radio as though the tremendous volume of the voice was nonexistent. He presently disappeared back into his room, and the only illumination was from the lightning streaking through the windows.

Minutes paraded raggedly along. Half an hour passed, and the same radio voice said:

The hopeless fight of the men trapped in the S-14 can last but seconds longer. Already almost all of them inside the doomed submarine have died horrible deaths. The air is all but gone and they are coughing through fumes of grease and acid. Nothing has been heard from the divers who left the 14 to clear her bow. These men, Richard Brennan and Harry Morris, gave their lives in a last-minute attempt to save their shipmates when divers from surface ships failed to penetrate the wreckage into which the S-14 rammed her nose. . . .

As the voice continued, there was the

sound of a door opening on the second floor of the hotel.

An old man appeared through the darkness and stood at the head of the stairs looking down into the lobby. He turned, picked up something, laboriously lifted it so that it rested across his shoulder. He started down the stairs, breathing hard. For a moment his bundle lay inert on his shoulder, and then one arm flopped out. The dead hand seemed to be reaching toward the steps it was passing. The old man pushed the arm back up into place and continued.

When he was downstairs the old man laid the corpse on a divan and for a moment stood looking around. Lightning did not show through the canvas that had been secured over the French doors, so that things were only half distinguishable.

At last the old man picked up the corpse and dragged it toward the bar. He stooped here and snapped back the latch on a wine closet just beneath the bar. He got down on his hands and knees and worked for some few minutes to double the corpse up and get it in. He

had to put the head down so that the chin rested on the chest, and then double up the legs and fasten the hands around them. After that he found it difficult to shut the closet door again. He was like a man trying to shut an overpacked suitcase. He finally stood up and kicked it and, that way, he was able to get it to catch.

He breathed deeply, sighing afterward; then he shook himself, like a dog, and dusted his hands, as though satisfied that he had done his job well. Presently he climbed the stairs again, turned in at his room, and softly closed the door

THE voice on the radio had not ceased, though it was huskier now:

We are still attempting to reach the S-14, but their radio has ceased, and all inside are believed to be dead. I repeat, all hope of saving the lives of the men in the ill-fated S-14 is gone, although the work here is going right on.

The voice suddenly picked up:

Ladies and gentlemen, here on the scene of the worst United States Navy disaster in recent years we have just heard sensational news. Richard Brennan, a diver from the



The two men were fighting dangerously near the head of the stairs

S-14 who had been sent out to clear the bow, was miraculously able to find one of the many lines sent down by surface craft for him and has been brought up to safety! Richard Brennan, from the sunken S-14, is now here on the deck of the USS SEAGULL! Ladies and gentlemen, the only survivor in all this terrible tragedy is here, breathing, and grinning in spite of his weakened condition! Mr. Brennan, do you think you could possibly say something to a waiting world?

There was a whisper:

It's good to be alive! . . .

MYRNA was not undressed for bed. She had been kneeling in the darkness of her room praying, pausing only at intervals to listen to the voice on the radio. But now she listened intently, and she heard a stifled scream from the room across the hall.

A door slammed, and a woman's voice said, "Turn it off! Turn it off! I can't stand it any more! There's no use in bluffing. There's no use trying to hope. They're gone now . . ."

There was a shuddering of boards on the hall floor, and then continued sobbing. Myrna got up and opened the door. The red-haired Bertha Martin had sunk there and was holding her head in her hands.

There was nothing Myrna could do; no consolation would sound genuine. They had been through all of that in the hours which had gone before. They were at the rope's end now, there was nothing anyone could say or do. Only the protesting hysteria of injustice could burst from a person's throat.

Quietly, she closed the door. She turned on the lights in her room and went bleakly to her mirror and looked in it at herself. She did not look as though she had suffered, though her face was pale and her eyes seemed darker. Her mahogany hair was swept back in a mass

of curls, and there was nothing for her to straighten, although she uncorked her rouge container and daubed at her lips, which looked somehow faint and bloodless. This took her but an instant, and now she smoothed the wrinkles in her dress.

She had once made a splash in society, the pretty daughter of a retired commander, an eligible candidate for the wife of a future admiral. But, at twenty-five now, she was past all that. Only a defiant rebel could marry her and remain an officer in the service; only some tough lieutenant, maybe, who didn't care what was said at teas. For she had shocked the Navy. Her father had gone broke, or nearly so, and she had insisted that he buy this hotel. She knew people in Honolulu who would renovate it for them on credit.

So she had commercialized herself by opening a hotel which, adjoining the Navy Yard, was an enlisted man's haven. She called it the "Midway Stop" because they could come here instead of going all the way into Honolulu when they came ashore, Honolulu being approximately six miles from Pearl Harbor. She made it interesting for them. There was beer, though no harder drinks were served over the bar, because she had only a beer license, and she put on shows, some of them acted out by the sailors

themselves. There was a lot of singing, and good times, and food when the men wanted it. And, too, there were a few rooms that could be rented out, but these were occupied mostly by civilian workers or people interested in the Navy who wanted to live as close to it as possible.

There had been trouble too, of course, but one didn't expect things to run too smoothly, and they had done pretty well, hadn't they? Paying off half their debts in one short year?

SHE turned now and went into the hall. Sobbing still, the red-haired Bertha Martin looked up. Her face was streaked.

"He's dead. Al is dead. You heard him say they were all lost! Turn off that radio!"

"But we all agreed we wanted to listen," Myrna said quietly.

"Listen? Three days and nights have been too much for the rest of you! But I've lain there in the dark and—"

"So have we all, darling," said Myrna. "You don't think any of us have slept, do you? That was a pretense to which we had agreed. We would turn off all the lights and go to our rooms. We thought that would make it easier. Sleep would have been a blessing if it had been possible, but it wasn't."

The night bell sounded downstairs. Myrna went to the head of the stairs and looked down. She could hear the pounding of rain and the booming of thunder. The houseman came out of his room wearing a faded blue robe. He was in his bare feet. He opened the door, and a tall, slicker-cad figure came in. Myrna saw a white sailor hat on the back of the man's head.

The sailor and the houseman talked for a moment, and then started for the stairs. Myrna retreated and tried to get Bertha Martin to stand, but she wouldn't. When the houseman and the sailor passed she was still there, sitting on the floor sobbing. Myrna looked up into the new guest's face and saw taut white skin, and the burning eyes. Something about the man made her shudder. He walked on past and up the stairs toward the attic.

"Turn off that radio!" sobbed Bertha Martin.

MYRNA went back toward the stairs and moved down them quietly. She turned on the lights in the lobby, and went over and switched off the radio. She sank down on the divan, drawing her legs up under her. Her face was strained, but she was dry-eyed and she choked down the pain that was in her throat. She slowly tapped a cigarette on her wrist, putting it between her lips at last and lighting it.

When she looked up Bertha Martin was on the stairs, almost at the bottom. There was a strange, almost transfixed look on her face. She was no longer crying. She was looking toward the radio.

*"They're all lost!"
screamed Bertha*



He caught and kissed her, while she fought and the reporters grinned



FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN WATER COLOR
BY MATT CLARK

"How quiet," she said, "how quiet everything is." She laughed then, although the laughter was like something choked out of her. "Look, Myrna; there is no more sound," she went on. "It's quiet. For the first time in three days it's quiet! It's just as though nothing had happened. It's just like the first night I came here. The night I got in on the boat from Diego and put up here to wait for Al. That's what it's like, ain't it? Like nothing ever happened, and all this other was nightmare!"

MYRNA looked at her but did not speak. The houseman came back down the stairs. He seemed self-conscious to be in bare feet, now that the lights were on.

He did not hesitate in his movement toward his room, but as he passed he jerked his head back, indicating the attic and the roomer he had put up there. "He weren't no sailor at all," he said; "just some civvie that's been working out there on the rescue party. It's all over, he says. He says there isn't any more. He's tired and he wants to stay here. Seems to resent somebody trying to talk to him, he does." The houseman went into his room, still muttering.

Bertha Martin went over to the bar. "Look, Myrna, I want something stronger, see? The bar's open, isn't it? I mean,

now that the circus is all over, now that the whole thing is washed up, we ought to do some celebrating. We ought to do something!"

"The whisky is around behind," said Myrna. Then, on second thought, she got up and went around behind the bar and got it for her. She had two bottles for personal consumption, not for sale. While she was pouring it she heard a noise on the stairs, and looked up. She could tell from the sound of the crutches that it was Windy.

Windy had been a chief petty officer, but an accident on the submarine base had so twisted his legs that the Navy had given him a medical discharge and a pension. He lived here because he wanted to stay close to the Navy, though he had turned into a violent pacifist and claimed to hate it.

"So they saved one," he said. "Half a hundred Navy and civilian tugs out there to the rescue, and they save one. That's the kind of efficiency we get from the government. Make that two whiskies, Myrna. I'm an old man, and I can do with some of that."

"Ain't it awful," said Bertha. She began to sob again, but stopped long enough to get up and get her whisky.

Myrna dropped her cigarette and stepped on it. Windy had hobbled over to the bar and was leaning on one crutch

while he took his drink. He looked at Bertha.

"Poor Mrs. Martin," he said. "It's you that's got to suffer, isn't it?"

Bertha Martin replied, "If you could only know what it was to have a man six months in a hovel in San Diego, all the time hoping for something better—"

"We've been through that," Windy said. He had cut her short. "We've heard all that, and we've witnessed your hysterics on the floor. Save the rest for the funeral. You can only cry for the dead so much, then you begin to look funny."

"But we had planned—"

YOU'RE crazy to plan when you've got a man in the Navy," said Windy. "You were crazy to come out here anyway. Only a dumb bride would do that. You know the subs aren't going to stay in Hawaii. They reconditioned the S-14 and a lot of others, even these crappy little eagle boats that have been lying here rotting for twenty years, and you know why? The fleet's coming here, or part of it, and then they're shoving for war games off Manila. You knew that, didn't you?—yet you came here to be close to your man, so you could have a day with him. Women are crazy."

"They aren't going in a day," Myrna said defensively. "They might cancel

the whole thing. Nothing is definite."

"No. Nothing is definite," said Windy, looking after Bertha, who had gone back to the divan; "nothing except a lot of trouble in the world, and things in one helluva hot kettle. Nothing is definite. There wasn't anything definite in the last war, either. People went around guessing for four years, and eleven million men died!"

Myrna heard Windy saying this, and looked up, to see Ensign Carl Moore coming down the stairs. He was dressed in uniform and neatly groomed, as though he had taken time to clean up before he came out of his room. He was a youngish man who wore horn-rimmed glasses. He was precise and cold, and it was rumored that his brain was a mathematical machine. He was the only officer guest, and he had come to study problems of his own invention which he intended to submit to Washington for the future betterment of the Navy in military maneuvers. He seldom spoke when enlisted men were in the place, and what friends he had he had chosen carefully. He had a deadly fear of spies.

Myrna thought Carl Moore had exaggerated his own genius in the eyes of the higher officer who had given him leave so that some of his efforts might reach accomplishment. But she looked upon his hatred of Windy, whose purposes were an exact opposite to his own, with amused tolerance.

"He's been reading a book," Moore said now. "He's even gone back to the World War." He came up to the bar, his face cold. "Give me a beer, Myrna."

WINDY whirled on him with such force that he nearly lost his balance. "What I say is, the S-14 is sunk, and right now a lot of people think it's one helluva shame, but it's no shame at all to what's coming, and you know it! What's one little submarine on the bottom of the ocean, with a lot of corpses lying in its acid stinking to high heaven, when in a few more months or next year or the year after there'll be twenty submarines like that, and God knows how many battleships and cruisers and destroyers, to say nothing of these moth-eaten little eagle boats!"

"If war comes, it's war," said the ensign, "and I admit that you're right. If it does come, it's a shame we have to waste a possible offensive unit such as the S-14 by having it ram insignificant undersea wreckage. It is indeed a shame that our Navy has to crack up itself."

"There you go!" Windy said. "You don't care that the men are dead; you're only sorry that there are that many less to fight. Admit it! Admit it!"

Myrna suddenly said, "I'm closing up. I wish you'd all go back to your rooms."

They didn't do this, but the argument ended and Ensign Moore went over to a side window and looked out, while Windy fumbled with the whisky to pour

himself another tumbler. Bertha Martin still sat, sobbing. Myrna had been through enough so that she felt the need of a drink herself, and for a moment she thought she would like to have wine.

She stooped and jerked at the door of the wine closet. It wouldn't give; it was stuck. She hit at it angrily, and then at last she gave up.

The rain outside had begun to lessen.

SHE did retire, at last, for an hour or two, although the others remained up. She took off her clothes and went to bed, and somehow she was able to sleep, though her dreams were tormented with the screams of men in a sunken submarine and the sight of one man, a diver, coming to the surface, his face gaunt, his hollow eyes mad. She slept longer even than she intended, and when she opened her eyes sunshine was coming in through the window and she could see Pearl Harbor, pretty, the banks on either side green, as though there had been no storm. A Navy plane was skimming across the water to take off.

Myrna took a shower and dressed, and then she went downstairs to get her breakfast. Her father was in the dining-room eating. He was a tall, thin old man; he had eyes as black as the eyes of a hawk; they seemed almost like shiny grapes stuck in his head. Being the owner of a cheap hotel had embittered him. He had lost touch, officers seldom visited him. In his old age he was suddenly in a new world, one he had spent his whole earlier life commanding and looking down upon. But the way his eyes seemed to protrude out of their sockets made people afraid of him. Someone had read from a paper one night in the bar that insane people usually had pop eyes. It had been a joke, but the significance of it ran deeply, so the old man was friendless—except for Ensign Moore.

"Hear the news?" he asked, looking up.

"Yes," she said.

"One came out alive," he told her, as though to impress her that the news was worth conversation.

"Yes, I heard," she whispered. "The others are dead." She sat down, and the houseman, who was everything from cook to flunky, brought in her eggs. She gazed out the window toward the water, at the submarines all tied up in a row at their base, and it seemed to her somehow that it was shameful for the sun to shine and for the world to go right on as though nothing at all had happened.

"I have other news for you, too," said her father.

"What?"

"Bill Spaulding is missing."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, he wasn't in his room. His bed was made up—he hadn't slept in it."

"He was probably working on the rescue party," she said.

"But he wasn't. He came in last night and said he was going to stay in."

"Well," she said, "maybe he decided to go out again. What's the difference?"

The old man looked at her sharply; then he dug a fork into his sausage. "I just thought I'd mention that he wasn't around," he said quietly.

Bill Spaulding worked at the Navy Yard. He was in love with Myrna and made a nuisance of himself no end. He stayed at the hotel to be near her; he fought with men who said anything to her that was out of the way; he was so obnoxious that he was bad for the business, and Myrna had at last requested that he stay out of the bar when there were sailors in it. But Spaulding's approaches had grown worse. At times, when he came in drunk, she had actually been forced to fight him off. It was one of the most important problems Myrna had to solve—how to get rid of him. Spaulding was aware that Myrna was engaged to a sailor, a radioman named Mackay who came from the air base, and he had said a hundred times that he accepted this as Myrna's choice. But it was untrue, because he didn't. She disliked thinking about Spaulding and she wished that her father hadn't mentioned him. It spoiled her breakfast.

Her father changed the subject. "I wonder what kind of a story this Richard Brennan will have to tell," he said.

"Who is Richard Brennan?"

"The survivor—the only survivor in the accident," her father said. "I thought you heard the news."

"I did. I just didn't remember the name. I suppose he is very sick and in the hospital. He'll be fortunate if he lives—going through what he did."

"My guess," said the commander, "is that he'll end up in the Oahu nut house. No man can go through that and keep his mind."

"The poor fellow," said Myrna. "He'll have to rest for a year anyway and—"

THE curtains were brushed back. She looked up, to see Mackay standing there breathless. Mackay was a biggish, blond sailor, and she called him by his last name because it sounded good, and everyone else called him by that also. He was good-natured, always around helping out, and he had drummed up a lot of business for the Hawaiian Heaven Hotel bar. His face was so ruddy and always scrubbed so hard that it glistened like wax, and he had a smile that dazzled while when he opened his mouth.

"Myrna!" he said.

"Yes?"

"I've got news. Honest, kid. The biggest thing that ever happened to us!" Mackay was so excited that he could scarcely contain himself. He was sucking breath into his lungs. "They won't let him interview reporters on the base," he went on. "They say he's got to get out of the Yard, and, boy! there's a million people to see him. All kinds of offers. So I got to him and suggested he come over here, (Continued on page 94)

*Healthful **D**ouble **M**int gum shows you this doubly lovely way to charm and popularity*



Men—women, too, for that matter—are attracted to a charming smile and smart clothes—a winning combination that healthful, delicious Double Mint gum enables you to have. The daily enjoyment of this double-lasting, mint-flavored gum provides beneficial chewing exercise which beautifies your lips, mouth and teeth, increasing the loveliness of your smile. You look your radiant best—a person people want to know. Try it today...Left, Double Mint gum introduces a new creation of Valentina whose clients from New York to Hollywood rank among the best dressed women in the world. Double Mint has put this charmingly becoming dress into a Simplicity Pattern for you. *This, then*, is Double Mint gum's doubly lovely way of helping you win admiration and popularity.

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Whatever became of....?

Have you ever wondered what became of the red-head you took to the High School Junior Prom or the long-legged boy who sat behind you in algebra class? Here's a young man who found out

DRAWING BY RUSSELL PATTERSON



BY GERALD O'MAHANAY

✱ I HAVE decided to write a story about some people I know—not because they are distinguished or amusing or even particularly interesting; but because I went to school with them, some years ago, and because I have been wondering ever since, off and on, what happened to them. Now I have found out, and it seems, somehow, important.

I did not know before how few people in life remain true to a youthful goal. I did not know before how quickly dreams fade or into how many different places and inextricable muddles an average group of boys and girls can get themselves in the space of a decade and a half.

We were forty-eight, the class of 1921 at my high school, and we were very proud as we stood on the stage of the town hall in that small industrial city in New England and sang our anthem of farewell. It was a hot night in June, and our parents and relatives and friends and

neighbors fanned themselves with programs as they looked proudly up at us from the rickety seats of the auditorium. I was in the last row, with the dunces and ne'er-do-wells, and from my perch I looked down on my comrades—twenty-five boys in white flannels and blue jackets; twenty-two girls in white gowns with blue sashes and with ribbons in their long, piled hair. There was not a bob amongst them, and not a pair of bell-bottomed trousers.

All that was to come later, in the era of Great Goofiness, when hair and skirts were shortened, when airplanes spanned the oceans, and when crooners came to the microphones and speak-easies grew in the streets. The year 1921 was quiet.

The orator of the evening was a wise man. I shall always remember his final words:

"The world is clay. With courage and faith and perseverance you can mold it

to your desire. Each of you has but one enemy—yourself. In the years to come, when you look back on this occasion, remember that. All of you cannot be great, but none needs to fail."

Sitting on my perch in the last row, I caught the words and held them. It had seemed to me that this graduation ceremony was only a dream. We—my classmates and I—must always be young. High school could not be over. We would be back there in the fall, worrying about the football team and the first dance.

BUT those last words of the orator woke me up. It was over. Already the superintendent of schools was handing out diplomas. We were never to see each other again as a class. The organization to which we belonged was dissolved. The values we had set upon things, upon ourselves, no longer applied. The best-looking boy and the best-looking girl were just another boy and girl.

My name was called, and I walked down the steps of the temporary grandstand and took a long, thin roll of white paper from a bearded man who muttered, "I congratulate you." The applause was thin. I did (Continued on page 154)



Sun **LIGHT-**
YES
Sun **HEAT-**
NO

MOTHERS have been told that their children must have sunshine . . . that frequent sun baths are necessary for the development of strong bodies. But perhaps some mothers may not realize the vast difference between the *light* from the sun and the *heat* from the sun.

Sunlight carries the beneficial ultra-violet rays that put healthy color in the cheeks of boys and girls. But when the thermometer climbs over 80 degrees, keep your children out of the burning rays of the sun. Too much *sunheat* may be dangerous. On such days let your boys and girls sun-bathe before 10 in the morning, or after 4 in the afternoon.

In hot weather, brimmed hats—of straw, white or light-colored fabrics—will help keep the hot sun from scorching down on children's heads.

The fact that a young baby's eyes should be protected from the sun does not mean that his entire head should be shaded. Cover his eyes, or place him on his side, so that his face will get the benefit of the sunlight but the

strong, bright rays will not shine directly into his eyes.

During their first year, babies are particularly susceptible to heat and humidity. There are more deaths caused directly or indirectly by excessive heat before the first birthday than during any other single year of a child's life. Why is the scorching *heat* of the sun dangerous to children? It lessens appetite, lowers vitality, and may produce fever. It often overexcites them, makes them sleepless, faint and ill.

Strange as it may seem, a sudden drop in temperature which brings welcome relief from excessive heat may not be entirely a blessing. Many babies are made sick by chilling, especially in the night. This chilling is a common cause of diarrhea.

No child need be overcome by heat if simple precautions are used. The Metropolitan leaflet "Heat Exhaustion and Sunstroke" gives additional information everyone should have. A free copy will be sent to you if you will address Booklet Department 738-A.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

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THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE
GUEST EDITORIAL

DARING

AS a small boy, before the time of drainage ditches, I lived in the country, surrounded by swamplands. Those were days of chills and fever. When I went to the city to school, I was sallow-cheeked and hollow-chested. One of my teachers looked me straight in the eye and said, "I dare you to be the healthiest boy in the class!"

I was brought up to take dares. I built a body that has equaled those of the strongest boys in that class, and has outlasted most of them. Often I have blessed that teacher who dared a sallow-cheeked boy to be the healthiest in the class.

The world seems waiting for just such a dare today. There's another set of chills and fevers assailing us. Our own national pulse rate is jerky. In certain countries the disease has already festered into war. More germs are at work. What we need most is not a recovery of business but a recovery of ideals, a recovery of the kind of rugged

personality that sent those covered wagons across the Western plains.

Our grandfathers traveled west to develop our great natural resources. Some say one reason for our present economic ills is that there is no more West to conquer. Yet the greatest natural resource in the world today is still piteously undeveloped. It is the unused abilities of our men and women. Not one person in a million is living up to the best that is in him, getting out of himself the full measure of labor, happiness, and beauty with which he is endowed. Tap that fountain and America will go forward to a greater destiny than any of us have ever dreamed!

We can all be a bigger people than we are. I believe in definite methods. So I suggest four specific things to do:

Stand Tall—Head erect, chin in, chest up, shoulders squared, and face life physically strong. Think Tall—Big thoughts about big peo-

ple and big achievements. Smile Tall—Go about with the corners of the mouth turned up. Cultivate friendships by being truly friendly. Live Tall—Be honest, keep your life clean, develop a worthy character.

We suffer little aches and pains, when we could have bodies radiant with health. We allow our minds to dillydally, when they could carry us to the most interesting places in the world of yesterday and today. We live in a small world, when we could mingle with the great. We starve our spiritual natures, when we could live abundant lives.

I'm daring you to launch out into the most interesting year of your life. I dare you to achieve a Recovery of Ideals. I dare you to push out into the deep, to shoulder more responsibility, to build magnificently. I dare you to share the fruits of your daring. I dare you to be the "Bigger You," which is the full measure of your talents.

WILLIAM H. DANFORTH
Guest Editorial Writer



Mr. Danforth, a St. Louis industrialist, is president of the American Youth Foundation, devoted to training young people for leadership

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The new 2-Ton International Model D-40
 with utility stake body



One of the International Pick-up Trucks. These light-duty pick-up trucks come in 3 sizes: the $\frac{1}{2}$ -ton Model D-2 in two wheel-base lengths, 113 and 125 inches; and the $\frac{3}{4}$ - to 1-ton Model D-15, wheelbase 130 inches.

There are International Trucks for every hauling need from $\frac{1}{2}$ -ton light delivery up to powerful six-wheelers. International dealers and Company-owned branches everywhere are at your service.

Long, long before the very birth of the automotive industry the men who laid the foundation of *International Harvester* were selling millions of dollars worth of equipment annually, on "time." *Trucks* came into the picture many years later.

In the past 30 years tens of thousands of men have been helped

to ownership of International Trucks by International Harvester's extension of credit.

Pay CASH on delivery for your trucks when you can, and save *all* financing charges, but when cash must be conserved see what International's practical time-payment plan can offer you. Let International Trucks earn their way as you pay.

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INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS



STAR

bright

(Continued from page 21)

went suddenly stiff. "It is an art," he repeated, "not a steppingstone. Perhaps you are not fitted to be a model." He snapped the plateholder out of the camera. "Think it over," he said, walking toward the stairs.

Jane's face was like a bush aflame. At seventeen, nearly eighteen, she had beauty and ambition, not judgment and poise. She bit back the tears. "You're serious," she said wonderingly. "But every girl dreams of Hollywood. Please! I'll work so hard."

"Perhaps you don't understand. We are to make pictures together. You are a model and I am a photographer. But there's no nonsense. It's not a game. It's an effort—a co-operative, creative effort."

THEY worked for a month before taking a single account, Paul teaching her motionlessness without rigidity, simplicity without simpering, how to be natural without being gawky. He taught her how to stand, how to sit, how to lie on her stomach. He made her smile without smirking.

Then the customers were let in.

Within two months they had to be kept out. Paul was afraid Jane's face would become overpopularized by constant reproduction in the newspapers and magazines. Her price per hour was raised from five to ten to twenty-five dollars. She was given contracts by one silk house, one department store, one furrier, one hosiery concern, to work exclusively for them. Other photographers sought her, and each time

Mr. Chadbourne raised the ante. She became more than successful—famous. Photographers talked about her face, her figure, her flair, her shattering smile.

The playboys came around. One in particular, Barton Train. He was nice, well-mannered, innocuous. He had millions. He took her places and seemed satisfied. Which was just right, because Jane was young and wanted to go places.

It was all wonderful, but it didn't matter. Nothing mattered, in a very short time, but Paul Latham. She chattered endlessly to him in the airy, good-natured, not oversubtle fashion which—with her face—was consuming wit; which the columnists, under her spell, printed, and then wondered why. Occasionally he chuckled; once in a while he said, "Yes;" but most of the time he just crinkled up his eyes and kept his serious lips closed.

IN THE early fall they were doing a series of Palm Beach and winter-cruise fashions.

"Not languor," Paul said. "Eager anticipation. You are entering the harbor of Hamilton, Bermuda. You are looking over the rail as the ship warps into the dock. The prospect pleases you. That goes on the face."

"Paul, will you take me to the Anchorites' shindig?"

"Possibly you wove to someone you know on the dock. . . . I don't go to shindigs. Except occasionally, for business reasons."

"Don't you approve?"

"I approve for you. You are a public character."

"I'd bet you'd take Mary Kent." It was short, beyond reclaiming.

Paul looked up sharply. Then deliberately turned his back and adjusted the lens. "Do you hear from her?" he said quietly. ". . . Hold it. Two seconds."

When he'd pressed the bulb for the second time Jane said, a little breathlessly, "She didn't go back to Hollywood. She told me not to tell you."

"I know," said Paul, pulling the plate out of the holder.

"She's looking for bits, stock—anything."

"Tell her," Paul said in his flat, sober voice, "I'll guarantee her a hundred a week modeling."

"Was she that good?"

"Better."

"Better than me?"

"Different."

As she was pulling her hat on in front of the mirror in the dressing-room, Paul Latham passed the door. "Paul, Bart Train wants to take me to the Anchorites'. Is it a riot? Should I go?"

The large, liquid, now justly famous eyes looked at him, pleading—pleading for recognition.

"It has riots. Mr. Train, however, seems a competent young man." . . .

Mary lay on her bed in the little two-room apartment she and Jane now shared. She had completed the daily round of theatrical offices—managers, producers, agents. They had been telling her that for months. She sat up quickly when Jane said, "Paul Latham will guarantee you a hundred a week, modeling."

"Jane, I do not want anything of Mr. Latham."

"He's kind," Jane said. "He means to be."

"Ruthless. Nor do I wish to hear his name."

"Check," said Jane. "But, darling—" "I shall get along."

And, looking at the calm, intelligent eyes, the determined mouth and firm chin, Jane knew she would, somehow. . . .

Several hundred actors, artists, models, press agents, stockbrokers, song writers, song-and-dance men, musicians, bank clerks, singers, and stenographers mixed it in the annual disorder known as the Anchorites' Assembly. The motif was Tyrolean and the center of the ballroom was filled with a great many pairs of short leather pants, short circular skirts, and embroidered suspenders, while the fringes were largely given up to men with locked arms and a diverse understanding of the yodel. Relaxation and refreshment were had at tables set on the two balconies that overlooked the room on three sides.

At a table tucked off in a corner of the first balcony Paul Latham found Jane, looking slightly worried. Young Barton Train had his hand on her shoulder and his head was rolling.

"Smily girl," he challenged, and rose, supporting himself on Jane's shoulder. It seemed difficult for him to stand. In an effort to keep his balance he clutched desperately at Jane, and suddenly her dress ripped.

Paul put his open palm against Train's face and gave it a vigorous shove. Train sat down heavily, blinking. Then, without a word, his head declined to the table and he slept.

To Jane, Paul said, "Here's a pin," and took one from under his lapel. "I shall now see you home."

"I thought you didn't attend shindigs."

"Occasionally, for business reasons."

"Business?"

"You're valuable property."

IN THE taxicab Jane said, "Tell him to go around the park. It's a lovely night."

"It's past three," Paul said. He told the driver to go around the park. "But I want to talk to you."

They drove around the park for half an hour and Paul didn't open his mouth.

Jane suddenly put her hand on his arm. "Paul, I think I'm in love with you."

"Impossible. I'm not the sort you'd fall in love with."

"Something's wrong with you," she said. She held her underlip in her teeth to keep it from trembling. Her eyes were full but they didn't spill over.

"Probably Mary," she murmured.

"Yes," Paul said.

She flung at him, "Why didn't you get her? What did you do to hurt her?"

"I asked her to marry me. I love her."

"She hates you."

"She loves me. I tried to keep her from being an actress. I still think I'm right."

"You said she was the best model that ever lived."

"She was. A model, in a way that an actress does not, has to be what she seems to be. That was Mary. She has character, and it came through the camera. It made

Nowadays it costs so little *to relive every happy holiday—in movies*



... A movie shot costs less than a dime—with CINÉ-KODAK EIGHT



"SUCH a happy day; too bad it's over." That's what folks used to say; but nowadays there's no end to good times. They are stored safely away in reels of movie film—and then, whenever you feel like holidaying, it's "Lights out," and once again, the fun is on.

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CINÉ-KODAK EIGHT Only \$34.50—makes marvelous movies at everybody's price

fine pictures. They were pictures of a person. Not just clothes."

"She is a person. But, more than that—"

"She is not an actress. I saw her in stock and little shows. Every woman wants to act. Mary is not an actress. She is Mary. She can't dissimulate. I tried to stop her from going to Hollywood. I knew what they'd do to her. I knew she'd eat her heart out when they let her know the truth. They don't do it with boudoir pillows. She thought it was my selfishness, that I was jealous of her career, that I wanted her all to myself. I did, but that wasn't it."

Jane found that by concentrating hard on the back of the driver's neck she could keep her emotions in check. "Paul," she said suddenly, "we're going to see Mary."

"She won't see me," Paul said. "When?"

"Now," Jane said, and was amazed to find that, whatever was happening to her eyes, her chin was firm. . . .

Mary couldn't have been expecting them, but there she was—lovely, *soignée* in a clinging dressing gown.

"You up?" Jane said, and rushed on

nervously: "Barton Train wasn't so good, so Paul took me in tow. We've been riding around the park."

"Sometimes I don't sleep well," Mary said, closing the door. She turned suddenly to Paul: "Please, Paul. Let Jane have her Hollywood career."

"Mary, that's not what it's about," said Jane, and went into the bedroom.

"Mary," Paul took her gently by the elbows, and his eyes searched her face. "I'm sending Jane to Hollywood. She has the flair and that certain—what shall we call it? It isn't hardness exactly. Adjustability, rather. She'll make a great star."

MARY backed away from his hands. "You wouldn't do it for me," she said, puzzled, unapproachable.

"I hoped to spare you that." He seemed very weary all at once. "But if you still want—"

Abruptly, she put her arms around his neck. "Oh, dearest," she said, "I was miserable. And dreadful. I studied, I worked, I slaved. But I couldn't get it—whatever it is. The flair. They knew, and were kind.

Finally, I knew. But there was still the pride. It wouldn't let me down. The awful, the ghastly pride. How I tortured myself! Torture. Why is a woman driven to act? Driven!"

"I have a role for you," she said. Jane came out of the bedroom. "Isn't it wonderful?" she said, her eyes liquid light, her voice vibrant, exhilarated.

"Darling," Mary said, "I'm so happy for you—going to Hollywood and all."

"Bless you!" Jane said. "Bless each one of you! The world's my oyster!" She ran back into the bedroom, closing the door.

"You see?" Paul said to Mary.

"I adore her," Mary said. "She'll be great." . . .

Jane walked up and down the room, between the beds, obliquely from the window to the bathroom door. She strode magnificently, swinging her arms, taking great, thrilling breaths, savoring the oyster. . . . She was Greta Garbo . . . she was Katharine Cornell . . . she was Duse. . . . She was a little girl with her face muffled in a pillow.

To meet my WIFE

(Continued from page 50)

so. Here you go and ask Drury. . . .
"Don't be silly," said Jane. "Of course I didn't ask Drury."

"You said you were going to."

"I didn't. Drury's nothing but a loud sound and a smoke."

"I could have told you that long ago."

"And did," said Jane.

Suddenly they were quarreling, wildly, terribly, choosing unerringly the things that would hurt most.

"I didn't know how much you'd help about this job," said Wake, "but I never thought you'd hinder."

"You mean Coralie would be more help than I?"

"She's helped me get other things, hasn't she? That job for the Perditts. The money came in handy."

"To buy Coralie's lunches."

"You're jealous," Wake stormed at her.

"Of course I am," said Jane. "I thought it was your wife the Jergens wanted to meet; not your women."

"Stop that! You shan't talk like that about Coralie."

"I'm talking about you, not Coralie."

"If you thought anything about me,"

said Wake, "you'd be glad to have the Jergens know that we have some decent friends."

"Decent!" said Jane. "All you want to go to Texas for is so you'll be nearer Reno."

Suddenly Wake was shaking her. He was shaking her hard, so that her red curls flew and her head bobbed back and forth. Wake's hands hurt her shoulders. Wake was shouting mad, terrible things—about divorce, and decency.

"It won't make a very good impression if you black my eye," gasped Jane.

Wake stopped. His hands fell to his sides so suddenly that Jane fell.

"No, said, 'I didn't touch your eye.'"

"He," said Jane. "My shoulders, wasn't it?"

They both looked at Jane's shoulders. On the smooth bare skin were the red marks of fingers. Jane glanced at the sleeveless dress.

"Good Lord!" said Wake.

He sat down on the edge of the bed. He looked the way he had the day Coralie ran over the dog. She said coolly, "You'd better go down. Our guests are arriving."

Jane ran into the bathroom. The tub was overflowing, and she pulled the plug and threw a pile of towels in the puddle. Wake was gone when she returned to the bedroom. The Jergens had reached the corner of the hedge.

JANE pulled on her stockings and kicked her feet into pumps. She ran to the closet and pulled out last year's dress, a dress with long sleeves. She ran to the mirror. She did not need rouge. She did need lipstick. She dabbed powder on her nose. She dragged a comb through her hair. She caught the flyaway red curls at the crown and jabbed in two long pins. She had never looked so pretty.

Jane ran into the hall. She threw a leg over the banister, and shot instantly to the bottom. She was standing beside him, smiling, when Wake opened the door.

Bernar Jergen filled the whole house. He ducked his head under the door and stood sideways in the narrow hall.

"Let me take your things," she said to Mrs. Jergen.

Mrs. Jergen emerged from a coat with a fat fur collar, a hearty pudding of a woman, with a round face buttoned with bright, dark eyes. Her hands were capable, with big diamonds half buried in the flesh.

M. JERGEN ducked his head again and they all went into the living-room. He was like a mountain walking, Jane thought.

"Nice little place you got here," he said.

"I suppose there's quite a lot going on," said Mrs. Jergen.

"Quite a lot, some days," said Jane.

"Might be you'd find it too quiet out our way," said Mr. Jergen.

"I like it quiet," said Jane. "Sometimes it's almost too exciting here." She tried to look at Wake, and could not get her eyes above his chin.

Jane excused herself and went into the kitchen. Hepatica was making the gravy. "You're sure you have everything?" she said. "Hepatica, what's that in your hair?"

"Saf'y pin," said Hepatica. "Ah! Jos' mah ha'pin."

"Strain the gravy," said Jane hastily.

Jane never remembered the details of that dinner. Only one thing she remembered. One thing she never forgot. The outlines of the dining-room swung slowly round her. Mr. Jergen crowding the far corners and Mrs. Jergen judging the texture of the soup. Wake, talking too much and too fast, drawing diagrams on the tablecloth. But chiefly she was conscious of the kitchen door.

Hepatica burst in and removed the soup plates. She brought the chicken and set it before Wake with a thump, and the hot plates with a rattle. She went out again. She did not come back.

Jane waited. They all waited. The



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steam from the chicken rolled up in their faces and grew faintly less. Wake fingered the serving fork. He looked at Jane for the first time. "The potatoes," he prompted.

Jane rang the bell then. It always upset Hepatica to be hurried, but there was no help for it. Jane rang again. She rang a third time before Hepatica answered. "The potatoes," said Jane.

"The potatoes," said Wake sternly. "Ain't no potatoes," said Hepatica. "No potatoes!" Wake repeated. "Of course there are potatoes!"

"Ain't no potatoes," insisted Hepatica. "Mis' Bride ain't wrote down no potatoes."

It was as if a flash bulb had exploded in Jane's mind. For an instant she saw the menu, written in her own hand, with letters of fire. Chicken, apple rings, squash, gravy, peas . . . there were no potatoes. Jane had counted out the potatoes herself. She had washed the potatoes. She had laid the potatoes on the drainboard. She had told Hepatica to bake the potatoes an hour. She had told Hepatica to serve the potatoes with the chicken . . . but she hadn't written potatoes. She tried to explain—and stopped, before the blankness of Wake's face. "Bring the biscuits," she said.

"De biscuits done bu'nt up," announced Hepatica loudly.

"Bring the bread," said Jane.

Hepatica brought the bread. Two crooked slices on a saucer. Mr. Jergen took one and Mrs. Jergen the other. "Bring more bread," said Jane. Hepatica brought two more slices.

"Potato crop fall hereabouts, did it?" Mr. Jergen inquired.

"No," said Jane. "The failure's local."

JANE did not guess then how bad it was going to be. Jane thought then that she could turn it off with a light word. She was never more mistaken. There was no subject in all the world that did not lead to potatoes.

"It's good to see spring flowers, isn't it?" said Jane.

"Have you got your vegetable garden in?" asked Mrs. Jergen.

"We don't have a vegetable garden." "When I was a girl, we put in a hundred bushels of potatoes every fall. We didn't ever run out."

"I'm not out of potatoes," said Jane.

"Ever raise potatoes under straw?" inquired Mr. Jergen. "Ours isn't a potato country, but I did it once; beginner's luck, I guess. You put your seed potatoes on top of the ground and cover them over, and the sprouts come up through. Nice a potato as you ever put a tooth to."

"Prices are going up, aren't they?" said Jane.

"Yes," Mrs. Jergen agreed. "Are potatoes dear here?"

"Ten pounds for a quarter," said Jane. "They'd be cheaper by the barrel," said Mr. Jergen.

"We mostly buy them by the carload," said Mrs. Jergen. "Takes quite a few for the hands." She smiled placidly at Mr. Jergen. "Quite a few for Bernar, too. He eats them three times a day. He doesn't think he's had a meal without potatoes."

"Speaking of elevation . . ." began Wake loudly.

"You don't want too much elevation for potatoes," said Mr. Jergen. "Too cold."

"I've got a nice recipe for potato salad," said Jane desperately. "It's got celery and

eggs and radishes and cucumbers . . ."

"Bernar doesn't care much for fancy salads," said Mrs. Jergen. "But he'll eat a good, plain potato salad any day."

"Speaking of water shortage . . ." said Wake loudly.

"Do you remember the potato shortage?" cried Mr. Jergen.

"I rode a hundred and twenty-five miles horseback," said Mrs. Jergen, "to get us half a peck."

"That was a long ride," said Jane.

"I was lighter then," said Mrs. Jergen. "There's some talk now about potatoes will make you hefty. Starch, or like that. There isn't an inch of fat to Bernar, and nobody eats more potatoes than he does."

"Tisn't just the potatoes," Mr. Jergen protested. "It's the scurvy. A potato a day keeps the scurvy away."

IT WAS all like that. Jane fell silent, finally. Wake didn't eat his cherry pie. Jane didn't eat her pie, either. Wake would miss his big chance. They would never see Texas together. And Wake and Coralie . . .

"Hand over your pie, if you're not going to eat it," Mr. Jergen said to Wake.

It would have pleased Jane once. It didn't now. Mr. Jergen had to fill up on pie because he hadn't had any potatoes.

"Won't you have mine?" she said to Mrs. Jergen.

"I don't mind if I do," said Mrs. Jergen placidly. She nodded brightly to her husband. "I guess they must be dieting. That's why they don't eat potatoes."

Then the dinner was over and they all trooped back to the living-room. The Jergens sank into an after-dinner lethargy. Jane asked Wake to drive Hepatica to church. He went without protest.

"You wouldn't let it make any difference, would you?" Jane said. "Potatoes don't have anything to do with dams."

"Don't they?" said Mr. Jergen. He and Mrs. Jergen exchanged a glance; it seemed to Jane that Mrs. Jergen just ever so slightly raised her brows, that just ever so slightly Mr. Jergen shook his head. Before the mute, condemning agreement of that look, Jane was hurled headlong into speech.

"You mustn't blame Wake," she cried. "It wasn't his fault. Wake can do big things. It isn't right for Wake to lose his chance because I forgot the potatoes."

She stopped. She had only made it worse—betraying their need and their anxiety. She turned toward the window, blinking against the hot prick under her lashes. That was when she saw Coralie.

Coralie was standing at the end of the drive, and Wake was just shutting the car door. They came up the walk together. . . .

Afterward Jane knew that if Coralie had not come back with Wake her whole life would have been different.

Coralie swept in like the bright spring wind itself, fresh and smart-looking. "My dear!" she cried to Jane. "How sweet! I always liked that dress. So prim!"

"Thanks," said Jane primly. "Mr. and Mrs. Jergen, Mrs. Herald."

"Oh," cried Coralie joyously. "You're the dam man. Do tell me all about it."

Coralie chose a seat on the davenport beside Mr. Jergen: her long limbs flowed among the cushions. Her long eyes tilted at the corners under the peaked brows; she tilted them at Mr. Jergen. "You know," she said, "you're exactly the way I imagined you would be—so powerful. Won't

you tell me all about Texas? Do you think I'd like it there?"

"You planning on taking a trip?"

"I've got a little business in Nevada," said Coralie. "I thought I might come back the southern route." She said, waving her lashes, "I guess I'm awfully ignorant. But I never did understand dams. Won't you tell me just what it is that Wake is going to do?"

"What we have to do," said Mr. Jergen, "is like this." The change in phrasing was written as plain in Wake's tight face as it was in Jane's mind. "See, here's the river . . . Mr. Jergen plunged a hand into Jane's workbag, drew out a ball of mending cotton; he traced the line of the river on the rug. He got down on the floor, and Coralie knelt beside him, her head a golden calyx in the bloom of her swirling skirts. Mr. Jergen marked the ranch houses with spools, the railroad with a tape; he stuck in a row of pins for the dam. "Now, what we want . . ." he was saying—and Coralie was swaying softly toward him on her spiked heels.

For an instant the scene blurred before Jane's eyes in a white flash of pain and anger. Then her vision cleared. She had failed Wake. She saw that. And she wondered sickly for a moment if Wake could think her small enough for revenge. He had struck back swiftly and surely, bringing Coralie, showing the Jergens that his friends were correct, even if his wife wasn't. He was down on the floor now, too, taking out the pins, sticking them in a different way. He was talking about the dam—and Coralie was vamping Mr. Jergen. Jane saw all that. But she saw another thing besides. It was too easy. Coralie's facility betrayed itself. She could twist Mr. Jergen to her liking, as she had twisted Wake, for the pleasure of the twisting. Coralie had no large emotions. Only a taste for petty power. If Wake could only see it. . . .

JANE was so busy with her own thoughts that she did not hear how the talk turned back to potatoes. Then she heard Mrs. Jergen's placid voice, saying, "Why don't you sing your potato song, Berna?"

"Oh, please!" cried Coralie on a note of pure rapture.

Wake did not speak. "Do," said Jane.

Mrs. Jergen played for him. She played ineptly, her stiff, fat fingers fumbling for the chords. It made no difference to Bernar Jergen. His great voice boomed out. Coralie stood beside him and hummed.

You may sing of the onion of Spain;
You may sing of fair Switzerland's cheese;
You may sing of the pastries of France,
And spice from the distant Indee.
Italian spaghetti,
Californian letti-
Ce and Scotland's broth and barley;
German wienies and kraut,
British kidneys and stout,
And Mexico's red-hot tamale.

BUT

Give me the Irish potato!
The mealy baked Irish potato!
The white boiled Irish potato!
The creamy mashed Irish potato!
The crispy fried Irish potato!
The good Irish spud
For strong bones
And red blood!
Ah-h-h-h!

Give me the Irish potato!

(Continued on page 70)



CALL IT A DAY!

Who does not thrill to the close of the working day . . . the prospect of being free from its responsibilities and cares, even for the brief, fleeting hours between one day and the next?

And there are few of us who would not like to look forward to a time when we can be forever free . . . when at last alarm clocks can ring unheeded, when appointment books may gather dust . . . when leisure becomes a way of life, not merely a brief respite from a task which must be taken up again on the morrow.

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BY ALBERT BENJAMIN

FAYETTE CHERRY, county patrolman of Mayfield, Ky., recently started a series of trades with a 10-cent pocket-knife, and after making 100 swaps in 10 weeks had an automobile valued at \$200.

FOR 51 years Oren "Ginger" Young, 59, of Midland, Mich., has spent at least 15 minutes every day outdoors barefooted, and this, he says, explains his excellent health.

MRS. FRANCESKA OSBURG, of St. Louis, Mo., saved hair combs from her three chow dogs, spun it on a hand loom, and made the cloth into a jacket.

OLE LUND, of Minneapolis, Minn., recently made a lamp out of 4,000 pieces of wood without using a nail or a drop of glue.

MISS ANNE MARTIN, of Boston, Mass., is employed by a chain restaurant to sample menus of competitors. She averages ten meals a day.

JACK HERBERT, a 16-year-old boy, of Seymour, Iowa, recently won a nation-wide dressmaking contest from 5,000 girls.

ORLAND E. KELLUM, of Moreno, Calif., makes his hens do their own book-keeping. When the hen enters the nest the door locks automatically and opens only after she has laid her egg. As the door opens it operates a camera which photographs the hen and a number painted on her side.

CHESTER JESSUP, of Elkhardt, Ind., gathered wire, plastic wood, a cast-off switch of hair, and nine tiny electric motors, and built a robot which is an exact replica of his son, Charles Emory, aged 10.

IN THE last 11 years Mrs. Sarah Terpening, of Chicago, Ill., mother of 5 children, has trained more than 1,000 men for the trade of welding.

WILLIAM G. SCHULTZ, of Manitowish, Wis., for 26 years an acrobat clown, heads the only preparatory school for the professional circus.

MRS. JULIUS FOSTER, of Merchantville, N. J., crochets jackets for bottles of champagne used in christening ships. The jackets, which protect the hands of the christener, bring \$5 each from shipbuilding companies.

EDWIN B. WEISS, a dentist of Minneapolis, Minn., colors, with vegetable dyes, pigeons that come to his office window to be fed. He believes that yellow, purple, rose, green, and blue birds flying about his windows divert the attention of his patients.

REV. SAMUEL T. WATKINS, for 30 years an active minister in the Baptist Church, also has 37 years' experience as a railroad engineman, and runs regularly between Atlanta, Ga., and Birmingham, Ala.

S. SIBLEY, a farmer of Ennis, Texas, who specializes in raising quality farm products, recently realized \$16.15 from one ear of corn. It won \$9 in premiums at fairs and then was auctioned, grain by grain, for an additional \$7.15.

MIKE PECAROVICH, football coach at Gonzaga University, Spokane, Wash., always has a role in Bing Crosby movies. Bing attended Gonzaga, and Mike likes to act.

PATROLMAN JAMES MARKHAM, of Honolulu, has spent eight years making a lei composed of pheasant feathers. He has captured 100 pheasant cocks to obtain the colorful feathers about their necks, and expects to put in three more years' work before the lei is completed.

Do you know an unusual fact that will fit into this column? We will pay \$1 for each acceptable item accompanied by corroborative proof. Address IT TAKES ALL KINDS, The American Magazine, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. No entries returned.

(Continued from page 68) "Oh, please," cried Coralie. "Please teach it to me."

"I'll teach it to all of you," said Mr. Jergen obligingly.

Jane went to the kitchen and shut herself in. She was mad clean through. But mixed with her madness there came to her a crazy, unfounded hope. She dragged the potato sack to the middle of the floor. . . .

"Supper is ready," Jane announced demurely.

They filed into the dining-room and took their places. Coralie sat at Wake's left, next to Mr. Jergen. Jane brought the soup. It was cream-of-potato soup.

"I'm so sorry. I don't eat rich soups," Coralie said. "I wonder if I could have a little orange juice."

"Certainly," said Jane. She squeezed three oranges and buried the glass in a silver bowl of ice.

Jane cleared away the soup plates. She brought in a bowl of baked potatoes and a bowl of mashed potatoes and a bowl of creamed potatoes and a bowl of boiled potatoes rolled in parsley, and set them before Wake; in the middle she set a platter of potato croquettes with bacon curls round their necks and a sauce of peas and butter. At intervals down the table she placed a platter of chicken hash browned in the oven and a platter of fish-and-potato cakes and a platter of eggs in nests of red-flannel hash, and a dish of thin potato circles fried in butter and a dish of shoe-string potatoes fried in deep fat and a mound of potato-and-apple fritters. Last she brought a casserole. Inside, a fragile golden dream palpitated gently—and did not fall.

"Pudding?" said Mr. Jergen. It was the first word that had been spoken.

"Potato soufflé," said Jane composedly. She looked over the top of the soufflé, straight at Wake. Her red curls were all on end and her cheeks were flushed from the stove heat; her eyelids hurt, they were pinned up so tight, and she had never been so scared in all her life. Wake looked back at her. She could not read what lay behind that look: anger, or disappointment or grief, or plain confusion.

THEN Wake picked up a serving spoon. "Have a potato," he said. And Jane let out such a big breath that the soufflé trembled.

Mr. Jergen's laughter rocked the room. "Don't mind if I do."

Coralie did not laugh. "What is it, a joke?" she said stiffly.

"It's a supper," said Jane.

"I thought it was an orgy," said Coralie. Wake was heaping up the plates. Passing them. Everybody was serving something. Everybody but Coralie. "Help yourself to potatoes," Wake was saying.

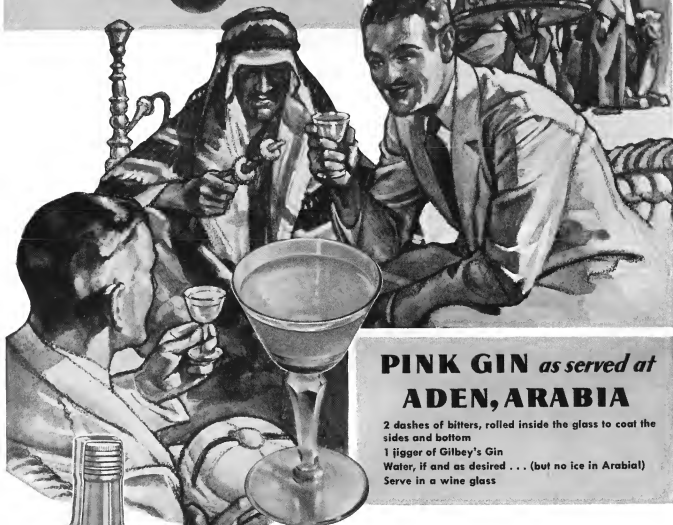
"I don't eat potatoes," said Coralie. "Sorry," said Jane. "Could I get you something else?"

"A bit of chicken salad," Coralie decided. "And a slice of whole-wheat toast." "Sorry," said Jane. "There isn't any bread."

Jane brought chicken salad and a bran cracker, and Coralie accepted grudgingly a curl of bacon and an apple slice and half an egg. "Didn't you ever hear of starch?" she inquired.

"It's what you use after you wash and before you iron," Wake said. For an instant Jane fancied he was enjoying the

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And then, not long after, you find yourself one evening on the Union Club verandah at Aden, watching the stars

blossom in the desert skies. And suddenly beside you is a smiling Indian boy with that far-famed "pink gin" . . . and for 10 delightful minutes, each glorious sip throws new light on why Gilbey's has been one of the world's great gins for over 80 years . . . and why so many of the world's great drinks begin with Gilbey's. Remember, in package stores or at bars . . . great drinks and Gilbey's always go together!

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job, and it gave her courage to go on.

"Haven't you heard of the new diet?" she said. "You eat all your starches at one meal, and all your proteins at another..."

"Silly!" said Coralie.

"Silly as sauerkraut and cider," Wake said. That had been Coralie's winter fancy. Was Wake laughing at Coralie?

"Diet is serious," Coralie said.

"Jane doesn't need to diet," Wake said. She threw him a little grateful smile. He didn't seem to notice.

"Good food is serious," said Mr. Jergen. "Some more of that shuffle, if you please. You say this is made of potatoes?"

"Potatoes, eggs and cheese," said Jane.

"I must get you to write me off the recipe," said Mrs. Jergen.

Jane brought the salad. It was potato salad. There were biscuits with it. "But they're made with potato flour," she said.

Jane brought the dessert. It was sweet-potato pie. Coralie had fruit cup, and tea with lemon instead of coffee.

"I didn't know you could cook," said Mr. Jergen respectfully.

"I'd most think," said Mrs. Jergen, "you'd rather do your own cooking than have help."

"I would," said Jane, daring greatly. "We only have Hepatica to show off."

"And how!" said Wake.

Suddenly Wake was launched on wild tales about Hepatica. All the old Hepatica jokes that she and Wake used to laugh at so merrily together in the days when merriment dwelt in that house. They were a little stale from disuse, but they came fresh again when Wake touched them. The one about the buttered carrots, served raw and spread with cold butter; the one

about the fruit cup in the coffee cups, and the broccoli in the parfait glasses, like vases of boiled flowers. They sounded, as Wake told them, funnier than they were.

Wake was like that. He could be grand when he chose. He was grand now. The tenseness of his mouth was broken and fans of humorous wrinkles were unfurled about his eyes. He flung his head back, laughing, and the light shone on his hair. And Jane, caught up in the magic of his laughter, forgot that he was only trying quite hopelessly to save a hopeless situation. So she told the one about the doughnuts—lumps of dough with pecans in the middle, and Hepatica, saying, "Why'n't you tell me you means fri' pies?"

Then it was over. And Coralie was standing up, looking beautiful and cross. "Sorry to interrupt," she said, "but I must go." She looked at Wake. And waited.

"Must you?" Wake said. "I'll call a taxi."

"FRIEND of yours?" asked Mr. Jergen, when Coralie was gone.

"No," said Wake. "Just an acquaintance."

"Whew!" said Mr. Jergen. "You got patience. Thought she'd drive me crazy. Well, I guess a man needs patience."

"A woman needs patience, too," Wake said slowly.

"We better be getting along, ourselves," Mrs. Jergen said.

"Don't know's I can get up," Mr. Jergen said. "Well—come round to the hotel tomorrow. Can't do business Sunday."

Mrs. Jergen drew Jane aside while she struggled into her coat. "We been real mean to you today, dearie," she said.

"Did me good, the spunky way you come back at us. I feel bound to tell you it was no idea of mine. But Bernar would have it so. I guess we have to stand by our men-folks, if we want them to stand by us."

"I guess so," said Jane.

"Bernar liked your husband's ideas," said Mrs. Jergen, settling her hat. "But we heard how he was going with this—Coralie, do you call her? That wouldn't hardly do. So he wanted to see the two of you together. That's why he called her up and asked her to come over."

"He asked her!" said Jane. She saw again that scene outside the window; Coralie standing at the end of the drive, and Wake closing the left-hand door, the one by the driver's seat. He hadn't helped Coralie out. *Wake hadn't brought Coralie.* "Wake is grand," she said simply.

"I could see that," agreed Mrs. Jergen. "The way he stood up for you, and put that minx in her place. My goodness! I could have slapped her myself, the way she rolled those eyes of hers at Bernar." She laughed comfortably.

Mr. Jergen was shaking hands again. "It isn't an easy job," he kept saying. "But I guess the two of you can handle it. The Mrs. and I always had it hard. But we had it together."

"That's what we want," Wake said. "A chance together..."

The Jergens were gone. Wake swung Jane round to face him. His hands hurt her shoulders, and she was glad. She was shaken as if by a great wind in the reality of his kisses.

"You meant it, didn't you?" she said.

"If I didn't mean it," Wake said, "I'd be pretty small potatoes."

MERVYN OF THE MOVIES

(Continued from page 33)

anything for fun," he told me apologetically. "I only have time to read stuff that will help me make pictures."

He wore gray slacks and a checkered coat. His tie was loosened. He had just finished a picture, was looking for his next story, and hadn't had time to get a needed haircut. His sharp eyes twinkled as he spoke. Every now and then he would think of something and make a note of it, although he seldom needs notes. His memory is astounding.

"What about the gags you used in your first vaudeville act when you were a kid?" I asked him. "Have you forgotten them?"

"Forgotten them!" he laughed, quick to rib himself. "I'm still using them!"

This isn't entirely true. The best gag he had in the vaudeville act was one where Mervyn would say to his partner, "I have a goat that hasn't any nose." The partner would exclaim, "How does he smell?" And Mervyn would answer, "Terrible!"

To his everlasting credit he has never put that one in a picture.

A constant stream of men and women were coming into the office without knocking, asking for decisions. They wanted to know about stories and actors and income tax and sets and costumes and what the deadline for this was and whether that was O. K. Finally he called his secretary and said plaintively, "Please lock that door for a few minutes, won't you? I'm engaged in business that's very, very important and don't want to be disturbed."

I LOOKED around the office. On a wall was a photograph autographed by Clark Gable, who had written, "Thank you for giving me my first break. I appreciate it." Years ago Mervyn spied Gable in a stage production in Los Angeles, made a film test of him, and tried desperately to get the studio to sign him. In those days Mervyn wasn't important enough to hire every person he wanted. The studio folks said Gable would never do because his ears stuck out. Mervyn gave the film to Gable and said, "Go get 'em, Gable. Show this to other studios. Somebody will grab you." And they did.

I remembered the days at the Lasky studio, when nobody took Mervyn seriously, when he would stand around and moan that he never could amount to anything in pictures because he was Jesse L. Lasky's cousin. "I don't want to work for relatives," he would tell me. "And no other studio will give me a job."

In 1934 he married Doris Warner, daughter of Harry M. Warner, his boss. One of the reasons he left Warner Brothers was that he didn't want to work for relatives.

"What I'm trying to figure out, Mervyn," I said, "is why the hell you're worth \$300,000 a year of anybody's money?"

He shrugged his shoulders and laughed. "The pictures click; that's all I know about it."

"Why do they click?"

"Stories. Writers. You've got to have a story that gets you, with dialogue that puts it over. The trouble with this business is that too many people think in terms of stars. They don't realize that actors are only characters that you use to tell your story. Give me a good story and good script writers first. Then give me stars. Sometimes I won't need stars. But—"

The importance of good stories is his favorite subject, next to his three-year-old boy and baby daughter. There's one thing he doesn't tell about his children. Mervyn is very much afraid of kidnappers, and he has bodyguards for the children, and burly



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"Look, Mervyn," I managed to put in once, "there are a lot of people who might be able to pick good stories, but they're not getting \$300,000 a year. What's the big secret? Tell me, so I can make \$300,000 a year."

He laughed. "Why bother? The tax people take it all, anyway."

He shook his head, wondering, himself. "I'll tell you one thing—I make pictures I like. I couldn't make a picture that wasn't fun doing. And then, of course, you have to get along with your people—not get mad too much, and get over it quick, so it doesn't spoil your day and the crew's, too—with the big overhead going on. Then, your health has to be good, so you can get along without much sleep and work most nights until 2 A. M., getting ready for the next day's shooting, so you won't have to stand around and scratch your head and say, 'Let's see now—what do I do next?'"

He held out his hands. "I don't know," he gave up. "If you can find out, tell me."

I NEVER did find out just how I could turn myself in a few minutes into a \$300,000-a-year producer. I did learn, however, why good producers are so rare; and why businessmen, successful in shoes or mining or banking, sent out by Wall Street stockholders to try to fix things in certain situations, have just about wrecked every one they tried to reorganize.

Your motion-picture producer must be both a hard-headed businessman and a gambling, emotional creator. He must have a tough skin, to take criticism, and supreme confidence in himself, so as to laugh off his failures. Businessmen shoot themselves sometimes when their work has been an utter failure. Producers, when they turn out a flop, take an advertisement in the special New Year editions of the trade papers, to say they're among the leaders in the business.

When a business executive makes mistakes, only a few of his associates know about them. If he guesses wrong and his corporation loses half a million dollars, his blunder remains mostly a secret. But motion-picture producers work among 200 nosy and carping Hollywood reporters, their errors are thrown on the screens for millions all over the world to see. Their "boners" are printed in newspapers and broadcast over the radio.

A moving-picture producer's success may lie as much in his intense eagerness to spare no pains to do the best job he can as in his genuine, inborn genius. Mervyn LeRoy is up at seven o'clock and is on the set ready to shoot exactly at nine. He's all through thinking. He's set for action.

He arrives home about 7:30, bathes and is massaged, talks pictures with Mrs. LeRoy all during dinner, and then, in his private projection-room, looks at somebody else's picture, for he must keep up with the work of his rivals.

After that, all that lies between him and sleep is a long session with his script, to work out every move in every scene, every intonation of every line of dialogue that he will shoot the next day. When he goes to sleep he hopes he will have plenty of dreams, because now and then in a dream comes a swell idea.

In the morning as he hurries through his breakfast he means about this crazy life,

and he and Mrs. LeRoy talk about how they're going to retire next year and move to some distant spot, where none of the natives ever heard of moving pictures—but they never will. They both like the hectic existence too much.

Mervyn's main bad habits are smoking cigars continuously and betting on horses. Between pictures he likes to take members of his crew to the races, and insists on giving them money to bet. He is concerned with the welfare of all in his pictures. He is proud of the fact that no one has ever been hurt in any picture he has made.

In a rehearsal of a scene in *Anthony Adverse* one of the horses drawing a victoria knocked down a woman extra. Fortunately she was not hurt. Mervyn stopped everything and reconstructed the scene and the movements of his extra people so that no such accident could be repeated. The overhead that day was about \$15,000 and most directors would have taken a chance, but Mervyn used up about \$1,000 worth of time to make things safe.

He is terribly afraid he will begin to act important around the lot, like some other directors, and lose the common touch, and while directing wears his oldest clothes and looks like an electrician's assistant. At his magnificent home he's as informal as though he lived in a tent, and I'm afraid his butler doesn't approve of him at all.

One butler quit last year and sued him for \$125,000, charging that Mervyn called him a Communist. The suit hasn't been tried at this writing. He says the only thing he can think of that might have hurt the butler's feelings was that one night when he had friends to dinner he discussed *Gone With the Wind* and spoke in uncomplimentary terms of some of the things done by Rhett Butler. The butler, he guesses, must have thought Mervyn was talking about a "red butler."

WHEN he sang in a vaudeville act at the San Francisco Exposition in 1915 Mervyn billed himself as "The Boy Tenor of the Generation." When he got his first job in pictures as a gagman he bought space in trade papers to announce that he was "First National's Comedy Constructor." When he was married to clever, charming, and popular Doris Warner in New York in January, 1934, the wedding was a show of shows—but the bride's family did that.

The bride's gown cost \$2,500 and her forty complete outfits for the trousseau, \$18,000. Moving-picture cameras recorded the sight and sound of the ceremony, which was broadcast by private wire to Hollywood, so the bride's paternal grandparents could hear it.

The bride and groom sailed on a round-the-world tour, to forget the picture business, and Mervyn hadn't been on the boat two days before he had decided to produce *Anthony Adverse*—and he hadn't read a line of it. Now, Mervyn doesn't usually spend his employer's money playing blind hunches, but this one, he decided, was a cinch.

The second day out Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy were strolling around the promenade deck looking over their fellow passengers who were resting in steamer chairs. Mervyn was trying to pick out interesting companions, just folks. Whenever he gets away from Hollywood he tries to spend his time with "people who act natural."

Almost everybody seemed to be reading a big book which, upon closer inspection, turned out to be named *Anthony Adverse*. He and Mrs. LeRoy began to count them. They went all over the ship. Fifty-eight people had copies of the book.

Mervyn raced to the wireless room and sent a peremptory message to Hollywood: "Buy *Anthony Adverse* for me. It will make the biggest picture in history."

It was nearly a week before he could persuade someone on the boat to lend him a copy of the book. He was halfway through, a little bit groggy, when he received an answer to his message: "Have decided *Anthony Adverse* too big. Nobody can make a picture out of it."

He radioed back: "Buy it. It can't miss. Everybody in the world is reading it."

IN HIS spare moments on the trip he took a pencil and went through *Anthony Adverse*, cutting out material that was not essential to the story. In Los Angeles at the end of the trip, he asked how much they had to pay for *Anthony Adverse*.

"We didn't buy it," they said.

He argued for days, and finally they bought *Anthony Adverse*.

It was this picture that gave Olivia De Havilland her first real chance. Mervyn put her into a big part over the protests of almost everybody in the studio.

Hervey Allen was "delighted and relieved" when he saw the picture, and he praised Mervyn's "sensitive and imaginative direction of the whole picture, so that not only the narrative but also the spirit and atmosphere in which the story best lives is so remarkably conveyed."

Mervyn's best pictures include widely varying types, such as, *Oil for the Lamps of China*; *Gold Diggers of 1933*, a musical; Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery in *Tugboat Annie*; Paul Muni in *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang*; Edward G. Robinson in *Little Caesar*; *They Won't Forget*; *Three Men on a Horse*; and *Five Star Final*. His worst picture was *Heat Lightning*, which he made in 17 days, just before he was married. *Sweet Adeline* didn't go well, either. Whenever somebody starts praising him he grins and says, "Yeah. I'm a genius. I made *Heat Lightning* and *Sweet Adeline*."

His latest is *Fools for Scandal*, with Carole Lombard and Fernand Gravey, whose name was Fernand Graevay until Mervyn discovered him in France, and pointed out how the name would be pronounced in America.

He has successfully directed rowdy comedy, historical spectacle, and exciting drama, and has turned out productions like *They Won't Forget*, which is genuine art, with not a drop of hokum and no sacrifice in any scene to what critics slurringly call "the box office." You would guess that some of Mervyn's scenes had been produced by a Phi Beta Kappa post-graduate who had spent years studying the drama and had graduated from the Theater Guild. When good taste is called for it's there. And there's Art, handled honestly. Mervyn's pictures are never artistic for art's sake. They're good, they move fast.

"Forget you're historical," he'd tell the actors in *Anthony Adverse*. "Act human. Let's do this scene now so they'll get up on the edge of their seats."

When Mervyn (Continued on page 76)



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YOUTH

BEFORE THE JUDGES



WHILE the judges continue the task of selecting the 108 winners of the \$8,000 in awards in the 1937-38 American Youth Forum competition, the offices of the Youth Forum resemble nothing quite so much as a combination art gallery and library of rare manuscripts.

Crowding every available space are the thousands of contributions in art and letters submitted by high-school and preparatory-school students expressing their most original and constructive ideas about America and their places in it. These include almost every form of art—oil paintings, pastels, murals, posters, photographs—and manuscripts of articles, poems, and short stories. Together they represent millions of hours of conscientious work by more than 200,000 young people throughout the land.

The largest of the art contributions is a mural painting 16 feet long and 4 feet wide, and the smallest is an oil painting about 4 inches square. The articles and poems run about equal in number, while fewer students undertook to compose short stories.

TO HANDLE effectively the enormous number of entries, a systematized procedure has moved swiftly to segregate and tabulate the manuscripts and art pieces. After the entries had been identified by number and their descriptions filed in long lines of filing cases, they were then passed on for judging.

Since the close of the competition, hundreds of the teachers and principals who co-operated enthusiastically in the Youth Forum program during the year have written to express their gratitude to the Forum for the encouragement it has given young men and women students. Here are excerpts from a few typical letters:

Miss Helen Riker Bankerd, of the Herbert Hoover High School, San Diego, Calif.: "It may interest you to know that I have used the ideas of The American Youth Forum in my Social Studies Classes. Monday mornings we turned the class into Forum discussions. We browsed in the school library and city library and found your suggestions for reading most helpful. . . . This type of work not only helps youth 'think a question through,' but requires him to organize his thought and put it down on paper."

Miss Catherine Kiley, Manteno High School, Manteno, Ill.: "There is little need for me to add my humble thanks to the hundreds of letters which I know you must have received, but I do appreciate this opportunity which you are giving to the Youth of America."

Sister Marion, St. Joseph's Academy for Girls, St. Paul, Minn.: "I don't know when I have heard better discussion or more intelligent questions and debate on any subject. Evidently these young people are serious about the future of their beloved country. They are going to see to it that this country is a very much better place to live in than the present-day America. I hope I live to see what these young people will really do."

Mr. E. A. Khayat, Principal of Moss Point High School, Moss Point, Miss.: "It has been a pleasure and certainly most worth while for us to have participated in your competition. It was enlightening, and our students seemed to enjoy gathering material with which they wrote their themes."

Miss Elsie L. Watkins, Watertown High School, Watertown, N. Y.: "I feel that all who took part have gained something worth while in stopping to think upon a better America."

Sister M. Rita, St. James's High School, Penns Grove, N. J.: "After all the prizes have been distributed, if we do not find ourselves among the winners, still we shall retain the knowledge that has been acquired and the fruits of the deep constructive thinking that has been evoked by this splendid project."

Miss Prudence Taylor, Kaufman High School, Kaufman, Texas: "Really, the pupils have enjoyed studying the subjects and searching for material. One senior girl has asked if she may use her essay for commencement."

A NUMBER of principals and instructors have informed us that the graduation exercises in their schools this June were largely influenced by The American Youth Forum program. In the El Paso High School, in Texas, for instance, each of the speakers, all of whom were students, was scheduled to discuss some phase of youth's place in the American scene.

The names of the 108 winners in the Youth Forum competition will be announced in an early issue.

(Continued from page 74) went whooping around the lot on a bicycle towing the script of *Anthony Adverse* it wasn't as goofy a proceeding as you might guess. The actors had read the book, and actors are terrifically impressed by history. In the costumes and settings of olden days, with a fellow made up as Napoleon in the cast, their pace was slowing, they were reciting their lines as though they were in church, and were acquiring that hammy state of reverence which dulls up many a historical drama. So Mervyn coolly calculated to show his actors that the script of *Anthony Adverse* wasn't a holy document and that lightning wouldn't strike them if they relaxed. And it worked.

There is nothing in the background of Mervyn LeRoy to indicate that he would be the genuine artist he is. You'd think he'd be able to make nothing but pictures like *Three Men on a Horse* or *Tugboat Annie*. Perhaps the best art is to "act human."

He was born in San Francisco at 62 Larkin Street, and believes that 62 is his lucky number, even though the house tumbled down on him in the San Francisco earthquake. He gets 62 into every picture. In *Anthony Adverse* it was a number on a document, in *The Fugitive* it was the number of one of the convicts, in *They Won't Forget* the district attorney's automobile license plate was 62, in *Fools for Scandal* it was the street address of a pawnshop.

HIS father lost everything in the "fire" and Mervyn has had to work as long as he can remember. He sold newspapers and a few times was a boy actor in local shows. He played at making pictures and did imitations of Charlie Chaplin. He always wanted to be in the theater, and with a friend put together a vaudeville act, *Two Kids and a Piano*, and at fifteen he was on his own, touring the small-town vaudeville theaters and moving-picture houses. It was a tough and precarious life. Once, in Uniontown, Pa., he fainted after the first show. He hadn't eaten for three days.

He was about twenty-one when a vaudeville paper announced that "Mervyn LeRoy, of the team of LeRoy and Cooper, has given up vaudeville to accept an engagement in the silent drama."

The engagement was to work in the wardrobe department at the Lasky studio. Mervyn, with rare foresight, had decided that vaudeville was dying and that motion pictures were here to stay. The vaudeville act was doing well, their top engagement paid them \$600 a week, but Mervyn took \$12.50 in the studio. He wanted to get his foot in the door.

His first goal was acting and the wardrobe department gave him leaves of absence a few times while he played tiny parts. Soon, however, he decided to become a director. Now he was twenty-two and made up his mind he would be a director in five years. It took him four and a half.

In those four and a half years he was in everybody's hair. He was a prop boy, an assistant cameraman. He was all over the studio, night and day, asking questions—in the plaster department, electrical works, carpenter shop, laboratory, cutting rooms, publicity department, prop department, perched on the desks of scenario writers, asking them why they did things the way they did.

He became a gagman, thinking up lines



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and stage business to strengthen scenes, went to First National studios, and finally they let him make a picture, *No Place to Go*, with Mary Astor and Lloyd Hughes. It wasn't bad. They tried him again, this time with a story that was just his meat. It was *Harold Teen*, a dramatized cartoon strip about youngsters. The kids loved it. It was a box-office smash.

He was thirty when he made his first truly important picture, *Little Caesar*. While other greater directors had fallen from glory when the talking pictures came in, sound seemed to give Mervyn just what he needed to express himself fully. When he was thirty-two, in one year he made *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang*, *The Gold Diggers*, *The World Changes*, and *Tugboat Annie*, and that year was the top director in pictures.

One reason Mervyn is valuable is that he works out his stories until they're strong in every scene. Seldom does he have to spend a lot of money on costumes or mobs or sets in order to hold his audience. He has made 46 pictures, at a total cost of \$25,000,000. Four reels of *Five Star Final* were shot in one set, a newspaper office. He had a great story. He didn't need spectacle to get people on the edge of their seats. In *Anthony Adverse* he saved \$100,000 in thirty seconds by deciding the story wouldn't suffer if he altered his action so that he wouldn't have to build, complete, the city and docks of Leghorn. But he spared no expense on the background for the slave-trade scenes in Africa. This was new stuff to the audience and they'd want it in detail.

IF YOU had never seen Mervyn LeRoy and should walk on a set where he was directing, you might be startled to find a \$300,000-a-year executive dressed like the boy who delivers your groceries, but you wouldn't make a mistake and pick somebody else as the boss of the troupe.

Here is a man who is spending, probably, \$600,000 or more, and when he has finished the job the whole appropriation, which would build a rather good office building, has been put into a few thousand feet of negative film that can be carried in a can by one man. From that negative, prints are made and rented to theaters, which throw shadows on a screen and shoot sound through horns, and the news gets around that it's a good show, or it isn't, and people pay a lot of money, or they don't, for a look and a listen, the most intangible things you can buy.

Mervyn LeRoy sits on a set in Hollywood and says to Joan Blondell, "Honey, if you'll just lift that voice a little at the end of the line, I think it will be better," and he tells Fernand Graver, "Look, Fernand; pause as you make your entrance and lift your eyebrows as you speak." And, if he has told them right, a few weeks later men and women and children in New York and Kalamazoo and Bombay and Rome will be laughing right out loud as Joan lifts the voice and Fernand lifts the eyebrows.

"There are a thousand ways to say 'I love you,'" Mervyn told me, "but only one of them is the right way. And to get that you must have exactly the right combination of dialogue, music, lights, settings, costumes, delivery, and action."

I have seen Mervyn go berserk when a

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property man lost a book that was important in a scene, and then immediately pull himself together and say sweetly to an actress who kept forgetting her lines, "Darling, try it just once more. I bet you'll get it all right this time."

In his last picture he gave an important part to a young actress who had never before played with a great star. The youngster was frozen with awe and stumbled through her first scene and was simply awful. Your businessman, under those circumstances, might have fired the girl and sent for another. Mervyn abandoned that scene for the time being and went to the star and made a suggestion.

"Of course," said the star. "I'll ask her." And the star, who was Carole Lombard, took the girl to luncheon, and they talked about dogs and clothes and what each liked best to eat, and about the girl's home town and her ambitions, and Carole laughed about her own early days in pictures when she was a struggling extra girl. They returned to the set arm in arm, and the girl, in awe of the great Lombard no longer, turned in the very fine performance that Mervyn knew was in her.

A GREAT deal of the noise on a LeRoy set is caused by Mervyn's nervous habit of yelling "Quiet!" several minutes before everything is ready to go and quiet actually is necessary. The crew doesn't pay much attention. The real cue for quiet is when Mervyn drops into his chair under the camera and says, "Now let's make this a good scene."

Effective and powerful scenes don't always originate with the director, but he decides that they shall be in there. And his touch, his treatment, gives them power.

There was the ending of *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang*, said by some critics to be the most moving scene ever put into pictures. Paul Muni, once a fine, upstanding young man, has been tortured as a member of the chain gang. He has escaped, been betrayed, captured again, and once more has escaped. Always fleeing, exhausted and emaciated, moving only at night, still trailed by the police, he manages to make one fleeting visit to the woman he loves. There is a heart-tearing scene and he says good-by, to resume his stealthy flight from the law.

"But how do you live?" the girl cries as he backs away.

In the dim light, Muni swings his head from side to side like a hunted animal. "I steal!" he says, and fades into the dark. And the picture is over.

Mervyn confesses that the script called for more. Muni had another speech, in which he said he was going across the border, where he hoped he would be safe, suggesting a more hopeful ending. The first time it was shot the lights accidentally went out as Muni said, "I steal." Then they fixed the lights and Mervyn shot it according to the script. The first take was a "sock," and that was the one he used.

Usually Mervyn has everything planned to his satisfaction. But when he shot the ending of *The King and the Chorus Girl* it didn't play right.

Joan Blondell has boarded a big ocean liner to return to America, having decided she won't marry the King. As it leaves the

dock she finds she is the only passenger on the ship, except the King, who pops up unexpectedly. The King has chartered the ship. They clinch.

"Where would you like to go on your honeymoon?" the King asks.

"To Niagara Falls," says the Chorus Girl. "Captain," says the King, "take us to Niagara Falls."

"Sorry; I can't," says the Captain, reasonably enough. And that was the end.

"It's lousy," said Mervyn when he had finished shooting it.

Eddie Edwards, Mervyn's property man, whose first child is named Mervyn, barked, "Well, why not take the damn ship to Niagara Falls?"

"You're crazy," said Mervyn.

He paced some more; then went to his office. He returned in an hour.

"We'll do it," he said to Edwards, and called in the technical men to give orders for trick stuff that would show the ship sailing up to Niagara Falls. That's how the picture ended, with the King and the Chorus Girl and the Captain standing on the deck of the ocean liner looking up through the spray at Niagara Falls.

Although he grins, "Why, I wouldn't think of doing such a thing!" Mervyn chose the story, and he chose Gravet, who speaks precise Oxford English, for the King, with his eye on the fact that if it suggested Edward VIII, it might help no end at the box office. The picture was half finished when the abdication came, and Mervyn, for a moment, thought of changing the title from *The King and the Chorus Girl* to *The Woman I Love*.

There was prompt unofficial protest from England to Will Hays and for a time there was a good deal of publicity, which Mervyn didn't mind at all, on the question whether the picture would be released. It was released. But never shown in England.

I TALKED with a very wise and important businessman who has had experience in financing pictures. "Every businessman," he said, "could use a lot of the qualities that LeRoy has. But we'll never have enough of them. Our training is wrong."

I asked for more.

"Too many businessmen are brought up in a groove," he said. "They're suppressed and they shape themselves into definite patterns. They kill their natural instincts and associate only with people of their own kind."

"The thing that makes LeRoy great is that he has always been himself. He ignores social rules and class distinctions, and he likes and learns from office boys or sultans. He doesn't think he's so important that he's always right. He's willing to try anything. And, because he has kept himself one of the mass, he can handle people. We executives can make our people do things, even things they don't believe in. But, because LeRoy holds himself no higher than the lowliest extra and never spares himself, he can make people do things *enthusiastically*. That's the secret of a great executive. If an employee performs his work with eagerness and spirit and devotion, his boss is a great man. If he doesn't, the board of directors had better get themselves a president who has some LeRoy in him, before the stock goes down to nothing."

+++++



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Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage.

(Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



Should we have WEDDING EXAMS?

THIS month's question is one which has recently aroused widespread discussion and argument in American homes. Our correspondents throughout the country put it to hundreds of persons picked at random. Here it is: "A number of states require physical examinations and blood tests before marriage. Do you think that this should be made compulsory throughout the United States? Why?" Some of the typical replies were:

JOHN R. MISLOVE, librarian, San Gabriel, Calif.: You can't legislate social diseases out of the country. Even with national laws there'd still be Canada, Mexico, and Cuba, where the diseased could go to get married. Enforced examinations would be the basis of a medical racket in which one could buy health certification. *

MRS. WILLIAM H. HERMANN, secretary, Miami, Fla.: It would cause bootleg marriages. A good educational campaign would be much better.

MRS. EARL BRYANT, housewife, Mountain Home, Ark.: Children have a right to be born into this world healthy, and healthy babies cannot be born of diseased parents. Such tests would be the strongest guarantee we could have for healthier future generations.

JOHN IRVING, retired, Denver, Colo.: The people prevented from marrying by such a law would be largely the type who would enter into illicit relations and even commit sex crimes. I'm afraid merely passing a law would only set up a lot of new problems.

ELIZABETH D. QUAIL, stenographer, Los Angeles, Calif.: It has taken a long time to jar the public out of its false modesty and criminal prudery in the matter of social disease, and a federal law is needed to prevent the public from sinking into its usual don't-care attitude in matters of general public welfare.

ELEANOR CRUIKSHANK, county employee, Rockwell City, Iowa: I have a sister who's going to get married soon, and you can bet that she and her future husband are going to have examinations. It's the right thing for health and happiness.

BYRON G. CARNEY, state senator, Milwaukie, Ore.: It is an imperative step in the crusade against social disease. Without such laws, infections may be passed on to thousands of innocent and unsuspecting people.

JAMES A. BEST, state senator, Pendleton, Ore.: Blood tests required before marriage would be an insult to womanhood. It is all right to apply these tests to men,

but it is a libel and a humiliation to our sisters, mothers, and wives. I am unequivocally against their being required of women.

(The State of Oregon will vote on a referendum at the next election as to whether such tests shall be required by law, one of the first times a general electorate will pass on such a question.—Ed.)

NATHALIE OSBORN, college student, New York, N. Y.: Such laws would avoid a lot of unhappiness for us youngsters; would give fair protection to us, and would disseminate the much-needed information in the fight against social diseases.

MARY HAWKES, stenographer, York, Maine: I don't think there really should be a law, but instead it should be a voluntary matter with those planning marriage.



BERNADETTE BARRETT, Clarksburg, W. Va.: The way things stand there are too many barriers facing those who want to get married, and to add another would be unthinkable. Besides, how many young fellows would propose if they knew the next step was a trip to the doctor's for a check-up?

GERTRUDE MILLER, Pittsburgh, Pa.: As a parent I believe it would be one of the greatest safeguards afforded to American youth. It would, naturally, cause misunderstanding—and a bit of blushing—in the beginning; but, like all new things, it would soon become established and would be thought of no more than we now do of vaccination.

DR. T. E. KELLY, hospital superintendent, Dallas, Texas: I am getting married soon

and I wouldn't think of doing so without an examination first. Under the present system of compulsory laws in only a few states it is too easy for those with lax moral standards to slip across a state line to be married.

JAMES H. DUNCAN, postman, St. Louis, Mo.: I'd be in favor of a federal law if it could be managed without too much interference in states' rights. Most of the couples who come to our state from Illinois to be married do it to avoid the tests required there.

MARY THOMPSON, clerk, Roxbury, Mass.: Such tests would not prove conclusively that the offspring will all be healthy children. Let us not overlook the fact that Providence plays a large part in the lives of humans, regardless of science.

JAMES A. BURNS, state senator, Detroit, Mich.: I voted for the bill that is now a law in Michigan. I am told that some doctors are charging exorbitant fees for examinations and certificates. It is dangerous to make the business of marriage too expensive.

JAMES E. CROWN, newspaperman, New Orleans, La.: I wonder if it would work? There is a law in Louisiana requiring physical examinations and I know that examinations, in many instances, are superficial. Sometimes the examiners don't even look at a person.

KATHERINE SLADEN, stenographer, Edmonton, Alberta: It would be hard on romance. I suppose unhealthy people can be just as much in love as those that qualify for certificates. Perhaps if I didn't feel 100 per cent healthy myself, I wouldn't be so much in favor of it.

AL ULBRICKSON, crew coach, Seattle, Wash.: Many people, irrespective of their social standing and background, do not know they may be carrying a disease. Such compulsory tests would give clean bills of health with which to start married lives.

DR. W. D. INGLIS, Columbus, Ohio: A doctor can be fined for not putting silver solution in a new baby's eyes, so why shouldn't the parents of this country be forced to protect that baby's whole well-being?

Gadget GOLD

(Continued from page 43)

royalties for her earring guard, which found a manufacturer at a National Inventors Congress exhibit in San Francisco. Isabella Gilbert's dimple-maker—a wire spring with rubber nibs to be worn on your cheeks until you look like Shirley Temple—was good for a laugh in at least 600 newspapers, but the last laugh was Mrs. Gilbert's, along with a \$12,000 profit from dimple-maker sales in the last eighteen months, besides the boom in her beauty-supply business in Rochester, N. Y., as a result of the publicity.

At least 35 per cent of the items shown have never met with any popular demand, yet are original and ingenious nevertheless. For example, there are the "snore eliminator" of Emil Lotze, Buffalo, N. Y., which is worn in the mouth like a bit; the cowtail holder, devised by Albert Giese, of Benton Harbor, Mich.

But the exhibitors of such devices have not paid for their space in vain. They learn, by watching reactions to their own and other displays (and so does the prospective manufacturer), what sort of gadgets the buying public is interested in. They have opportunities for personal talks with manufacturers. They benefit from the authoritative discussions of inventors' problems at the morning educational meetings. They may return to a later convention with a dandelion exterminator that will make a fortune. Or they may fail to learn their lesson and return with an electrically heated mousetrap which plugs into a light socket and electrocutes its victims, and which might sell to an eager public for \$5—if excellent mousetraps weren't available at every five-and-ten.

ABOUT 18 per cent of the exhibits are sold or licensed for production through contacts made at the congress, some of the deals being consummated even before the convention is over. Among the items that found a manufacturer, distribution outlets, or financial backing at the recent exhibit in Los Angeles were a garment holder, the first invention of Anna L. Brown, of Tulsa, Okla.; adjustable clips to accommodate skirts on ordinary coat hangers, which Earl Mills, Hollywood hat designer, thought up for his first patent; furniture with a reversible color scheme, conceived by Johnny Cook, a Hollywood auto-top man, and an electric hairbrush.

Augustus Boxell sold a self-opening can to a milk company. He was haunted into

Lovely TO LOOK AT

...BUT NO FUN TO KNOW!



RUTH, WILL YOU LET ME TELL YOU WHY? IT'S HARD TO SAY—BUT YOU REALLY OUGHT TO SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!



I'M SORRY TO LEAVE EARLY, MADGE, BUT NOBODY BUT YOU WILL MISS ME. PEOPLE NEVER PAY ANY ATTENTION TO ME AT PARTIES!



TESTS SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...



ONE MONTH LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S

SORRY TO BREAK THIS UP, PHIL, BUT YOU CAN'T EXPECT TO MONOPOLIZE A POPULAR GIRL LIKE RUTH!



COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH

"You see, Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach... removes the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent thoroughly cleans the enamel—makes teeth sparkle!"



NO BAD BREATH BEHIND RUTH'S SPARKLING SMILE!

...AND NO TOOTH PASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!



LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

Made in America
No. 2273
Good Housekeeping
Bureau
The International
Dental Hygiene Association

inventing it after his wife cut her wrist trying to open a can of condensed milk with a pair of scissors. J. E. Strong, a city official of Grand Rapids, Mich., is to receive \$600 a month minimum for the life of his patent on nailless knockdown furniture, which started as a toy novelty and proved practical also in adult sizes. Deals were pending on a gear-shifting bicycle, one-runner sled, and other items.

Mrs. E. Blackwell, of Los Angeles, who supports herself and a crippled son by selling practical Christmas greetings, found new distribution channels and was deluged with orders for her "cards" printed on fine linen handkerchiefs in several colors which all came out in the wash.

Carey Gregory made good ink but got few orders around Los Angeles, so he designed a self-filling capillary pen set which required a special nonrefillable bottle to feed it (also patented) and which could therefore use none but Gregory's ink. Three years ago he borrowed \$25 to pay for his exhibit space. Within the week he had received numerous offers for sale outright or on royalty, but turned them down in favor of a loan of \$10,000, which has long since been paid off, leaving him sole owner today of a \$500,000 business with a plant in Los Angeles employing 130 people.

Clark Fry, born and raised on a Wisconsin farm, began to invent when he was nine. Without schooling beyond the third reader, he had 60 patents which had made others rich while he remained poor, and was about to give up inventing in disgust, when he wandered into an inventors' exhibit two years ago and saw the lowly inventor getting a break. He bought space in several subsequent exhibitions and made enough money selling some of his 10-cent games to start a factory in Galena, Ill.

ALBERT G. BURNS, the dean of amateur gadgeticians, has been directing the destinies of the National Inventors Congress since he agreed to run the first exhibit at an Oakland, Calif., hotel in 1931. He made all arrangements before discovering that no one had money to pay the \$1,700 costs. Furious at being left holding the bag, he went through with the plans, turned over a profit of \$3,200, and washed his hands of inventors. But he is an inventor himself, and when the boys asked him to take charge of another exhibit he gave up the chairmanship of the California State Industries League in order to build an organization which would minister to the interests of mechanically creative artists as the Authors' League does for writers. He handled its affairs from California until October, 1936, when the headquarters were moved to Chicago. The exhibits are now managed by the congress originator's son, Roy C. Burns.

"An inventor is a poor chump who doesn't know a thing can't be done, so goes ahead and does it," explains Burns, who has talked to thousands of the breed and inspected their gadgets.

"Everyone who can think constructively is a potential inventor," Burns said to me on another occasion. About 85 per cent of all the gadgets on the market pay royalties to people who are not inventors in the professional sense—they merely stumbled on a bright idea when something didn't function properly and they were annoyed into overcoming the flaw. Everyone has ideas, but few of us follow them through.

A San Francisco woman bumped into a telephone pole in the rain, put a cellophane window in her umbrella and \$3,500 in the bank. Someone else who needed something for a rainy day thought up a cheaply rainproofed paper umbrella to be sold in vending machines. James Kelly, of Chicago, didn't like to get his head wet in the shower and made a perforated metal ring to be worn like a necklace and connected with the bathtub faucet, attaining shower luxury without wet hair or expensive plumbing, curtain, and rod.

People who do their own work and drive their own cars are the ones who wish their tasks were simpler, their necessities cheaper, their modest pleasures and comforts more extensive—and conceive ways to make them so. The best ideas in gadgets are likely to come from the plumber, dentist, letter carrier—anyone but a research engineer or a person so close to the field involved that he is blinded to inadequacies glaringly apparent to a newcomer.

THE method of taking colored home movies was discovered, not by photographic experts who had been working on the problem for years, but by three musicians interested in amateur photography. A lipstick spreader which sold to a cosmetics manufacturer was invented by Leroy Young, a Tulsa oil company accountant who didn't know cherry from vermillion but who caught his wife red-handed. Viola Clark, of Los Angeles, without scientific experience, found a means of hardening copper which was brought to the attention of a big steel concern, and which, if it proves all it seems to be, will make its discoverer a millionaire overnight.

Frequently even prolific and successful inventors are men of little or no schooling. Education trains us to accept the wisdom of others, an attitude which hampers the inventor, who must reject the wisdom of others in order to evolve something better.

It is a mistake, of course, for the inventor to try any pioneering in an unfamiliar highly technical art. He can't hope to solve problems intelligently in any field unless he knows it well enough to analyze critically the difficulties that need to be overcome and be alert to the consequences of all possible solutions. He should therefore specialize in the field he knows most about, searching for its imperfections, asking himself where costs can be shaved by using smaller or fewer pieces or different material—whether making this item automatic or more nearly silent would increase sales—what changes would contribute to efficiency or safety. Wherever there is a condition that is less than ideal, there is an opportunity for invention.

The inventor who has the hardest struggle is the one who follows through every hunch he gets, making blueprints and a model, perfecting details, paying \$60 for a patent, \$175 on up for patent attorney fees and research without ever thinking of making a survey of retailers, manufacturers, and distributors to find out whether his item would be likely to sell, or putting it to an actual sales test by soliciting orders in advance of production.

A patent is issued on an average of every three minutes of the eight-hour working day. Few of them reach the production stage and fewer still are commercially successful. Most of the miscarriages result from their being too expensive for the re-

sults to be obtained, such inventions accomplishing usually something different from but little or no better than competitive gadgets already on the market. One can even further reduce chances of success by inventing in a highly competitive field (there are 10,000 ironing-board patents) or in the limitless-power-perpetual-motion field.

A patented bathing suit shown at one congress serves no useful purpose by completely dissolving when immersed in water. The government refused even to grant a patent on a method of loading transparent dice, or on a bit to bore wormholes in "antique" furniture.

If one of our country's real social leaders wouldn't mind smoking a Roman candle, she could probably set a fashion that would make Otto Miller, of Memphis, rich. He has Patent No. 2,094,614, on colored cigarette smoke to match milady's gown.

The hit of one convention was a man with a model for a lifetime celluloid toothpick. Sight-seers kept him constantly supplied with hamburgers from the super-rotary grill, in order to watch him demonstrate.

A winding spring device for the handle of a safety razor never reached the market. It whirled the razor head dry by splattering water on everything else, and if you accidentally released the spring while shaving, there's no telling what might happen.

Did the inventors of an ear exerciser and an elastic monocle ever ask themselves or anyone else whether a large section of the public would run to the nearest store for those adjuncts to complete happiness? Will an inventor in Portland, Ore., ever earn his patent costs on his idea of selling the space on golf tees for advertising? Most golfers don't carry a microscope around the course. But they do carry their clubs, and get tired of it, so a patented golf bag on wheels may find favor if it is possible to overcome the prejudice of he-men against looking like escaped kindergartners. Herman Krumland, of Byron, Calif., is trying to develop a hen's egg that will bounce, in order to reduce breakage in handling. His chickens are on a diet of ground rubber-plant leaves and seeds.

THE three Forster brothers, of Berkeley, Calif., and their backers spent \$27,000 making dies and going into production on a different phase of the egg problem. Their idea was intended automatically to separate laying from nonlaying hens. When a hen steps into the three-door device, her weight drops the nest, closing the back door behind her, but leaving a side door open, through which she goes to market if she doesn't lay. One egg is her ticket to the producer's pen—as it operates a mechanism which latches the side door and unlatches the front door.

Another mechanically perfect invention designed for a definite need is a nonsinkable rubber bathing suit which the wearer may inflate at will by means of a convenient tube and valve.

B. E. Arntzen, funeral director of Chicago, didn't fare badly with his folding stretcher and hinged runway which, when installed at a cost of around \$200, enables a passenger car to be converted in a few seconds into an emergency ambulance without changing its appearance for ordinary use. The day I looked him up, he

had just been asked to supply 160 of the devices for the city of Chicago, and had another order from Alcatraz Prison. Arntzen has a number of inventions on the market or in the experimental stage, but told me that he hadn't been an inventor until faced with the problem of getting patients up a narrow stairway to the top-floor operating-room of a hospital which had formerly been a private house. He devised an auxiliary stretcher for negotiating narrow passageways or taking a patient off a train.

Any inventor, even though he be capable of intricate mechanical marvels, would do well to remember that simple, needed gadgets take less time, energy, and money to work out, have infinitely more chances of production, and will make greater profits from a larger volume of business than complicated mechanisms. Many years ago Burns, himself, made a fortune from the saw-toothed bread knife that outstripped, 50 to 1, his later profits on elaborate bread-slicing machines for restaurants.

Household gadgets give more people a quick start than any other branch of inventing, the National Inventors Congress records show. A collapsible metal clothes drier which was a first invention brought \$16,000. Frank Magusin sold an automobile baby seat for \$9,000. William Wade, long in the window-shade business in Chicago, is getting \$1,400 a month for the life of his patent on Venetian blinds with removable slats held by a chain ladder instead of the usual cloth tape.

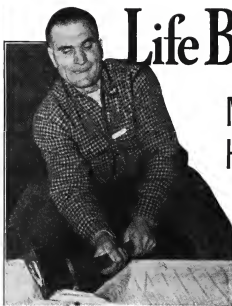
Mrs. E. E. Baldwin, a Colorado rancher's wife, became an inventor at the age of sixty-five, because she liked to look nice even though there wasn't a beauty parlor within eighty miles. She whittled some curlers from willow sticks. The depression wiped out the ranch but not the curlers. The family moved to Denver, where Mrs. Baldwin talked a rubber company into making up some samples to show at the Portland, Ore., Inventors Congress in 1932. From that came enough backing to go into production, and she made \$16,000 a year until last year, when her husband died and she sold the business for \$30,000.

THE old-time inventor who was never able to sell his contraptions was considered by other mortals as a little touched in the head. Today's inventor is sensitive of the crackpot reputation which still clings to his profession. He calls himself a gadgetician or commercial designer. There are 15,000 to 20,000 patents in the United States each yielding more than \$100,000 a year. About 85 per cent of the industrial wealth of the country is based directly or indirectly on patent rights.

Inventing is one business in which a boy or a girl—11 per cent of all patents are granted to women—can pioneer. Every basic patent leads to thousands of improvements and adaptations, some of which may be more valuable than the process or device they improve. There are 312 classes of patents recognized, with probably 36,000 subdivisions. And the world is ready for thousands of yet unborn inventions that will bear United States patent numbers from 2,125,000 on up.

Everywhere—in basements, attics, and kitchens—are beginning the million-dollar corporations of tomorrow.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦



PERRY GREENE—Maine Guide and World's Champion Wood Chopper. His record for cutting through a piece of regulation timber (hard, dry pine 8x8 inches square) is 17 seconds.

Life Begins At 40

Maine Guides Play Host to Hundreds of Sportsmen Every Year

At 46—Perry Greene is one of Maine's Crack Woodsmen

HUNDREDS OF SPORTSMEN visit the Maine woods each year. For their pleasure, a unique and picturesque character is largely responsible—the Maine guide.

He is their official host. He knows the haunts of the bull moose and deer. He knows the lakes and streams—where the salmon run, where the big trout lurk and the flies they'll rise to.

Perry Greene of Bangor is one of the many who has acquired uncanny woodsmanship. From boyhood, he has been learning from the forest. Now—at 46—he knows how to read its signs. Greene, today, is one of the best guides in the business, well fitted to teach others the fine points of hunting and fishing he has mastered.

Strength, Nerve and Skill Needed for Their Job. The older guides are usually the most sought after by sportsmen, because experience has given them a greater resourcefulness in the face of need and danger. But they must keep their health. Their job, even more than most, demands physical strength and strong nerves as well as mature skill.

READ these two letters—from men over 40 who have the health to turn their years of valuable training to good account.

Glad to be Back at Work

Dear Life Begins:

Several years ago, I found my work going badly. I'm a carpenter, and that takes physical energy, but I was weak and didn't seem to assimilate the proper value from my food. I finally couldn't work at all. As I am responsible for providing for my family, I was very worried.

I began eating Fleischmann's Yeast at a friend's suggestion. Soon, as I kept it up, I felt my vigor and energy coming back.

I tackled my work again with more interest than ever. I was so glad to get back to it. Of course, I can again supply the family finances. My friends have noticed a wonderful change in my health and morale.—EDGAR W. WEBB



Edgar W. Webb
Strength returned



Ernest A. Stumpf
Accuracy came back

44—Nerves Steady, He Wins Promotion

Dear Life Begins:

I am a tool and die maker—and my work is measured in terms of 1/1000th of an inch. Such precision needs sound nerves.

In my late 30's, I began to notice I was getting nervous. My digestion wasn't as good as it had been, either. I was developing into a clock-watcher, waiting for 5 o'clock. And I was afraid that a mistake in my work would cost me my job.

After I began eating Fleischmann's Yeast, I didn't notice much difference for a few days, but within 2 or 3 weeks the indigestion stopped. My nerves calmed down, my head cleared, my hand became steady again. Naturally, the quality of the jobs I turned out was better—and I got a promotion.—ERNEST A. STUMPF

Weaker Digestion Often Means Ill Health After 40

Both the amount and the strength of the gastric flow are apt to lessen after people pass 40.

Help maintain a greater, stronger flow of digestive juices by eating Fleischmann's Yeast. It has a tonic action, due to the millions of tiny, living yeast plants which are present in every cake of this fresh food.

Fleischmann's Yeast also gives you 4 vitamins—the Nerve Vitamin, Cold-Resistance Vitamin, Bone Vitamin and Vitality Vitamin. Their names tell how each one benefits your health.

You'll soon learn to like the fresh, malty flavor of Fleischmann's Yeast. Eat 3 cakes daily. To help the gastric juices flow more strongly when they are needed for proper digestion of your food, eat one cake ½ hour before each meal.

Copyright, 1938, Standard Brands Incorporated

D

R

Y

D...is for the *delightfully* mellow old-time flavor of that grand American whiskey—Paul Jones! For Paul Jones is a whiskey that's hearty, robust and full-bodied—yet truly dry . . . without even a trace of sweetness in its make-up!



R...is for the *red-letter* day when you first discovered how really grand a whiskey can be when it brings you the same quality of *dryness* you've always prized so highly in your champagne, your sherry, and your cocktails, too!



Y...is for the 73 years we've been distilling this noble whiskey. *Every drop is whiskey*—distilled by the same slow old-fashioned method we used back in 1865, when Paul Jones first became known as "A Gentleman's Whiskey!"



★ ★ Paul Jones ★ ★

A blend of *straight* whiskies—100% straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville and Baltimore.

A M E R I C A ' S
interesting people



PHOTOGRAPH BY EDMOND SCHAEFER FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

kitcheneer

Mrs. Frances G. Sanderson, of Detroit, is teaching collegemen to beat girls at their own game—cooking. At city-supported Wayne University they're learning to make hot breads and pastries, soups, salads, and one-dish meals. And at the end of each class there's a feast on the day's lesson. She's cooked up a lot of rivalry, for the men now claim to be better chefs than their girl-friends. One man makes all the pies at home. Another has a job cooking for a summer camp. A third says he's at last "independent of women." At home Mrs. Sanderson leaves the cooking up to her husband. He gets the Sunday breakfast—waffles, bacon, and coffee. And he learned without her help, she says.



PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRIS AND EWING
FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

judge

These shoes are being worn not by a six-legged side-show freak, but by the U. S. Bureau of Standards' walking machine. Dr. Lyman J. Briggs, director of the Bureau, in Washington, D. C., is trying to find out how many miles the shoes can walk without needing a cobbler's attention. If they pass the Bureau's examination they'll get Uncle Sam's seal of approval. Other testing machines under Dr. Briggs's direction pull and wrench hosiery, scuff carpets, and pull window cords. When not carpet-scuffing and stocking-pulling, Briggs stays home and plays billiards.



orbiter

A million Americans have watched the stars perform under the direction of Miss Maude Bennot, director of the Adler Planetarium in Chicago. She's America's only celestial show woman. With the many-eyed star-maker shown in the picture, she's able to project 9,000 stars in their orbits onto the theater's black firmament. She's also an information bureau of heaven. Sailors want pointers on the stars' courses. Crossword puzzlers call for her help. Miss Bennot answers them all. Out of working hours the heavens are still her hobby—she's learning to pilot her own plane.

PHOTOGRAPH BY VALENTINO SARRA FOR
THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

ashman

J. W. Towns, of San Antonio, Texas, has made a fortune turning ashes into gold. Thinking ashes from a medical building might contain sweepings from dental offices, he made an assay of the contents and discovered an average of \$140 worth of gold to a ton. Now dental buildings in 30 states ship their ashes to Mr. Towns, and he sifts out the glitter. In one building's ash heap he found \$6,000 worth of gold.



PHOTOGRAPH BY ADKINS LENDR FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

engineer

Why should parents do all the planning for their children's parties? Why shouldn't the youngsters be consulted? Robertha Sickels, of Albany, N. Y., wanted to know. Her answer was to set up shop as a party engineer—to arrange the kind of parties kids dream about. A candyland party, for instance. The youngsters enter on "Sugar Lane," search for candy treasure, get caught in a shower of lollypop rain, and nibble on a gumdrop house surrounded with candy trees.

PHOTOGRAPH BY EDWARD A. DRISCOLL FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE







picker

A hog-caller from Arkansas has an equal chance with a San Francisco waitress to be one of the nation's show girls—that is, if George Hale, America's ace beauty picker, sees her. He grooms girls for the most glamorous night clubs of New York and the capital cities of Europe. A tireless searcher for beauty, he combs the country, visiting local fairs, watching girls in stores, in offices, in elevators, and on the street, with only one thought in mind—to find girls who are simple, unspoiled, and under 18. When rehearsals start he calls to New York the girls he has picked. Tells them what clothes to wear (far left), what make-up to use (upper left), what friends to cultivate, and how to behave (lower left). If they don't behave, back home they go. The real work, of course, is learning to dance (above)—and to walk (upper right). These are the directions: Point your right toe out, heel in. Then curve your right knee in front of the left. Now walk! It's not easy—usually takes 6 weeks. Between-times the girls rest and chat (below). Last summer Hale took the Big Apple to the British. This summer he's brought to New York's biggest night club a bevy of ice-skating beauties—to cool off a hot spot.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY NICKOLAS
MURRAY FOR THE AMERICAN
MAGAZINE

editor

Charles Moody, butler to a New York socialite, is a purveyor of pantry news. He's editor in chief of the "Staff," a monthly magazine read by 5,000 butlers, maids, and chauffeurs. Moody's magazine includes a column, "Pantry Chats," social news of the servant world, a famous chef's recipes, and general articles on pantry problems. It goes to yachts, homes, and estates from New York to Los Angeles and to 11 countries round the world. Even read by a maharaja's govern-ess. In his spare moments Moody has written 80 short stories, published 4 books, and helped edit a Spanish magazine. But he edits for love and butties for money. Hopes to reverse the process some day.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY HOWARD
S. REDELL FOR THE
AMERICAN MAGAZINE





PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR GRIFFIN FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

eaglet

Students in 35 American colleges have taken up flying as a regular sport. And Dan Martin, of Harvard, is at their head. He presides this June at the Intercollegiate Flying Association meet in Akron, Ohio. Dan comes from an air-minded family; his father is the State of Washington's flying governor. Only one close shave so far: Dan flew under a bridge in a fog—and didn't know it!

plotter

At 16 Steve Fisher, of New York, ran away from a military academy in California to marry a Spanish girl. The girl married someone else, so Steve joined the Navy. Serving on the Submarine S-42, he got the background for his short novel, "Storm on the Island," which appears complete in this issue. After exploring the ocean depths off Hawaii he gave up the sea for fiction plots and a family. Says it's a steadier course. His hobby—training his 2-year-old son to be a football player.



PHOTOGRAPH BY THILL-KESE STUDIO FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

banker

Well out front in the outboard regattas this summer you'll probably find Doug Fonda, a New York banker out for a thrill. He's the king of outboard racers, having chalked up the highest number of points in the history of the sport. Won 57 firsts out of the 101 races he entered last summer. But it's not all play. Every 5 minutes of racing demands 10 hours of homework on the boat and motor. He's also an air-race trophy winner, steeple-chaser, and high-handicap polo player. But one five-mile heat in rough water is tougher on a man than a polo game, he says. All this is done after banking hours.

PHOTOGRAPH BY WIDE WORLD



"Bravo!" cried Pablo, the Terror of Bulls!

1. It is one big day at the Rancho. For who comes to make visit but Pablo, great fighter of bulls. We make the fiesta. Much fiesta... much coffee. But Pablo say: "No! I love the coffee but the coffee do not love me. All night I stay awake."



2. "Senor Pablo," I say, "do not be unhappy. I go fix." Then I find cook and I say: "Listen, Spoiler of Beef, while Senor Pablo is here, serve only the Sanka Coffee. Make strong... make plenty... but make *only* the Sanka!"



3. At dinner, I say, "Senor Pablo, from this coffee, the caffeine she is remove... taken out... gone... *phut!* It is the Sanka Coffee. All you want, you drink... and you sleep like the baby!"



4. Senor Pablo, he no believe. But this Sanka, she's smell so good he no can resist. He drink. He shout: "The Sanka is *delish!* One cup I drink... two cup I drink. And if I no sleep, amigo... she is, how you say... *worth it!*"



5. Comes morning... and comes Senor Pablo. He is one big snail! "Last night, amigo, I have sleep like the log! Since I am small boy I have not the better sleep! Bravo, Sanka! She is... how you call it... SWELL!"

ICED OR HOT—SANKA COFFEE IS DELICIOUS!

It's a TOSS-UP which way you'll relish Sanka Coffee more... in a steaming cup, rich, full-bodied, and warming to the soul... or in a tinkling glass, frosty-cold, smooth, and thirst-quenching.

But either way, you'll enjoy all the flavor that a truly fine coffee can give. For Sanka Coffee is *real* coffee—all coffee—one of the world's choice blends.

Yet, however it's made, Sanka Coffee will never keep you awake. You can drink it and sleep... for 97% of the caffeine has been removed.

Be sure to make Sanka Coffee strong... as all good coffee should be made.

Your grocer has Sanka in either "drip" or regular grind. Get a can today. A General Foods Product.



SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE...97% CAFFEIN-FREE...DRINK IT AND SLEEP!

Storm on the Island



(Continued from page 58)

the place being so close and everything—"Myrna was on her feet. "Who?"

"Brennan. Dick Brennan, the hero. The last survivor. The man of the hour himself. They might even make his broadcast from here. With the whole world listening! Babe—we're made!"

She nodded dumbly. . . .

They came at about ten that morning. First, all the reporters, trooping in like sailors on payday and flopping down all over the place to wait. Several civilian radiomen came in and set up a microphone. Reflectors and expensive lamps were arranged for photographs. The lobby was a madhouse. Mackay stood behind the bar making drinks—he had gotten leave for the occasion—and Myrna was everywhere, doing everything. Her father, the commander, paced up and down in front of the bar; he seemed very nervous. Ensign Carl Moore stood at the head of the stairs like an image, ghostly white. Windy was downstairs hobbling about on his crutches, talking to every newspaperman who would listen to him. And Bertha Martin was there, waiting to ask about "Al" when the survivor came in.

THE newsmen had already begun calling the place a "typical navy rendezvous," which infuriated Myrna, because there wasn't another place in the world quite like it. Still, she realized that the publicity would make the hotel famous and she let them pose her sitting on the bar, smiling, while they took pictures. She was like this when there was suddenly a great roar from the mob and a path cleared, and Richard Brennan came in.

"One at a time, gentlemen," he boomed. "One at a time, please!"

She stared at him in disappointment. For the moment she saw him she thought of something else, she didn't know why.

She thought of a great, conceited heavyweight champion she had once seen in New York making the rounds of the night clubs with a mad pack of publicity-hungry men on his heels. She saw him slapping people on the back and smiling at them. She could not help but make this comparison, though Dick Brennan did not look like a heavyweight champion. He was not big, though he was well built. He had dark hair, a well-shaped nose, and a hard, square jaw. His cheekbones jutted. He looked so much all-man, so hard, that for a moment she couldn't help doubting his identity. He looked too real. All the men she had ever seen who had been actual heroes had been thin and pimple-faced and frightened. But Dick Brennan was a newspaperman's dream of a hero.

"I'll sit up there—with her," he said.

He leaped up on the bar and put his arm around Myrna, though he didn't look at her.

"How's that?" he said. "Saved from a watery grave for his sweetheart's arms."

"Can we quote you?"

"Of course."

"Is she really your girl?"

"Of course," said Brennan.

"It's a lie!" Myrna shouted. "I don't know him, I—"

He looked down at her suddenly. "Honey, wake up," he said. "You're falling into a pile of poker chips. You aren't going to muff an opportunity like this, are you?"

She said, "I—I—"

Dick Brennan turned to the others. "Do you want one of me kissing her?"

There was a chorus of "Yes."

SHE caught her under the chin and bent and kissed her lips. She fought against him, jumping to the floor. He got down and grabbed her. She slapped him.

He laughed, and said, "Honey, you're a natural. I never in my life loved a woman that fell all over me. You're doing fine to start!"

She said, "Haven't you any respect for the dead? Haven't you any feeling toward your shipmates?"

"Sure," he said.

"Then, why don't you—?"

"Listen, honey," he said; "they're dead, and I'm alive. Just by a little margin like this." He held up two fingers a quarter of an inch apart. "It's the one chance in a lifetime for a man. I'm on the million-dollar express and I'm not going to pass it up! Little Dickie Brennan's going to get everything anyone has to offer!"

She turned and fought her way through the crowd. She went to her room and wept.

She didn't come down until Harold, the houseman, told her that the place had cleared at last and that supper was ready. She went into the dining-room. Dick Brennan was sitting at her father's usual place at the head of the table and the disgruntled old man was sitting on Brennan's right. Myrna's place was to be on his left.

She looked at Brennan coldly and sat down. Bertha Martin was at the table, weeping softly; and Windy, his crutches laid against the back of his chair, was stuffing food down his throat. Ensign Moore ate politely in the quiet dignity of thought. Mackay sat at the end of the table, and now he grinned at Myrna. "How are you, babe? Rested a little?"

"Yes," she said.

Her father looked at her critically. "I understand we have a new boarder."

The houseman, putting food on the table, looked up. "He says he ain't eatin' tonight, sir, that's what he says. He's a queer one, all right."

Windy wiped his mouth. "Something good has happened, Myrna," he said. "Bill Spaulding is missing. He's been gone since last night and no one's seen hide nor hair of him."

"He isn't back yet?" she said.

"No, and it doesn't look like he's coming back," said Windy.

"He's probably somewhere drunk," Mackay suggested.

SHE had succeeded up to this point in ignoring Brennan, but he was looking at her now and she knew she would have to speak to him. "Are you staying?" she asked.

"No."

"That's very unfortunate."

"I guess it is," he said, "but I've got sixty days' leave, and I'm taking the clipper tomorrow noon for Frisco. From there I fly to New York. I'm really going to be in the chips, babe."

"Are you?" she said indifferently.

He grinned.

Ensign Moore looked up for the first time. "I should think they'd make you stay for the inquest, Brennan."

"They are, sir. They're going to have it first thing tomorrow."

Fishy-eyed Moore blinked. "Do they know yet the exact cause of the trouble?"

"Yes, sir. We rammed wreckage."

"I know that," the ensign snapped; "but according to the latest charts that particular wreckage shouldn't have been there."

Dick Brennan shrugged.

"It looks suspicious," Moore went on.

Windy said, "Everything looks suspicious to you. I'll bet there are times when you look in the mirror and suspect yourself. Couldn't the tide have carried that wreckage over from some other part of the sea?"

"Not such a large wreckage." Moore said coldly. "It was evidently rotted wood planted there, tons of it."

"Rot!" Windy said. "The trouble with you is that you're war-crazy."

Myrna, to stop the argument, said to Brennan, "Wasn't there another diver who left the S-14 with you to help clear the wreckage from the bow?"

"That's right—a guy named Harry Morris."

"What happened to him?"

"He wasn't lucky," said Brennan.

"You mean he died?"

"That's what I mean."

Mackay spoke up: "And listen, babe, when Brennan left the S-14 he didn't know for sure the sub wouldn't be saved. He went out on that wild chance, thinking that he was going to die."

"My, my!" she said.

Brennan laughed. . . .

The place was crowded that night and she was busy. Brennan made himself conspicuous, for there were still people pouring in to see him. Myrna tried not to think of him. She was worrying about what

could have happened to Bill Spaulding.

The bar was largely cleared by midnight, and she was standing behind it wiping a glass when Brennan came up. The sight of his face—the high cheekbones, the heavy-tipped mouth, the smooth, unblemished skin—gave her a strange feeling. His eyes, though, looked tired.

"Why do you avoid me?" he said.

"Do I?"

"You know you do," he said. "Have I done something to hurt your feelings?"

She looked at him steadily. "You're tired, Mr. Brennan," she said. "Why don't you go to bed?"

He flushed, just a little, and looked down at his hands, which were gripped on the edge of the bar. "Maybe I'm afraid to go to bed," he said.

For a moment she could not speak. She suddenly realized that the bravado, the conceit, and all of this noisy glory were weapons with which he was fighting the horror of the thing. She suddenly saw in him the man that he was. She knew that he felt, and grieved, that his nerves were raw and on edge, that he had been through a hell and more. Now he was fighting it, he was trying not to think back upon it.

If he could slip into a new world, a world of glamour and money and easy times, he could be a new person, not the man who had gone through a submarine that reeked of death, a man who had seen his shipmates dying around him and who had tasted the acid of the batteries. And she realized now that in all he had said to the newspapermen he had been like a man recounting a story, not something that had actually happened. He told details without telling tiny details; and she somehow felt he was capable of telling things that would never cross his tongue. She was overwhelmed with shame because of the injustice she had done him.

"But you must," she said. "You must go to bed. You've got to sleep some time."

"Have you got some whisky?" he asked. "It might be better if I had some whisky."

SHE saw that he was tired, and she picked up the whisky bottle. There was only a little in it and she poured it out. "If you want some more it's in the wine closet, and I'll get it for you."

He took the whisky neat, said, "We'll get the other in a minute. Look—why are you sore at me? Because I didn't show the proper remorse?"

"Something like that," she told him, "but let it go."

Nervously, he put a cigarette in his mouth and lighted it. "Have I told you I think you're a pretty nice kid?"

"That's right," she said.

He looked out through the French doors toward Pearl Harbor. "I almost wish I wasn't going," he said.

"You'll find other pretty girls, Brennan." "I suppose."

For a moment she was bitter. "And the rest of the Navy will sail for Manila. You can think of them in New York. But of course you've got to come back some time."

"Maybe not," he said. "I've been thinking it over. I may get a special order discharge. God knows I have excuse enough, and I can make myself a pack of dough. Oh, there isn't anything going to stop me. Interviews, magazine stories, stage, screen, radio. Everything. I'm going to grab the gravy while it's there. All

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my life I've gone along on a few dollars every two weeks, wishing for a lot of money. I want to get me a monkey suit, and I want to take in those clubs in New York. I'm sick of riding in submarines and working myself to death for ninety bucks per. I don't want to see another ship, and I'll never go aboard a submarine again so long as I live. Not if they throw me out for it, I won't. That life isn't for me any more. When I grabbed that cable and they yanked me up to the surface and took off that iron helmet—lo!—there was a silver spoon in my mouth and a bank roll right in my hand!"

"But your fame won't last forever."

"It'll last long enough—and after that? I don't know. I'll find something. Maybe I'll marry a rich girl and settle down in a couple of millions. Lots of heroes do that, don't they? It probably sounds like hell to you, but I've lived long enough to know you don't get a chance like this more than once. I popped out of that water last night and looked up at the sky and grabbed myself a handful of stars, and, baby, I'm holding them!"

"That isn't what you really want," Myrna said. "It's just a defense mechanism."

"Honey," he said, "if I don't want this, the good people don't want heaven, and you can quote me. Do you think I actually want the Navy? Living packed in like sheep and going from place to place, and not getting enough pay to even marry a decent woman? You join when you're young, and after four years you don't see anything on the outside and you've got a lot of Navy friends, so you get sentimental and ship over, and by the time that four years is over—the time you've got in eight years—you figure, well, why not eight more and retire on pension? Either that, or by that time you're so entrenched in it you aren't good for anything else. Look at me, a torpedoman first class. A petty officer. What the hell would that get me on the outside? Even on a merchant ship? I tell you, if you don't get out after the first four, you're stuck. There isn't a damn thing you can do. A man hasn't got so many years to live that he can play around with them. He ought to get what he can while the getting is good, and that's exactly what little Richard Brennan is going to get for himself!"

He pinched out his cigarette. "I'll take that whisky now," he went on.

She said, "Look—it's right there below you in the wine closet. Will you get it?"

HER father was at the head of the stairs, and there were a few people in the bar. The radio was playing. She heard Brennan banging on the latch; then she heard him catch his breath. Presently he rose and pulled a corpse out of the wine closet by its feet. She stifled a scream. Brennan rocked back on his heels, rubbing his eyes.

Gasping, Myrna said, "It's Bill Spaulding!"

Dick Brennan stood stiffly staring down at it. "Whatever it is," he said, "it's pretty dead." Then suddenly his throat seemed to burst. His arm thrown back across his face, he shouted, "For the love of God, can't I ever get away from them!" . . .

He didn't remember much more about what happened that night except that somebody put him to bed and a doctor said that he had a nervous breakdown. But

when he woke and looked at his watch and saw that it was only five in the morning, he got up and went downstairs. He felt weak, but he knew that he couldn't give in to a thing like nerves or he'd be licked, the whole big opportunity would be past him. He couldn't allow his mind to wander through a hysteria of what had happened on the S-14. He had thought all that out there under the water holding the cable and coming up, hadn't he? He had figured out, if he were saved there was only one way to keep his mind and that was to not think again of anybody, any of his friends.

THE lobby was empty, and he noticed how that the place where the corpse had lain was clear; they had taken it away. There must have been some sort of investigation last night, of course, and he was a little curious as to the outcome. As soon as he saw someone he would ask them who had been arrested for the murder.

He went outside to the porch. A uniformed Kanaka policeman sat there, dozing. He jerked into consciousness.

"Can't go out," he said.

"What do you mean?" Brennan asked. "Got orders. Investigation inside. Nobody can leave house until killer is caught."

"You mean the thing is a mystery? They don't know who did it?"

"That's right," said the Kanaka, "so don't try no front-door sneak at five in the morning."

Brennan said, "I was just going to swim."

The Kanaka shrugged.

Brennan looked at him for a moment, and then he saw that the sun was coming up and it was going to be warm, so he lay down on a settee. He dozed finally, like the Kanaka; and then he slept. Many people walked back and forth across the porch past him; he had a faint memory of this in his subconscious when he awakened. The Kanaka had been shaking him.

"They want you inside."

Brennan got up and went in. He saw Myrna in the room. A detective was talking to her; another detective was walking around inspecting everything in sight.

The second one looked up. "You Dick Brennan?"

"That's right."

"I'm Muldane. Kim Muldane." The detective said this as though Brennan should have recognized the name.

"So what?" Brennan said.

"I've been told to take you over to the Navy Yard for examination by an inquest board. About the submarine tragedy. After that you'll come back here."

"What do you mean? I'm flying at noon for the States."

Kim Muldane laughed nastily. "That's what you think, wise guy. But there isn't anybody leaving this place until we crack the murder. Get it? This guy Spaulding that was killed used to bother Myrna Baker a lot. We think she—"

Mackay, who was standing across the room, said, "Shut up, you flat-footed son of a—"

Muldane jerked his head toward Mackay. "And blondie, there, don't like what we think about his sugar. We've really got something there, Brennan."

"You've really got something if you think I'm not going to fly at noon," Brennan snapped. "Because I'd like to see any two stinkers like you stop me, badge or

otherwise! I'll be ready for the inquest as soon as I get into my uniform." . . .

The hotel was closed for the murder investigation. Dick Brennan returned from the inquest board meeting at four that afternoon. He came in, slamming the screen door behind him and, shoving his white hat back on his head, flopped down onto the divan.

Muldane put a cigar in his mouth and lit it. He walked around Brennan in an exaggerated circle. "Did you hear this baby saying he was going to catch a plane at noon? Did you hear him say it would take two guys like me to stop him? Well, it only took one."

"Pull in your wooden ears, rat," Brennan said quickly. "The inquest went bad, that's why I was delayed."

"No. They didn't think you told them enough about the small details."

"It isn't that," Brennan said.

Muldane snapped, "No? Is that why they're going to keep you here to answer more questions for them? You could sleep here, they said, so you could be alone, not bothered by the common herd. But they're calling in the Naval Intelligence. They figure this accident thing for a lot of angles, and you're one of them. Maybe you won't turn out to be a hero, after all."

Brennan got to his feet. "Open that flannel mouth of yours again and I'll poke my fist into it!"

Muldane said, "You and how many others? I didn't see you laughing and bragging to them officers."

"You don't treat officers that way."

"I guess you don't. Not when they're trying to show you up!"

Brennan's fist came over in a swift arc. Muldane rocked back, then fell. He leaped to his feet at once, but the other detective grabbed him.

Brennan said, "Your business is solving murder, punk. Get to it!"

He turned and started up the stairs. Myrna and Mackay were coming down. Brennan looked at Myrna. "It looks as if I'm going to have to stay in your dump for a while," he said. "I thought I'd tell you I don't like it." . . .

HE MISSED supper that night, but when Myrna came in alone from the dining-room he was standing near the bar waiting for her. Her face was strained and white. Brennan said, "Look, honey; I'm sorry."

She turned on the radio, looking up at him. "Are you?"

He nodded. "You can't help this thing. It's only that I planned so much on leaving today that I felt lousy. But I guess you've got your own grief. Have they been tough on you?"

"Not any tougher than they have to be, I suppose," she said.

"This guy that was murdered. This Spaulding. Did he mean anything to you?"

"He was in love with me."

Brennan looked down at his fingernails. "Something fatal, isn't it?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, maybe I'm getting to feel that way."

She stared at him. "Does nothing touch you? The fact that there's been a murder here? The fact that your own inquest board . . . Have you no—no—?"

"People fall in love," he said softly, "even in hell."

The red-haired Bertha Martin moved through the room and went upstairs.

Myrna turned abruptly. "Oh, it's this waiting. First the submarine. Now this. I've been living in a nightmare. I don't know anything any more!"

Brennan moved to her side. "You know this, don't you: you're a swell kid?"

She looked up at him. "You've said that."

"But not this way. So many things happen. You get to see so much and have so much to worry about that you skip it all and see only the things you want to. I'm seeing you now. I don't know, I got the idea all of a sudden that I'd like to keep on seeing you. I don't care whether there's murderers walking around or what the hell there is."

She said, "That's funny, you know. Because I've always thought you'd come along like this; and now you're here, and it's just like something I've lived before."

He was trembling suddenly, and he took her shoulders. "Do you think it's love, kid?"

"It might be," she said.

He pressed her to him, but as he did this he saw Windy and Mackay coming in from the dining-room. Mackay snapped, "Get your hands off her."

Myrna disengaged herself. Brennan said, "Where does he get this line?"

Myrna looked from Mackay to Brennan. "He—well—that is, he—"

A scream sounded from upstairs.

Brennan stared upward. Bertha Martin was at the head of the stairs, shaking and crying. "It's the commander! Your father, Myrna. He's been—"

Myrna dropped to the floor in a faint. . . .

THEY had brought the commander's body down to the living-room after the coroner's investigation, and it was here now with a sheet thrown over it, and two extra Hawaiian police had been brought in and stationed at the doors. Brennan sat back on the divan and Ensign Moore stood at the bar. Except for the police they were now the only two in the room.

"Did you hear the radio tonight?" Moore said.

"About this murder?"

"That!" the ensign scoffed. "That—this isn't news. Even if it's happening right now. Even your S-14 is forgotten."

"Then I didn't hear the news, sir," Brennan said.

Ensign Moore leaned forward, and his eyes seemed bright behind the panes of the horn-rimmed glasses. "The fleet arrives tomorrow. Tomorrow noon it leaves for Manila. Submarines and all!"

"So it came through!"

"The order was expected, wasn't it?"

"Those things are always a surprise, sir," Brennan said, "whether they're expected or not."

"Perhaps," Moore smiled coldly.

"Anyway," Brennan went on, "it doesn't mean a damn to me. Not a damn. I was just in and called the submarine base. They've got me booked for a transfer to the S-27 when my sixty days' leave is up. But I asked for a special order discharge."

"You won't get it."

"I'm a cinch for it," said Brennan.

"With the press notices I'm getting, do you think the government would stick out its neck by refusing? Not on your sweet life."

Myrna came (Continued on page 98)

MOBILGAS LEADS

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REMEMBER the song, "I Love a Parade"? Every one loves a parade...admires the leader!

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The HOUSE Detective

BY ROGER B. WHITMAN

OUR Household Detective—investigator of the ills that human habitations are heir to—has solved another batch of “cases.” If you have any problem you want him to tackle for you, write him in care of this magazine, enclosing a stamped and self-addressed envelope. He cannot, however, undertake to answer legal or financial questions.

QUESTION: We are thinking about building, and have just enough money for the house that we want. But we are worried because everyone tells us that a house always costs more to build than the estimate. If we started our house and then found that the cost would be more than we could afford, it would be very serious for us. What do you think we should do?—G. S. T., Akron, Ohio.

ANSWER: Houses are likely to cost more than the original estimate, but not always through fault of the contractor. Usually the increased cost is due to the owner's lack of foresight. He changes his mind after the work has started, which gives the contractor the chance to ring in extra charges. Draw your plans and write the specifications; then go over them time and again until you are sure they are exactly what you want. As possible changes suggest themselves, make them in pencil, which is far cheaper than making them later in wood and masonry. Do not ask for estimates until every last detail has had everyone's final O. K.

QUESTION: We are planning to reflow our five-room house. Floors are now pine and we want some harder wood. What kind would be good? Should we put building paper over the pine? Can we stop cracks from coming between the boards?—H. G., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

ANSWER: Use either oak or maple. Lay building paper over the old floors to protect the new from moisture and dust from below. Get the flooring from a yard where it is stored in a dry room; have it hauled and do the job in dry weather. If exposed to damp air the wood will absorb moisture and will swell; then, in drying out after laying, cracks will form between the boards.

QUESTION: Our house was made over and a brick chimney was built on one end. The chimney is cracking away from the

house. At the top the crack is two inches wide. How can I fill it up and make it weather-tight?—M. S. A., Napton, Mo.

ANSWER: The foundation for your chimney is not large enough to carry the weight. You can stop the settling by excavating along the outside of the foundation and increasing its size with a slab of reinforced concrete, or by putting in large pieces of flagstone. With settling stopped, the cracks along the sides of the chimney can be filled with strips of wood cut to fit, stuck in place with roofing cement. The crack at the top should be covered with flashing set at an angle, so that water will drain off.

QUESTION: We have no electricity or gas, and cook on a wood range and sometimes a kerosene stove. We repainted the kitchen a year ago, and now the walls are in a terrible condition from smoke and soot. What can we use on the walls that will be easy to clean? What color would show smoke and soot least?—Mrs. G. D., Mayville, S. C.

ANSWER: Your first move should be to wash off all traces of grease, for new paint will not hold over it. Wash with a solution of $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of washing soda in a gallon of water, and then rinse with clear water. Wait until everything is thoroughly dry before you start painting. Enamel makes a very good finish for a kitchen, for it is so smooth and glasslike that soil marks do not strike in. Soiling stays on the surface, and can be taken off with mild soap and water. A color dark enough not to show smoking would make your kitchen gloomy. Ivory will keep the room bright and cheerful.

Things New and Old That Should be Better Known: Waterproof, shrinkage-proof canvas for covering flat roofs and decks, intended to be walked on. . . . Scientifically designed equipment for the protection of property against lightning. . . . Devices for the attachment of screws and bolts to masonry and hollow walls. . . . Reversible ventilating fan for the kitchen, to blow either in or out. . . . Cranking arrangement for the working of outdoor shutters from indoors. . . . I shall be glad to send the names of manufacturers to anyone who is interested and who encloses a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

(Continued from page 97) down the stairs, aided by Kim Muldane and Mackay. Her face was red from crying. She sat down on the divan. Muldane went out into the dining-room. He came back with Windy, hobbling on his crutches, and the houseman. When they had all been seated Muldane went back upstairs and got Bertha Martin. She, too, seemed to be on the verge of a breakdown.

Muldane then placed himself in front of everyone and spread his legs.

“Now,” Muldane said, “now that we’re all here, it seems a shame to have to tell you that one of you nice people is a killer. Maybe more than one. But we’ve been chasing around too long. We want some answers, and we want them fast. In the first place—you—” He pointed to the houseman. “Why didn’t you tell us sooner about the roomer you took in the other night after the storm?”

The houseman said, “Because the guy wouldn’t say much, and wouldn’t come down to eat, and I forgot about him.”

“I suppose everyone forgot about him,” Muldane said.

“I—I guess so,” the houseman chattered.

“What sort of a person was he?”

The houseman said, “Well, sir, he had a face like a guy who’s been embalmed and doesn’t like the job. Sort of unreal.”

“As though he might be wearing a mask?”

“Oh, no. Nothing like that.”

“To go on,” said Muldane, “when did you see him next? That is, after taking him to his room?”

“I never saw him again.”

“Never?”

“No, sir,” said the houseman.

KIM MULDANE looked up. “Did anyone here ever see this strange guy again?”

No one spoke.

Muldane turned on Myrna: “What is this, sister? You and this flunky houseman fix it up between you? Was there a guy like that that came in?”

“There was,” she said.

“Why didn’t you mention it?”

“In this excitement, I—”

“I know,” Muldane said; “you forgot.”

“That’s right.”

“But it is true, isn’t it, that the first guy—Bill Spaulding—was bothering you quite a lot? Isn’t it true that you lost your temper fighting with him and accidentally killed him, and your father hid the body for you, and then when you saw that he was going to tell the truth, you killed him, too? When you came down tonight and said he was too ill for dinner—”

“That’s what he told me.”

“That’s what he told you,” Muldane mimicked; “we know. But isn’t it true you had to murder him, because you had already bumped Spaulding? Or did you bump the old man so you could own the hotel free and clear of him, so you wouldn’t have him here to tell you what to—?”

Brennan got to his feet. “Lay off her.”

“Sit down, you!”

“I said lay off, flat-foot.”

“Sit down!”

Brennan moved back a step.

Ensign Moore said, “If you really want the answer to this thing, look toward a spy angle. Either it ties up with the accident of the S-14, or I miss my guess.”

Windy laughed. "There he goes again. Spies! Every time he goes to bed he locks the closet doors and puts a suitcase under his bed so nobody can hide there and listen to what he says in his sleep. I've seen a lot of whacky naval officers, but I never—"

"Shut up," said Muldane.

Brennan sat down. "I think you've got something there, Mr. Moore," he said; "about the murders tying in with the sub's accident. It sounds like that inquest talk did this afternoon."

"It'd be clear to anybody except a stupid ex-chief petty officer and a moron police officer," Moore said.

Kim Muldane snapped, "If you guys don't mind too much, I'll handle the murder, and you two can go to a nice, quiet room or somewhere and talk afterward. That is, if I don't take one of you in. I was getting to this anyway, Brennan. The fact stands that you were the only one upstairs besides Commander Baker during supper."

"I don't suppose he could have been murdered before supper?"

"It isn't likely. Since he told Miss Baker he wouldn't be coming down."

Brennan felt everyone turn toward him. "If he told her that, then someone came in directly afterward, murdered him, then went on down to supper."

"Yeah," said Muldane, "and I suppose he wiped the blood on his pants."

"I don't know what he did with the blood," Brennan snapped; "all I know is I haven't got anything to do with—"

"Haven't you? You just said yourself that the murders tied up with the submarine accident. The accident out of which you were the only survivor!"

"You're talking crazy!" Brennan rapped.

"Am I? Then perhaps that's why. Because murder's a crazy thing, and I'm banking my police reputation on you. I'd arrest you here and now, with the circumstantial evidence I've got, if it wasn't that a Naval Intelligence officer is coming over to question you, and that he might bring out a little more about the motive and how you accomplished these various things."

Brennan was on his feet again. "I tell you, I'm—"

FROM nowhere, a gun slipped into Muldane's hands. "Sit down, hothead. You're playing serious now."

Brennan stared down at the gun. Behind him he heard Bertha Martin saying, "He must have been the one Al was telling me about. He said there was a big torpedoman on the ship that acted kind of funny and they were suspicious of him. I didn't pay any attention at the time, but—"

Windy said, "Lady, a sub has about six or seven torpedomen. If I were you I'd keep my big mouth out of this."

Brennan kept looking at the gun, and Muldane went on, "Go ahead—sit down, and just take it easy. We've got you lined up nice, with witnesses and everything. We'll wait for the Intelligence man and—"

Brennan stood there, hearing those words, and he felt his mind going again. He fought against it, but he seemed somehow to be standing knee-deep in swirling water. His eyes became glazed. He lunged forward and hit Muldane across the face. His hands pressed down on the gun, and he brought his knee up into the detective's stomach. Then, fumbling the gun he had taken from Muldane, he whirled around,

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standing over Muldane's writhing figure.

"It's all right," he said. "Everything's going to be all right, Johnny. I'll get you out of here. You, too, Fats. You, too, Joe. We aren't going to die here. You, too, Fats. You, too, Joe. We aren't going to die here, in a pig-iron can, like rats in a hole. That'll be the day; when they leave us here on the bottom of the sea to rot in a lot of acid. I'll get us out—you see."

Then the Hawaiian cops grabbed him, pinning him between them. . . .

The doctor said, "I left orders that he was to remain in bed. The man is in no condition to be up and around, let alone to have any excitement. If he's not left alone I'm very much afraid he's going to be seriously ill. It's his mind. All the time there is in it the memory of things he has gone through and—"

The doctor was talking to Myrna, but Brennan cut in: "It's all right, Doc. I won't pop again. They're having an inquest downstairs. There's a Naval Intelligence officer to see me, they tell me. And a lot of officers from the inquest board. Most of them are sailing tomorrow and they can't hold up anything just because a lousy enlisted man is getting punch-drunk whacky. It's easy to see, Doc, that you don't know how they run this Navy."

The doctor shrugged. "I give the orders I expect to be carried out. I can't be responsible if people ignore them. Not any more than I could be responsible if somebody put a gun to your head and fired it. If it's going to be murder, or if they're going to drive you to an insane asylum, I wash my hands of it." He walked out.

Myrna sat down on the bed and took his hand. "Let them wait, darling," she said.

"They can't," Brennan said. "They've got to get it over with. We can't hold up a fleet sailing to Manila, can we?"

"Don't worry about it."

"I CAN'T help it," he said. "Even if it drives me nuts I've got to have the thing over with. I guess by now they're all convinced that their hero is a heel."

"I'm not," she said.

"Aren't you?"

"No," she said. "I believe in you. I know you're innocent of these murders, and I know you were the hero—"

"Go ahead. Say it. The hero I said I was. It's bouncing back like a Hi Li ball and smacking me right in the mouth."

"Well, what of it, if you can prove that you aren't guilty?"

"Maybe I can't prove it."

"What do you mean?" she demanded. "You've told them everything, haven't you?"

"No. There are some things I can't tell. Some things I won't ever tell."

"But you must."

He shook his head.

She bent and kissed him, and he realized that she was crying. He held her there in his arms, and he didn't care in that moment if a war blew the whole world to hell.

"Listen, babe," he said; "somehow I am going to get out of this mess. Then we're going places, you and me; see? We're going to go to New York, and to Hollywood. We're going to see things, and live like people should live. No more of this Navy and their inquests, and making you a son of a dog because you tried to save the lives of some guys you happened to love."

"I always knew it was rotten, but I

never had it thrown at me like this, so I'm washed up for good and all. I never want to see a blue uniform or a white one, or a flag or an officer again. I'm sorry I ever got mixed up with the outfit, because it isn't what they crack it up to be."

"So we'll go away together, Dick?"

"Yeah, and never come back. Not ever."

He grabbed the soft curls at the back of her head and pulled her down to him and kissed her again. "Now take a sneak," he said, "and I'll climb out of this cotty trap and get below. They're probably ready to throw a rope around my neck and hang me by now."

She got up and went to the door. "I wanted to tell you when I came in—you special order discharge has been approved, pending this inquest, of course. They told me that downstairs."

"It was bait to get me down there."

"Perhaps," she said. "And the newspapers are back, although they can't come in. They're outside waiting. I mean, I want you to be prepared. You're going to get quite a reception."

He nodded.

AND he did—he got a reception. There wasn't a sound when he came down the stairs. He had hold of the banister. He was wearing whites; they were tight on him, and his white hat was on the front of his head, squared off. The room was filled. Mackay sat there, also wearing whites. There was Bertha Martin, and the ex-chief petty officer, Windy, sitting with his crutches across his lap. Ensign Moore stood in his usual place by the bar. The houseman was over by his own room. And Kim Muldane was in the middle of the floor. There were these, and others he didn't know; naval officers ranking from captain on down, at least seven of them. Everyone was silent and looking at him as he came down the stairs.

He could see the crowd that was outside on the porch. He could see the reporters, their faces pressed against the screen of the French doors. The silence was so intense that he could distinguish the faint sound of a bugle from across the water.

Brennan stood at the foot of the stairs and waited. A lieutenant, spokesman, signaled a yeoman, who opened his notebook. The other officers formed a half-circle. Muldane moved through in between them.

The lieutenant said, "We have Mr. Muldane's reports concerning your activity here, Brennan. Whether or not he can prove you guilty of the murders of Spaulding and Commander Baker is immaterial to us. So we will waive reference to that to concentrate upon the problem which confronts us officers of the inquest board."

"First of all, I feel it necessary to inform you that our investigators have discovered that the wreckage into which the S-14 rammed was deliberately placed there by a force or forces who were aware that the division of submarines which included the S-14 was scheduled to dive in approximately that spot. By placing wreckage in this vicinity it was certain that at least one submarine would ram into it. The information about the diving, including where the ships were to dive, however, was confidential. It is one of our duties to ascertain whether or not this information of longitude and latitude was relayed ashore from one of the submarines to the

international spies responsible for this."

"I—"

"Please let me continue," said the lieutenant. "Inasmuch as we are certain the wreckage was deliberately placed there by, as I say, either international spies or saboteurs of some other nature, our first question to you is whether or not you were aware that there were any spies or plotters aboard the S-14."

Brennan said, "Wouldn't it seem rather silly, sir, for a man to wreck the ship on which he is riding so that certain death stares him in the face?"

"Such a thing is not unknown."

Brennan's face was a mask. "I don't understand, sir, the nature of the wreckage we rammed."

The lieutenant seemed impatient. "We are still investigating angles of this. So far we have come to the conclusion that one of the old tugboats in Honolulu harbor, too ancient for further use, rotting at its dock, but still capable of navigating, after a fashion, under its own power, was taken out during the night. It steamed to the vicinity where the saboteurs wished to sink it, with all of its lights out. The men aboard then merely opened the sea cocks, themselves escaping in a small boat, as the tug stood there and filled with water and sank. An ancient tug such as I describe was purchased only last week and left its dock, supposedly headed for Hilo, Hawaii. The fact that it never arrived in Hilo is alone sufficient reason for suspicion. . . . But what we are trying to find out is whether any of the men on the S-14 had anything to do with—"

"But I tell you, sir, it would be crazy for a man to help plot the wreck of a ship, knowing he couldn't get off once the diving planes rammed into the wreck's hollow side. I mean, it'd be obvious to him that the 14 couldn't back—that is, if he knew the situation as you are implying—and that the nose being so deeply into it, no men could get out through the torpedo tubes. If it was just demolishing the ship, it would be different, but the way you say it was—why, there'd be no escape and—"

"You escaped!"

Brennan flushed. "It was nothing I ordered. I don't know anything about there being spies aboard. We were a lot of scared guys, that's all, down on our knees praying to get out, some of us screaming, and some of us going whacky. If there was a spy walking around and laughing up his sleeve about it, we didn't know it!"

THERE was irony in his humor, and the lieutenant winced.

"That answers the first question, Brennan. We have another. First, however, I should tell you that, through devious checking, we have discovered that after you and Harry Morris were sent out from the conning tower of the S-14 with your diving suits and portable oxygen tanks, one of you immediately caught onto a line and was immediately hauled to the surface. That is, this one didn't even try to cut away the debris from the bow and clear the torpedo tubes. This one diver saw a chance to escape, and took it. He didn't give a second thought to the men back in the S-14 who were still alive, praying, depending on him to save them. He just grabbed one of our many cables and came up. Mr. Morris died on the bottom of the sea. Do you begin to understand?"

Brennan felt a shiver run through him. "Yes, sir."

"In that act of cowardice," the lieutenant continued, "that is, in getting himself released from the S-14 to clear the bow and escaping to the surface instead, this diver *deliberately* sacrificed the lives of the men in the 14 that he might have saved, just so he could save himself. The one diver left below could not cut the wreckage away alone, even though our tests prove that he tried. So this one man, running away, *murdered his shipmates!*"

There was no sound.

"Did you hear me, Brennan?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you anything to say?"

"No, sir."

"You admit that you are guilty?"

"No, sir. I don't. And you can't prove that I am. I just haven't anything to say."

The lieutenant's lips thinned. "Place this man under arrest."

BUT there was suddenly a voice from the top of the stairs. Brennan looked up. The others looked up. Harry Morris, the other diver from the S-14, stood there. His face was very white, his eyes shining.

"Wait a minute," he said, and his voice was lifeless, "maybe you ought to question both divers from the sub." He started down the steps, no expression on his face. Mud-caked clothes hung on his lean frame.

"That's him," the houseman yelled suddenly. "That's the guy I rented a room to that night!"

Harry Morris stopped halfway down the stairs and swayed there, like a drunken man. He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. For a moment then he gripped the banister as though he was going to turn and flee. But the moment passed, and he opened his mouth again to speak, though his voice now was husky and scarcely more than a whisper.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," he said, and he spoke as though he addressed only one man. He was looking over the heads of the crowd. "What we'll do is this—make everything absolutely clear, so there won't have to be a lot of questions, so a guy's motive can be explained as so sound there won't be any doubt about it."

"Grab him!" said Muldane.

"Shut up!" Brennan snapped.

"I'm not here," Harry Morris went on, "because I'm a hero, or because I couldn't stand to see Brennan take the rap for me. I could stand it all right if I could see myself in the clear, on a boat for the States maybe, but I can't. I'm trapped on an island, and no matter which way I turn I'm going to be caught up, so I might as well get it over with and take what the Navy's got to give me. After what I've gone through there isn't anything that can scare me—nothing except death. All I want to do is live. I want to live, even if it's in a six by six cell. I want to breathe air and eat food, and suffer if I have to suffer. But I don't want to die. That's all in God's world that matters—that I don't die."

"How did you get here?" asked the lieutenant.

"Listen," Morris whispered, "listen, gold-braid; this is my show, and I'll take my time delivering it, because I probably won't get another chance like this, and every dog lives for one day or another, and this is my day. You just listen and keep



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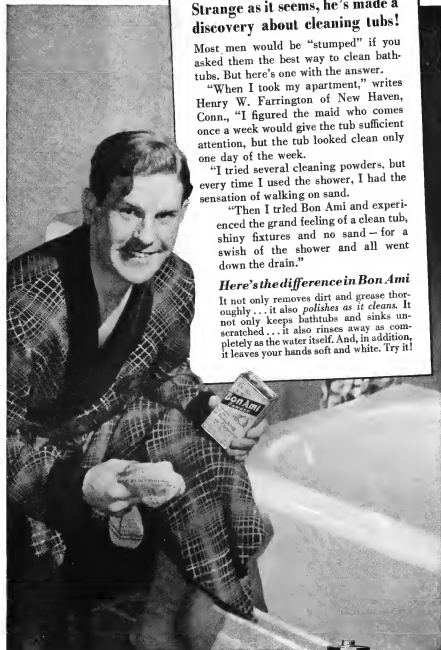
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still, because I'm through calling you *sir*, or anybody *sir*. I'm through taking your gaff and your orders.

"In case that dumb dick wants to know where I was when they looked for me, I was right over his head when he searched my room. I was on the roof shivering, not because it was cold, but because I was scared I was going to lose my grip and fall and get killed. That's where I was, and when the search was over, I went back to the room and stayed there. I couldn't get out. I couldn't get out of this place anyway. The cops were all around it. It was my rotten luck to come into a place where murders were going on. I had to escape to a madhouse in hell where they had me hemmed in. But even at that I might have stuck it out if I hadn't been afraid some dick would come up and catch me there, and shoot me before I had a chance to yell for his stinking mercy.

"So there it is; you've got the setup, more than a bunch of men ever had it. I'm yellow, I'm a coward, I want to live, and this is the only way I can see of doing it. I couldn't go on the rest of my life knowing some day I'd be caught. But make this clear: I was in my room all the time, and I didn't have a thing to do with any murders. I never killed any man in my life. Not with my two hands, at least."

"HOW did you get here?" the lieutenant demanded.

"I came out of the submarine," Morris went on. "I was supposed to help Brennan clear the bow. But I saw a line, something I could grab on and get hauled up, and I took it. It was me that went up; he stayed down to try and do the work by himself. I went up as soon as I got out of that death-trap. Just like now, nothing mattered except that I wanted to get where there was air. I wanted to live. I couldn't think about the rest of them in there. I thought trying to clear the bow would have been hopeless anyway, so I came up. I'm the one that looked out for his own life. Brennan stayed down; he didn't come up until hours later. If your checking was good—the checking I heard you shooting off your mouth about—you would have known that. Brennan came up *long after* he had been released from the boat, when he saw that he couldn't do anything alone."

"But how did you go undiscovered?"

Morris smiled grimly. "Luck was with me then, just like it had been on the bottom. I was hauled aboard a civilian craft, and right away some guy said I must be one of the Navy divers another ship had sent down, one of the surface divers who had had trouble with his line. So I let them believe that. I said I was dying when I got hold of their cable. I told them a story about my own surface line. It's pretty technical, but that's what they believed. They couldn't believe the incredible fact that they actually had a man from the S-14 aboard, so I got away with it, and they delivered me ashore.

"I ran. I ran until I didn't know which way I was going. Then I saw this hotel."

He sucked in his breath. "That's all there is to it. I went out to clear the bow, and turned yellow, and got picked up by dumb civilians and put one over on them. That's all. There's no spy tie-up. It

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BY DICK HYMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY G. SOLOW



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wasn't any plot to kill people. It was just one man's lousy cowardice. And I'm here to pay for it. I'm here only because I knew it would be impossible to get away for long."

"Do you know anything about the murder?" Muldane asked.

"I told you I didn't."

"It seems that you heard everything else," Muldane insisted. "Didn't you see anyone in the hall? Didn't you hear any argument just before Commander Baker was murdered?"

"I didn't hear a thing."

"You lie!" Muldane charged.

MORRIS opened his mouth to answer, but he suddenly gripped his hands across his stomach. His face was agonized. He crumpled, and tumbled down the steps. He lay there at the foot of them.

Brennan looked down at him. "He'll be all right," he said softly. "Just take him up and put him to bed. You get whacky after a while. I know."

"Do you verify his story?" the lieutenant asked. The tone of his voice was different.

"I didn't want to, sir," said Brennan. "I knew he had gone; I saw him when he went up. I guess he got one look at those diving planes—iron fins—jammed into the rotting tug like knives in a loaf of bread, and knew it was hopeless, so he beat it. I saw him when he went up—that's how I knew how to do it later."

"But, man, when we were—why didn't you defend yourself?"

Brennan smiled thinly. "You couldn't have convicted me of running away. Not if you were as thorough as you have been

all along. I knew that. I knew a trial would clear me, and I thought if Morris, the poor sucker, can get away—well, let him. After all he's been through, I figured, if he can escape and be free and clear, well, let him. Let him live his life. It was bound to be a miserable enough life even in freedom. He turned rat, and we can't deny it. But I'm not God to judge a man."

"You knew he was upstairs?"

"I didn't know where he was, sir."

The lieutenant looked at the other officers. He said, "I believe that frees you, then, of suspicion from the board of Inquest. As we informed Miss Baker, your special order discharge has been approved. You can take it or leave it now. I suggest you take your sixty-day leave first, and let the discharge go through afterward. You'll have that much more pay."

Brennan's lips tightened. "I'm not interested in Navy pay any more, sir. But thanks, anyway. Just like Morris said, all I want to do is live, and have a good time and forget, if I can, that there ever was a Navy."

Kim Muldane was looking down at Morris and saying, "Bring that guy to consciousness. I'm going to ask him some questions now—about murder. I've got ways to make punks like him talk." . . .

THE hotel had emptied its crowd, and Brennan sat on his heels on the porch beside Myrna, who was in a rocker. The harbor was alive with lights, yardarm signals that flashed back and forth, the air-base beacons that glowed red and green.

"All those ships," whispered Brennan, "and more out in the channel. Tomorrow they'll be gone for war maneuvers, clear over to Manila."

"Manila is a long way," Myrna said quietly.

Ensign Moore came up the steps. "I'll be leaving tomorrow, Myrna," he said.

She rose. "But—"

"My leave has been canceled," he went on. "I sail with the fleet."

"Oh, I'm sorry."

He smiled thinly. "Don't be sorry. My only regret is that I must leave while the murders of your father and Mr. Spaulding are still unsolved."

"You don't think that sailor—?"

"He's guiltless. Muldane is a fool. Every word Harry Morris spoke was the truth." He bowed and went inside.

Brennan said, "I don't know what's been the matter with me. I didn't want to tell Muldane, but Moore's right."

"You mean—?"

"I mean there's death in the hotel. Death walking around on two legs, and a long time ago, before I had that run-in with Muldane, I picked up a clue. I think I know whom to look for. Do you want to help? I mean, we can frame our own little show, and I have an idea that death will walk right into it. All we'll need is a couple of Kanaka cops."

"You aren't going to call in Muldane?"

Brennan said, "That'll be the day, babe. When I call in Muldane to solve a simple little thing like a couple of murders." . . .

It was past two in the morning. Brennan came into the lobby of the hotel reeling. He knocked over a chair or two, turned on the radio at last, put it up to its highest pitch. He suddenly began singing, trying to drown the radio, which was impossible. He drank from a whisky bot-



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tle he held in his hand and kept singing. He heard doors slamming upstairs. Windy, from the second floor, yelled, "Shut up down there, you lout!"

"Listen!" Brennan belatedly. "I'll make all the damned noise I please, and I'd like to see a crippled old mother dog like you try to stop me. If a guy can't drink a little, then this is getting to be just one lousy kind of a dump—that's what it's getting to be!" He went on singing.

The houseman came out and said, "Mr. Brennan, will you please keep still. I'm an old man, and I must have my sleep."

"Salted nuts to you," said Brennan, "and to all your little children. Get your snout back in that room before I pull it off!"

The door slammed shut.

Brennan went on singing. Everyone in the place must be awake by now, he thought. His hand rose and fell. It went through this motion twice.

MYRNA came in through the front door breathless. "Dick," she said. "Dick—I've just found out something terrible!"

"You aren't going to become a—"

"Be serious, Dick!"

"Oh, I'm serious all right, babe," he said in a loud voice. "Confide in Daddy's ear. Honest, cross my heart, I won't breathe it to a living soul."

"Dick, you're drunk!"

"I'm sober," he said.

"But it's about the murders."

"What murders?"

"The murders of Bill Spaulding and my father."

"They've been murdered?" He was making it pretty plain.

"You know they've been murdered. I've just found out what's behind it."

"What?"

"I mean I know who did it." She was talking loud now, also, as though she were hysterical.

"Who? I'll get the marines!"

"But, Dick—oh, darling, can't you understand what I'm trying to tell you?"

"Honey, baby," he said, "if you've got something to tell me, come on and sit on my lap and tell me, but don't be running around the room like a chicken that's lost its tail feather."

"Oh, go to your room," she said.

"You're impossible."

"I don't want to go to my room"

"Please," she said; "for me."

"That's better," he replied. "Anyway, I'm getting sleepy."

"Go on," she said. "Go on upstairs."

He rose, and swayed toward the stairs. He grabbed the banister. "I'm on my way," he said. "Don't push. Anything I hate is to have somebody shoving me when I climb a ladder. It's terrible. It gets me madder than all hell. You'd think a guy couldn't go to topside under his own steam. I don't know what this Navy's coming to, people shoving you around. I don't think I'll ship over next time. I think I'll go out on the outside and dig ditches for a living." He was at the top of the stairs. "It's a cinch no ditch-digger would shove you around, cause you'd have a shovel in your hand and wallop him one on top of his head if he did. I think we'd have a better Navy if it was exactly like the WPA. That's what I think, if anybody wants to ask me."

He went into his room and slammed the door. He waited. . . .

Myrna stood in the middle of the room for a moment. A shiver ran through her. The show so far had gone off swell. But from now on she had to go through her part alone. She walked over and turned off the radio. The room was empty, but she heard a room door opening upstairs. She acted as if she hadn't heard it, and lifted the receiver of the telephone off its hook.

"I want the police," she said, "the Honolulu police."

Eternity seemed to close in on her as she waited. She heard footsteps above her in the hall. She knew that she mustn't look up, but she trembled, because she knew death stood over her head. If anything went wrong now she'd never live to know it. She was strangely aware that the wind outside had increased, and she could hear the canvas flapping on the French door.

She waited another instant. There was a click on the telephone. She stalled, and said, "I want to speak to Mr. Muldane." All the time she wanted to step back where she would be protected. She wanted to look up and see the killer.

Then it came. There was the crashing sound of a shot. The bullet went three feet wide of her. In the next minute she looked up, to see Brennan struggling with Mackay. The blond-haired base radioman was holding a gun and Brennan was trying to disarm him. They fought to the head of the stairs. The Kanaka police, who had been waiting in the dining-room, rushed out and started up the stairs. Just then Mackay and Brennan tumbled down the stairs, fighting, looked about each other.

Myrna felt almost faint, but when she next looked Brennan was getting up, his face cut and bleeding, and he was jerking Mackay to his feet. Doors were opening upstairs. Ensign Moore rushed down in his bathrobe. Bertha Martin came in only her nightgown. Windy came out in pajamas, hobbling along on his crutches. The houseman peeked out from his room, then joined the rest.

THE Kanaka cops grabbed Mackay and held him. Mackay was looking at and through Myrna.

Brennan said, "You can take her, too," and he nodded his head toward Bertha Martin.

"Her?"

"Accomplice, I guess you'd call it," Brennan said. "I just picked up one little clue and put all the rest together. Common knowledge and fact. I dare say if you search her bags you'll find enough to prove at least that she's a spy."

Bertha Martin started for the stairs. One of the Hawaiians grabbed her.

She spat at Brennan. "I'll kill you for this. If Al were alive—"

"That's where you slipped, sister, and slipped bad. You gave the whole thing away. You thought Muldane was getting one sweet line on me and that I'd be hung for the rap, so just to help it along you had to add what you did about Al saying there was a suspicious-looking torpedoman aboard. I began thinking then. There was only one Al on the whole damn ship, and he was the Filipino messboy and he had a wife in Frisco."

"That doesn't prove a thing," said Mackay.

Myrna moved past Mackay almost blindly. She stood for a moment in front of Bertha Martin; then she said, "You

mean to say that all those hours I consoled you—all that time I spent listening to your hysterics about Al—that it was all faking on your part? That it was an act—that there is no Al?"

Bertha Martin said, "Get away from me—a long ways away from me. I don't want to see you!"

"I shouldn't think you would!"

"She put on a pretty good show, didn't she, babe?" said Brennan. "But she's in the last act now, with the curtain hanging right over her head, and she knows it!"

Mackay shouted, "Because there was no Al on the S-14—just because—" he faltered. "I still say that doesn't prove a thing!"

"No," Brennan snapped, "but it got me thinking. And witnesses just saw that little murder caper you tried to pull. When Bertha tipped her hand because she was so anxious to hang me, and when Moore—ah, Mr. Moore—mentioned about the murders tying up with the submarine accident, I put the whole thing together."

"As a radioman here at the base you were a spy, Mackay, or working for them. That's how you got the confidential information about where the S-14 was to dive, and relayed it to your outfit. They went to the spot at night and dumped the wreckage there. You had it soft, and you hung around here a lot because it was a good place for you to meet your agents, to get your orders, to dispatch your information. You were the only guy I could figure for that, but I let you walk into the murder trap just so there couldn't be any doubt about it."

BRENNAN turned to Myrna. "The stinker made a play for you, and he was such a disarming guy that you took a liking to him. But just before the S-14 accident Bertha Martin arrived—on the pretext she was married to a guy on the 14 and was waiting for him—to help work with Mackay. This Bill Spaulding, the Navy Yard workman, must have tumbled to them. He must have overheard them talking or something, so Mackay had to kill him. And here's the pay-off. Mackay knew you hated Spaulding, so he fixed it so it looked like you killed him! Nice kind of pal, wasn't he?"

"The rest I admit I got from Muldane," Brennan went on. "He did drop a few things out. Your father, Myrna, found the corpse of Spaulding and naturally thought you had killed him, in a fit of anger or in self-defense. So, to protect you, he hastily brought the body down the stairs here and hid it. That must be the way it is, because Muldane saw it that way, and I do, and that's the only explanation for the body being hidden. Mackay here would have left the corpse at your door. It was your father who took it away."

"The next day your father must have talked to you about Spaulding being missing and—"

"He did," she said.

"—and when he saw from your expression you knew nothing about the murder he still didn't tell you, not wanting to upset you. Anyway, he wasn't guilty of any crime except that of moving a corpse. But he began looking around and trying to figure the thing out for himself. If he had called in the police then, he figured, circumstances would still point toward you, and the fact that he had moved the corpse

would stand against both you and him. So, because he did think the body was safely hidden, he tried to get some kind of a lead on the murder before calling in the cops. It was doing this, getting wise to Mackay, that forced Mackay to kill him, too."

"Yeah?" said Mackay. "Well, there was no blood on my hands when I came down to supper."

"Easy," snapped Brennan. "Only a cluck like Muldane would fail to see through that, and maybe he didn't, either; maybe just talked big to scare me. The fact stands that the murder instrument had disappeared. Well, the gloves you wore when you killed Commander Baker you hid somewhere along with the razor. That's why you didn't have blood on your hands."

"You can't prove a damn thing against me," Mackay said, but his face was very white.

"I'm not going to try. The setup is simple. If you think your past work can stand investigation, okay. I personally know that it can't. In the end it'll come out, because, as Muldane says, they have ways of making punks talk."

Bertha Martin suddenly shouted at Mackay, "I knew you'd bungle everything, you fool! I knew they shouldn't have taken you on!" She struggled wildly in the arms of the Hawaiian.

Brennan turned to Myrna: "You can call Muldane now. Then call the Naval Intelligence."

She nodded. . . .

THE lobby was empty and Myrna sat behind the bar with her chin in her hands. Sunshine splashed into the room, and through the French doors she could see Pearl Harbor. It was alive with activity. Sailors hurried past the hotel. There were crowds at the air base, a mob at the submarine docks. Myrna sat there and watched as Squadron V-7 took off, one plane after the other.

Windy hobbled in from the porch. He adjusted himself on his crutches; then he looked up as Ensign Moore came down the steps with a bag in his hand. The young officer put down his bag and took off his horn-rimmed glasses and polished them. He put the glasses back on and started for the door. But he turned. Windy had been watching him.

"So long, you old windbag," Ensign Moore said.

"So long, spy-crazy. I hope they give you hell."

"They won't," Moore said.

"Well," said Windy, "it's a shame the fleet has to go. Burning up oil and taxpayers' money, and taking a lot of guys away from home. It's a dirty, crying shame, and I'm glad I haven't anything to do with it." He pulled out a handkerchief and blew his nose. "I wish I were going with you, sir," he said.

"I know you do," said Moore.

"It's these gams of mine," Windy went on. "If they weren't so damned twisted up maybe I could do something or other. But I can't. All I'll do is sit here and rot. It's you guys that'll have the fun."

"Maybe I'll write you a card, Windy."

"I wish you would. Honest, I wish you would. And listen. Be sure to go to the Palace Bar. There's a woman there named Mabel. I always told her I was going to come back and marry her some time and

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take her out of the place. She's half Kanaka, but she's not a bad sort. You might like her. We were—no kidding—going to get shackled up and have a bunch of half-whacky little brats running up and down the beach. We were going to live on fish and fruit and sunshine. That was a dopey thing to think about, wasn't it? But I used to look forward to it. I guess I'm lucky I got out of it. But drop in and see her anyway, if you get time, and if they give you any shore leave."

"I'll do that, Windy." Ensign Moore looked toward Myrna. "Good-by," he said. "Good-by," she answered.

Moore turned then and went out, the door slamming behind him. Windy stood there with his back to Myrna, leaning on his crutches and watching. He blew his nose again, then he hobbled into the dining-room so that he was out of sight. There was the sound of a bugle now: *ta de da de da de da; ta de da de da; ta de da de da de da, da de da; da da a*—this and the shrill blast of the first submarine backing down its dock. She sat there behind the bar like a mute.

THERE was a sound on the steps. She looked and saw Brennan coming down. He was in his tight-fitting dress whites, with his hat shoved to the front of his head. He had his sea bag slung over his shoulder. Myrna felt her heart suddenly crashing. She came out from behind the bar.

He put the bag down.

"You're not going?" she said.

He was looking toward the harbor. "I've got to, kid."

"But you've got your discharge now. You've got leave and—"

"I canceled both. I'm due aboard the S-27."

She felt faint. "But—"

"It's a submarine," he said, and he lit a cigarette.

She looked at his back. "I won't let you go. I'll be alone. You can't go away now. Don't you remember all those things you said? You said you wanted to go out and live. You were tired of being pushed around and living like sheep and going place after place."

"I know."

"Then why do you change? Have you no mind or will of your own? You say you hate the Navy, and yet you run when you hear a bugle. Is it a fever? Does the sight of a ship in the harbor make you want to give up your life and the love in your life?"

"I don't know," he said bleakly.

Her fists were tight. "Then why *don't* you know? Why don't you—?"

He turned around. "Listen, honey. I haven't got any argument at all. I just don't know what to say. If you think I'm a heel—well—" He shrugged and looked past her. "When I said I hated the Navy I was talking big because I'd seen a glimpse of death and I was bitter. That's all. It's left me now."

She turned and was crying.

He came up and caught her elbows. "Listen. A lot of guys died on the S-14, and I kind of got a feeling that those guys don't want me to run away."

He turned her around and took her hands away from her face. He picked her up and carried her over to the bar and sat her on it. "Come on, babe. You've been around the Navy long enough to know what it is. I'll be back. They probably won't keep us

there more than a couple of months, then I'll be back and around this place so much you'll get sick of seeing me." He held her hands. "Get it straight, sweetheart—the moment I get back we're going to run off and get spiced and—"

He suddenly pulled her down in his arms and kissed her. She clung to his shoulders, kissing his face and neck. Outside, she saw a cloud pass across the sun.

"You'll write?"

"Every day, peanut," he said. "Every day of your sweet life."

THE sound of another submarine whistle penetrated the hotel walls; there was again the call of the bugle; and faintly they could hear the Navy band as it began to play *Auld Lang Syne*. He picked up his sea bag and threw it across his shoulder, then he leaned down and kissed her again. He moved across the room to the door, stood there for a moment, and waved. Then he was gone.

She went around behind the bar and sat on the stool. Wind had come up. Another submarine sounded off. Planes were skipping across the water and taking off. Squadron V-8. She sat there at the bar and watched. It began to rain.

She remained sitting there, watching the submarines move past in the harbor, one after the other in bleak procession. It was pouring rain now. The houseman came out and released the storm canvas. He stooped and secured the canvas to the pegs. Then he made the rounds, closing the windows and doors, and at last he went back to his room.

She sat there in the darkness, hearing the patter of rain.



BUZZ *Meets a* MAMMOTH

(Continued from page 41)

diatribes against bread. Why, bread is the staff of life."

Buzz seemed to ponder for a moment, his brow furrowed.

"How about me taking Abber down to the Y. M. C. A. tonight?" he suggested. "Give him a little exercise in the gym, meet the fellows, listen to lectures—all that kind of stuff. Swim, read books. Learn how to influncce people. The old triangle—mental, moral, *physical*! Make him a member, join him up."

I caught Buzz's vision. I was surprised and pleased with his thought. Buzz had

seemed indifferent to the Y recently. I did utter one word of caution: "You're not going to teach Abercrombie to play billiards?"

Buzz chuckled. "We won't touch a cue, Rev," he promised.

"About the membership fee," I suggested with some embarrassment.

"I'll take the rap on that, Rev," said Buzz cheerfully. "The way I been moving hair tonic these last two weeks ain't nobody's business."

I complimented him on his industry, and expressed the hope that Abercrombie would like the atmosphere at the Association.

Thereafter Buzz and Abercrombie went to the Y. M. C. A. every evening. I con-

fess that my good wife and I were rather relieved to see them go. Dinner was always difficult. Buzz had taken to encouraging Abercrombie in his trenchering. "Take a little more of that goulash, Abber. You ain't ate nothing yet." Or, "Finish off that Virginia batter bread, Abber. No wheat in that, pure corn meal." Their stubborn hostility toward wheat became almost tiresome. It verged on un-Christian intolerance.

But when they left the house after dinner my good wife and I always forgave them. We used to pull back the curtains and watch them as they walked off together in the dusk—bowlegged little Buzz, talking and gesturing, taking two steps for every ponderous stride of our hulking, reticent nephew. How could we be angry with those two diverse yet goodhearted creatures?

THE screaming, so far as I can now recall, did not begin until a month or so after Buzz and Abercrombie began frequenting the Y. M. C. A. "Screaming" does not precisely describe it. Sometimes I think of it as a kind of roaring shudder.

The sound also contained elements of the groan and the whimper.

I first heard it one night in March. I had retired at ten o'clock. About eleven, Buzz and Abercrombie came in, returning, as I assumed, from the Y. M. C. A. I heard

them make their usual locustlike visit to the icebox. Then their footfalls sounded on the stairs. Buzz went to his little room on the second floor back; Abercrombie climbed to his room in the attic.

Half an hour later, still restless and wakeful because of his financial worries, I became hungry. Rising quietly so as not to disturb my good wife, I walked down the hall to the stairs. I was about to descend when I heard a sound which curdled my blood. It came from above. For a moment I was transfixed. Then I darted up the stairs, and flung open the heavy door to Abercrombie's room.

The light was on. Clad in his tentlike nightgown, the great boy lay on the floor, his face contorted in a dreadful grimace. His eyes were closed, and from between his bared teeth issued the wailing, gurgling, groaning shriek.

"Abercrombie!" I cried.

He sat up, as though dazed at first. Then he blushed, and smiled, actually smiled. "It's nothing, Uncle," he said.

I pleaded with him, begged him to tell me all, but he just shook his head. He denied that he was suffering from ptomaine poisoning or appendicitis. He denied that any outside threat or terror shadowed his life. At last I tucked him tenderly into bed and left him with a heavy heart.

THE next day, still troubled, I told Buzz what had occurred.

He listened quite calmly, puffing one of his vile cigars. "What did it sound like, Rev?" he asked.

"I am at a loss to describe it," I admitted.

"Forget about it, Rev," said Buzz. "Prob'ly just a little nightmare. Maybe it's what the boys might call a flying nightmare." (Buzz seemed to choke for a moment over his cigar.) "Anyway, don't you worry. You got too much to worry you now, with zhem church finances. You leave that kid to me."

I really have great faith in Buzz, and I was comforted. His next question rather puzzled me, though.

"Would you call Abber a platinum blond?" he inquired.

"He is strikingly deficient in pigmentation," I said. "He is almost an albino."

"Albino . . . albino," Buzz repeated. "That's the word I wanted, Rev."

"What are you talking about?" I inquired with some irritation.

"How much you in the red with the church, Rev?" rejoined Buzz, irrelevantly.

Brought back to my own troubles, I could not suppress a sigh. "Deeply, my good Buzz," I said. "The pressing obligations are the notes which come due this summer. They amount to nearly four thousand dollars and threaten our very existence. I see no light ahead. The well-to-do members of the vestry have washed their hands of me. They say I have been pampering the poor. They say relief is now purely a government concern. They say—they say I have no more business sense than a—fly."

Buzz was now really concerned. His protruding lower lip trembled and his prominent eyes peered at me anxiously. "If them silk hats try to bounce you," he said, "the boys from the back streets will stage a riot. They'll have to call out the Army."

"Terrible, terrible, Buzz. Don't even

MUTT AND JEFF

—by Bud Fisher



It is lack of "bulk" in the diet that so often causes common constipation! And "bulk" doesn't mean the amount you eat—but a kind of food that supplies the soft, "bulky" mass you need to aid



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think of such a thing. I would rather die."

Buzz stood up. "It won't come to that, Rev. We'll fix it some way."

The spring wore on toward summer. Sometimes, during the night, I heard faintly that weird cry of Abercrombie's. I came to regard it as merely a deplorable idiosyncrasy. He and Buzz still went regularly to the Y. M. C. A. in the evenings, sometimes returning quite late. On two or three occasions Abercrombie's face had a queer look, as if it had been sandpapered lightly. Buzz said the boy "scraped it in a dive." I urged my nephew to dive feet first, a practice which I followed as a boy. He said he would try to be careful.

As I look back now, it seems to me that I was almost obtuse. But, truly, my self-absorption in financial worries blinded me to the problems of others. My good wife was so disturbed about me that she paid little attention to the doings of Buzz and her nephew.

Financial matters were becoming desperate, though twice I was tided over by events which seemed providential. About the middle of May a little envelope containing two \$100 bills turned up in the collection plate. The gentleman who took up the collection could not remember who placed the envelope in the plate. Early in June it happened again. This time the envelope contained six \$100 bills. These generous and mysterious benefactions met current obligations, but of course left outstanding the crucial notes for \$3,500 due at the end of June.

ONE evening in the latter part of June my good wife and I went out to pay some calls. We told Buzz and Abercrombie, who remained at home that night, that we would return at about 10:30. Several of those we called upon were out, so we returned to the parsonage earlier than we had expected.

As we approached we saw a group of our neighbors huddled apprehensively in front of the house, and as I hurried up I realized the cause of their fear. Through the windows of the living-room, open to the warm, spring night, came that hair-raising cry of Abercrombie's, more dreadful than ever before. As I paused, doubting what to do, there was the sound of a siren, and Officer Casey arrived on his motorcycle. I was glad it was he, because he is an old friend of mine. He often leaves his motorcycle in the side yard of the parsonage when he goes to call upon a comely domestic who works next door.

"I'm sure it's nothing serious, Officer," I said with as much calm as I could muster.

"I'll come in with you, Doctor," he said.

We tiptoed up to the front door, went

in quietly, and from the darkness of the hallway peered cautiously into the living-room.

Abercrombie lay upon the floor, writhing, groaning, and wailing most horribly. And then, even more upsetting, I saw Buzz. He reclined at ease in my old armchair, calmly puffing a cigar, smiling slightly, and watching the tortured figure on the floor with every evidence of critical approval. I gave an involuntary exclamation. Abercrombie jumped from the floor and Buzz started up from the chair. They both wore an expression which I can best describe as sheepish. I begged Officer Casey to leave this matter to me, and he departed, wagging his index finger in a circular motion at his right temple.

The time had come for action. I took Buzz into my study, sat him down opposite me, and looked at him with earnest inquiry. He squirmed uneasily.

"The kid must of fell asleep on the floor and had a bad dream," he croaked evasively.

"No more of that, Theodore," I admonished him. "This is serious. Unless you can explain, of course I must send Abercrombie back to his family, by the first train tomorrow. As for you—"

"Don't send him home tomorrow, Rev.," pleaded Buzz. "Let him stay one more week. Don't louse things up at the last minute. By Friday evening, I swear, you'll have the low-down on everything. We're saving it for a surprise for you. And don't worry about Abber—the kid's a wonder."

At dinner on Friday evening I noticed that Abercrombie did not eat as heavily as usual. Buzz explained to my wife that he and Abercrombie were taking me out on "some church business." Privately he told me that if I would come along he would "clear up the yammer."

The three of us left the house about nine o'clock, took the streetcar to the other side of town, and got out at the huge Sports Arena. We entered a side door. In the

hallway Abercrombie excused himself. Buzz and I climbed to the second floor and entered a room marked "Office," where a florid, heavy-lidded man sat at a desk.

"This is Mr. Greasy Gordon, the wrestling promoter," explained Buzz.

"Glad to meet you, Reverend," said Mr. Gordon, giving me a limp, damp hand.

"Greasy, here, he's gonna make a little contribution to your church, Rev.," said Buzz.

I was surprised. Mr. Gordon did not look like a devout or benevolent man.

"All right, Greasy," said Buzz. "Lay the money on the line."

"I'll send it around to the Reverend in the morning," said Mr. Gordon.

"None of that, Greasy," said Buzz sharply. "Lay it on the line."

THIS peremptory haste impressed me as quite unseemly. "Tomorrow morning will be quite all right, Mr. Gordon," I said. "Aw, Rev.," protested Buzz, but I silenced him with a gesture. As I started to renew my thanks, an usher came in and said, "Main bout going on in five minutes." Buzz led me, still puzzled, through a series of hallways and into the vast arena. An usher took us to two seats quite near this "ring."

As I tried to adjust my eyes to the glare I heard an announcer hoarsely introducing the "un-de-feated champion, Joe Borg." The crowd cheered. Mr. Borg was a dark-haired, not bad-looking fellow, broad and superbly muscled. Then, in a kind of daze, I heard the announcer rumbling on:

"... and the mysterious and merciless Minnesota mammoth, the Albino Assassin!" And there, scowling savagely at the crowd, which booed lustily, stood my nephew Abercrombie. I started to my feet, but Buzz pulled me back.

"Take it easy, Rev.," he said. "The kid can take care of himself."

That was quickly apparent. Abercrombie went after his opponent so roughly that I was concerned for Mr. Borg's safety.

Indeed, the referee found it necessary to caution my nephew repeatedly, but Abercrombie just glared at the official and bared his teeth. He seemed determined to kill Mr. Borg. Again and again he pulled Mr. Borg over his back and flung him violently to the canvas. ("The flying mare," explained Buzz calmly.) He held Mr. Borg in the air, whirled him rapidly around, and threw him nearly across the ring. ("The airplane spin," commented Buzz. "It gets the guy so dizzy he can't set himself for the fall.") He got Mr. Borg's head between his knees.

"That head scissors is what raises the cauliflowerers on a pachyderm's ears," chuckled Buzz.



"He says he lost his wife, his home, his job, his courage, his self-respect, his money, and a little brown dog answering to the name of 'Spot!'"

Dave Gerard

But I was becoming much concerned. "Abercrombie's attitude seems positively unsporting," I said.

"He don't mean nothing by it, Rev.," said Buzz. "In this wrassling racket they got to have heroes and villains. That Borg, he's a hero type. Our Abber, he's cast for a villain. He's the best villain they found for years. The crowd hates him. Listen to them boo! He'll take this first fall; see? Then Borg will turn around and begin to punish Abber, for the next two falls."

"You mean the wrestling match is pre-arranged?" I asked.

"Sure. Greasy Gordon wants to give the customers a good show. If you let these pachyderms level, it might take all night for a fall."

"Isn't that a deception upon the audience?" I asked.

"Naw! They know it's fixed. It makes the customers feel good. They tell each other it is fixed, and prove to themselves they are wise guys. . . . Look! Now Borg's gonna begin to punish our Abber."

The crowd was shouting for my nephew's life. "Kill that Albino!" they roared. "Pull his legs off!" With a quick twist, Mr. Borg had taken a position on the small of the back of my nephew, who lay face down on the canvas. Gripping Abercrombie's feet, he pulled his legs backward with a kind of rowing motion. Buzz described it as a double toe hold.

Abercrombie, in apparent agony, his face contorted, now let loose with his dreadful cry. It seemed to electrify the crowd, who rose shouting to their feet.

I STARTED toward the ring, determined to intervene, but Buzz pulled me back by the coat-tails. "Borg ain't really hurting him," he explained. "That's part of Abber's act. The crowd loves it. It's the yammer that packs them in. There ain't nobody in the whole grunt-and-groan racket who can yammer like Abber. That's what he gets paid for."

"Paid?" I faltered.

"I'll say. This is his first bout in the big money. Greasy Gordon's paying him five grand—five thousand bucks for tonight, and that ain't hay. The kid won't touch the money—that goes to your church."

It was all a little too much for me. I sat through the rest of the contest in a kind of daze. Afterward Buzz and I went back to the dressing-room.

"Was that Joe Borg tough?" asked Buzz.

"No," said Abercrombie. "He's a very nice gentleman, but I'd hate to get him mad. He's real strong."

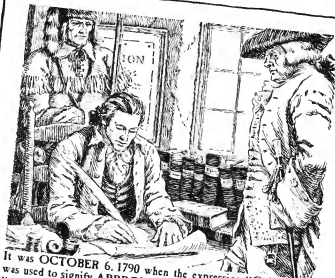
"Abber don't know his own strength," said Buzz proudly.

That night before we went to bed I had a long talk with Buzz. "As soon as I see that build and that appetite," he explained, "I had a hunch Abber was a born pachyderm—that's what Bill McGeehan used to call the wrasslers. So I take him down to the Y. They got a old instructor there—he used to be able to stand up with the best of them. Abber was scared at first, but pretty soon he begins to take to wrassling like a duck to water."

"One night the instructor gets a hammer lock on Abber and really hurts him. The kid lets out a yell that is the damndest—excuse me, Rev—the doggonedest yammer I ever hear. Then I know we got something. I coached him up on that yammer, and took him around to see Greasy Gor-

FACTS BEHIND OUR HUMAN CUSTOMS . . .

When we APPROVE we say O.K. Why?



It was OCTOBER 6, 1790 when the expression "O. K." first was used to signify APPROVAL. On that date Andrew Jackson "proved a bill-of-sale, WHICH WAS O. K." in the court records of Sumner County, Tennessee. Probable source of the expression is the Choctaw word OKEH, meaning: "It is so and in no other way." Today dictionaries recognize this customary expression for showing APPROVAL as a part of our language. This is another

HERE'S ANOTHER CUSTOM BASED ON FACT:



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don. After his first prelin he begins pulling them in at the gate. But we agreed, Abber and me, that every cent we make goes to you. The kid did it all for you, Rev. That money in the blank envelopes, the two hundred and the six hundred, come from his early bouts. He gets to be such a drawing card that I'm able to get five grand for the big bout tonight with Joe Borg."

"You know, Buzz," I said, as kindly as I could, "that I can never let him enter the professional wrestling ring again. What his mother, Althea, will say I cannot imagine. As for the money he has earned, I don't know whether I can accept it for the church. I must think it over."

Buzz looked hurt. "Remember them folks in the back streets, Rev.," he said.

During the night I, too, wrestled—with my conscience.

IN THE morning, still undecided and with great misgivings, I disclosed the entire situation to my good wife, on whose judgment I always finally rely. To my surprise she seemed quite undisturbed.

"I knew that nephew of mine had good stuff in him," she said crisply. "You ought to be proud of him, and of Mr. Thwing, too. As for your doubts about taking the money for the church—nonsense, my dear."

I could have leaped for joy. All my doubts resolved, we enjoyed a festive breakfast at the parsonage. I joined Buzz in pressing greater helpings on Abercrombie, who beamed with quiet pleasure. We called up Mr. Blum and had the boy excused from his Saturday duties. All morning we sat around, discussing how we would pay the debts, and have enough left over to aid several needy families.

Shortly before lunch I noticed that Buzz was worrying about something. "Say," he exclaimed, "where's that five grand Greasy Gordon promised to send around here first thing in the morning?" He went to the telephone, and returned in a few minutes muttering to himself.

"You know what that rat Gordon says?" he exclaimed. "He says he won't pay us the five grand unless Abber signs up with him for a three-year contract. Says he can't let a drawing card like that get away from him."

"Impossible!" I said.

My good wife echoed me. "Sue him," she said.

"But I ain't got no written contracts or witnesses," groaned Buzz. "That Greasy is slippery as an eel, Rev. I should of made him lay it on the line last night."

At luncheon we were all deeply depressed. Abercrombie, for the first time since I had known him, refused a third helping of Irish stew. My usual facility for finding an apt word from the Scriptures failed me utterly. Buzz's cheerful croak was stifled.

A few minutes later I heard the front door slam. At first, brooding sadly over my desert of floating island, I paid no attention to the sound. Perhaps five minutes passed before that slam of the door suddenly rang out in my mind with the tragic portent of a pistol shot. I remembered the look on Buzz's face as he left the table.

I rushed from the room, bounded up the stairs, pulled out the bottom drawer of my dresser, and looked for Buzz's revolver. It was gone. The truth sprang into my mind in a horrid flash. Buzz had gone to force

our rights from Gordon in the only way he knew how. Foolish, reckless, loyal Buzz, risking prison walls, perhaps even putting his head into a noose, for his pals. And through my fault—through my weak, silly action in letting Gordon postpone payment.

The next thing I knew I was rushing hatless down the parsonage steps, shouting, "Taxi! Taxi! Taxicab!"

There was no taxicab. The street was deserted. And Gordon's office two miles away. Half distracted, my eye lighted, with a wild surmise, on Officer Casey's motorcycle standing in the yard. I hesitated. My mind went back to childhood's happy hour—had Buzz ever failed to defend me then? I leaped astride the machine, jiggled the starter, and roared away down Jackson Avenue.

I had not ridden a motorcycle since my days at the seminary, but the feel of the machine came back to me quickly.

The avenue was crowding up with vehicles. So I let go with the siren. The first loudness of it almost unseated me with terror. Then, as the scream soared, and the streets cleared before me like magic, and I opened the throttle wider, a kind of mad exultation swept over me. A sinful pleasure, perhaps, but I have promised here to tell the whole truth. At the same time I feel sure the police exaggerate when they say I passed the First National Bank at 80 miles an hour.

ALMOST before I knew it I was skidding up to the curb in front of Gordon's office. I took a slight tumble as I stopped, but was unharmed save for some small abrasions of my face. As I arose I saw Buzz vanishing into the doorway.

"Wait, Buzz—stop!" I shouted.

"Where's the fire, Rev?" he inquired. "Thought I heard the engines."

"That was I, Theodore," I said. "Don't evade. You know why I am here. Give me that gun."

He looked at me appealingly. "I ain't gonna use it, Rev. Honest. It ain't even loaded."

"Give me that gun!" I commanded.

Buzz, slowly and yet as though with inner relief, handed it over. Having no pocket large enough for the formidable weapon, I tucked it in my belt and buttoned my clerical vest over it snugly to conceal it.

"Now," said Buzz, "I'll go up and tackle that big welsher with my bare fists."

"You will do nothing of the sort," I said sternly. "I will call upon him, myself, alone, and see what can be done by gentle, brotherly, Christian persuasion. You, Buzz, go at once to the nearest traffic policeman. Tell him that I have borrowed Officer Casey's motorcycle, that I take full responsibility, and that I will wait upon Chief of Police Hummel later this afternoon with a full explanation. Hurry, now."

Buzz scurried off, and I, with some misgivings, mounted the stairs to the office of Mr. Greasy Gordon. I was glad to find him alone.

I fancied that I entered with becoming dignity, but Gordon stared at me as though there were something unusual in my appearance.

"You all right, Reverend?" he inquired, with an uneasy obsequiousness. "You look kind of strange, kind of wild."

I was determined to be friendly. "We are brothers, Mr. Gordon," I said.

"You ain't off your rocker, eh, Reverend?"

"I fell off no rocker," I retorted. "I merely took a tumble from a motorcycle. About this five grand thousand dollars, the true question is: Where are you going to spend eternity? This life is not all, Brother. Your life, for example. How do you know when it may end? You are as grass. You can be cut down in the twinkling of an eye."

My exertions had been greater than I realized. Almost dizzy with heat and fatigue, I unbuttoned my vest.

"I seek to persuade you out of sheer kindness," I started to resume, when I noticed that my brotherly approach had worked upon him with remarkable effect. His mottled face had grown suddenly gray.

"A persuader," he murmured, as if amazed. Then he straightened up, smiled wanly, and the color began to return to his face. "O. K., Reverend. You win."

He opened the safe behind him and counted out \$5,000, the largest sum of money I have ever seen in cash. As he counted, I realized with a shock that Buzz's revolver had been exposed to view when I opened my vest. I covertly buttoned my vest again, fearing that if Gordon saw the weapon he might misunderstand its presence upon my person. I feel sure he did not see it—that is, practically sure. It would trouble me deeply if I believed that the sight of a weapon might, conceivably, possibly—but no; such thoughts are absurd. Surely, the eager politeness with which Mr. Gordon handed over the money must dispel any such unkind fantasy.

Leaving his office, I went directly to the bank, where I deposited the money. Then I called upon Chief of Police Hummel and told him the entire story. For some reason my account of my friendly interview with Mr. Gordon amused him grossly. At the end he said, "I think you'd better let me take that gun, Doctor. Bad thing to have a gun in the same house with the Bullfrog. But, to show you what I think of everything you've done, I'm going to send you home in my car, with a motorcycle escort."

THERE is little more to tell. With an affectionate leave-taking, we put my massive and kindly nephew on the train and sent him back to Minnesota. With the passing weeks, I am sorry to say that we have had no word from my sister-in-law, Althea. I fear she is offended.

But yesterday Buzz opened a letter at the breakfast table, and yipped with excited pleasure.

"It's from Abber!" he said. "He's gonna marry the girl! Listen! He meets up with this big Gopher fullback who took his girl away from him. This big apple-knocker starts kidding Abber about hating wheat and liking flowers. Abber grabs him, slings him down with three flying mares, then picks him up, gives him the airplane spin, and t'rows him fifteen feet over a fence into a pigsty. The girl sees the bout. I guess she figgers Abber ain't a momma's boy any more, and she hooks up with him again. Oh, boy, I'd 'a' liketa see that bout. No fix on that one."

Though I disapprove of all physical violence, I could not suppress a certain glow of satisfaction at the way Abercrombie had worked out his problem.

Cheerio!

(Continued from page 31)

ever since I can remember," Bill said. "I caught my first fish off her stern, on a bent pin with a line made of string. Of course, Sandy put it on the pin. He's gone to sea again and again, but he always comes back to the Sound and the little old boat."

He told her about the first time Sandy picked him up and set him on the stool in the pilothouse and let him take the wheel. About the cruises they'd made together. Then he said slowly, "This is my last cruise on the old boat. I'm selling her—if I can find a buyer."

"Oh, no. Must you do this?"

Then, of course, he told her about Kay. Of meeting her tomorrow when she arrived at Victoria with her father aboard their yacht. Of meeting her first at the Newport races. Of their coming marriage, and of his acceptance of a big, new job with a New York admiralty law firm.

"My father and mother are both gone," he said. "I've always wanted to establish my own office in Seattle, but I've never been able to scrape up enough money to put it over. Now this new job's come along. I suppose I'm fortunate, but I hate to sell the boat. I hate to think of Sandy on the beach."

"I know," Phyllis said. "It's just the kind of boat I've always wanted. I know how you feel about Sandy, too. But I suppose it's very silly to be so sentimental about these things."

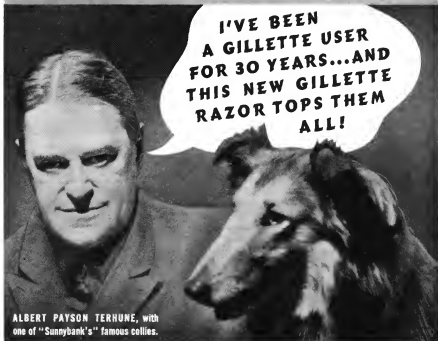
Yes, it was a nice evening. Finally, like all pleasant things, it ended. Bill explained that they were leaving early in the morning, and was there anything he could do for her in Victoria? Phyllis said yes, if it wasn't too much trouble, there were a few things she needed and couldn't buy at the village store. She gave him a list, and Sandy promised that if Bill forgot them, he wouldn't.

IN THE morning, when the anchor was up and they were ready to pull out, Bill took one last look shoreward. Captain Chalmers and Phyllis and the dog were on the beach to see them off. They waved and called, "Cheerio!" and Sandy waved, and Bill blew the siren. He hated to go off and leave them there growing smaller and smaller on the beach.

All the long cruise down the coast Bill kept his mind on Kay. In the inner harbor of Victoria he left Sandy and the old boat and rowed ashore.

At the hotel there was a telegram from Kay saying they would arrive in late afternoon, and wouldn't it be wonderful to be

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together again? Bill was walking up and down the causeway long before late afternoon, watching for the first sight of the yacht as it came around the bend. At last he saw it—long and white and shining—as different from his tubby old boat as a greyhound from a terrier. Just for a minute he was afraid. He wished Kay had turned out to be Kay Smith or Kay Jones instead of Kay Manning, whose father counted his money in seven figures. This was a real country—this Northwest of his—a country of red scows laden with silver fish, of the whine of saws, and the rumble of logging trucks. Would Kay like it?

When the yacht was in, the headline thrown and caught, and he saw Kay standing in the bow, his fear melted away like snow before the warm chinook. Of course she'd like it. No one was more gregarious than Kay, or more lovely.

She was first down the gangplank. She said, "Hello, there," a little shyly because they'd been apart so long, and then quickly, her words tumbling, "Oh, darling—you're just as nice as ever."

She laughed a bit shakily, and then she took her eyes from Bill long enough to look at the harbor and the Parliament buildings. "Oh, Bill— isn't this fun?"

IT WAS fun, all right, and so was showing her the town. She liked the flower baskets that hung from the street lamps. She poked into the china and silver shops like a curious puppy. She liked the hedges trimmed into queer shapes. She liked having dinner in the great hotel dining-room, solemn royalty staring down at them from the walls.

"Makes me feel positively baronial," she told Bill. "I think we'll have to build a big English house on that lot of ours outside New York."

"On what I'll make?" Bill asked.

"But, darling, of course. On what you make and quite a lot more."

"But, Kay, seriously. I think—"

Kay reached up and put two fingers on his lips, and said, "Ah-ah-ah-ah! No fights until after we're married."

The next morning Bill took Kay out to see the old boat and Sandy.

"You got the things on that list yet?" Sandy asked Bill after a while.

"Not yet, Sandy. I forgot all about them. Kay, you'll have to help me do a little shopping." Bill dug Phyllis's list out of his pocket. "Here we are. It's for an English girl," he explained. "We moored a couple of nights up the coast in an inlet off her beach, and she rowed out with milk and eggs."

"How quaint! Was she pretty?"

"I don't know. Sandy, was she pretty?"

"I don't know," Sandy said.

"What's the matter with you two? Come on—tell me about her."

"Well, there isn't much to tell, Kay. She lives a hundred and some miles up the coast in a little cottage near the beach. She saves driftwood, even saws some of it herself. Her father was crippled in the war."

"What kind of a line has she?" Kay asked.

"No line, Kay."

"Nonsense. Every girl has a line."

"This one hasn't."



"A woodland goddess in tweeds," Kay said.

Bill laughed. "In slacks," he corrected. "Shabby old ones. And a sweater."

They went shopping then. Bill bought the articles on his list, and Kay looked for old silver and found none that suited her. When they had finished it was too late for Bill to mail his packages that day, so he carried them back to the hotel.

"Presents for his English sweetheart," Kay told her father. "She saves driftwood and saws it herself. Isn't that something?"

Mr. Manning agreed that it was considerable, and asked Bill how he'd met her; and Bill told him about the girl—about the dinner in the cottage and the lovely old silver and china.

Kay listened quietly, asking question after question, and presently she suggested that if they took the yacht out in the morning for a cruise, why couldn't they drop by and deliver the packages?

"It's a big drop," Bill said doubtfully.

Kay said they had all day—hadn't they?—and, besides, she was interested.

IT WAS nice the next afternoon, rowing to the little beach again, this time with Kay. The dog came out to meet them, and from the trees came Phyllis, a trowel in one hand.

"How awfully nice," she said to Bill. He said, "Phyllis, this is Kay. We're delivering packages. But what we've come for really is—"

"Is a cup of tea," Phyllis said.

By the fire, the dog at his feet and Captain Chalmers and Kay off to a grand start, and Phyllis preparing tea, Bill felt happier than he'd ever felt in his life. Not a doubt. Not a cloud in his sky. He helped Phyllis carry in the old silver tray with its beautiful cups and saucers, its thin bread-and-butter sandwiches, its squat dish of jam.

Later he and Captain Chalmers rowed out to the yacht to join Mr. Manning in fishing, leaving the two girls at the little house. When he rowed Captain Chalmers ashore and helped him up the path to the door, it was to know at once that some-

thing was wrong. Phyllis was sitting on the hearth, the dog close at her feet. Kay was gone.

Phyllis didn't look at him. She poked at the fire, making the sparks fly, and she said in a voice very small and flat, "Miss Manning went for a walk. I think she took the road to the village."

Bill said, "Phyllis, is something wrong?"

She kept her face turned from him. "No. It's perfectly all right."

"What's all right?"

"Why, everything. She's lovely, Bill. She's beautiful. Tell Sandy good-by for me, and thanks awfully."

He was being dismissed. He told her and Captain Chalmers good-by and started down the path. When he looked back, she was standing in the door.

"Cheerio!" she called.

Then she went in and shut the door.

KAY was sitting on a log at the beach. She held a stick and was flipping pebbles toward the water. When she saw him, she straightened quickly. She looked excited. "Oh, Bill!" she said. "I wouldn't have missed it for anything."

"You liked it, Kay?"

"Liked it? Did you see those sconces?"

"Those what?"

"Scones, darling. Empire metal sconces. Did you see the old silver christening cup? And oh, Bill, did you see the highboy?"

"The what?"

"The Queen Anne highboy, darling. It's perfect. I've never seen one like it. It's a museum piece."

"Kay—you didn't—"

"No, I didn't. I was so excited, I was too abrupt. When you were telling Father about having dinner here, I had a hunch."

"But, Kay—"

"I know. I muddled it. Here they are—that nice, quaint girl and her father, obviously as poor as church mice—and I muddled it. I forgot her smug British pride. Bill—I could shake myself."

"I could shake you too, Kay."

"I know. I deserve it. I ought to have made some slow, subtle approach."

"Kay, wait—"

"But, darling, how can I wait? I waited for a Duncan Phyfe table once. I waited until the family died off, one by one. But this is different. I'll be too far away."

"Kay, these things are theirs. They've been in their family for generations. They like them, too. They feel about them as I feel about my old boat."

"But you're selling the boat."

"Yes," he said, "for you. To have money enough so that you and I can—"

"Exactly, and she'll sell, too. Look at her. Look at her hair. Look at her hands. Why, they don't even have electricity or any conveniences. Of course she'll sell them."

"Oh, no, she won't, Kay."

"But, Bill," Kay said patiently, "I want that highboy."

"You can't have what you want. Not this time, Kay. You haven't a chance. She'll never sell it to you. Never."

"She'll sell it to you, Bill," she said slowly. "Anybody can see she likes you."

"Kay, you're imagining things."

"Oh, no, I'm not. I knew it the minute I set eyes on her, and so would you, if you

weren't so stupid, darling. You could get it for me, Bill."

"Kay," he said, "I won't do it."

She walked to the rowboat and climbed in. On their way out to the yacht she didn't speak. She didn't look excited now. She looked like some lovely spoiled child who for the first time in her life is balked and she can't quite believe it. When they were aboard she walked to her stateroom, Bill following.

"I want that highboy," she said, "and I'm going to have it, too. After all I've done for you, you won't do this little thing. I'm sure when you've thought it over, Bill, you'll realize how absurdly stuffy you are."

She went in and shut the door, and she didn't come out all the way back to Victoria. She didn't come out after they arrived, sending word to Bill that she was spending the night on board.

Bill rowed over to the old boat and told Sandy all about it. "Maybe I could get the highboy," he said. "Maybe Kay's right. Perhaps Phyllis would sell it to me. But I won't do it, Sandy. I know how she feels about her things."

"And if you don't get it?" Sandy asked. "I'm beginning to see a lot of things, Sandy. I didn't get that job in the East on my own merits. Kay got it for me through her father. If I could sell the old boat, I'd stay. I'd set up my own office in Seattle, and Kay could stay with me—or not."

"You know what you're saying?"

"Yes."

"You get some sleep," Sandy told him. "Tomorrow don't go near Miss Manning. Let her alone. See?" . . .

BILL played golf all the next day by himself. He wandered over the greens, trying to tell himself that after she had thought it over Kay would relent, she would understand. But he knew it wasn't true. More than anything else Kay wanted her own way. More than his love for her.

In the late afternoon he went back to the hotel. There was a note from Kay. She was still on her father's yacht. Would he come over to dinner?

She was waiting for him on deck. She slipped her arm through his. "Come into the lounge, Bill," she said. "I want to show you something."

He walked with her into the lounge. There stood the highboy.

"So you got it," Bill said slowly.

"But of course I got it."

"You went back and bought it."

"No, I didn't. I knew she'd never sell it to me. I—well, Bill—I sent Sandy."

"He wouldn't go. Not Sandy."

"But he did go. I promised him a commission, and he went. Sandy's smart. So is that girl, with all her looking so naïve. She made him pay a whale of a price."

Bill said, "Kay, Sandy's loyalty means more to me than anything I've ever had, and now you've destroyed it."

"Bill, wait. Where are you going?"

"I'm going to find him and give him the worst licking he ever had."

"What do you care about Sandy? You're leaving Sandy. You're going East."

"I'm not going East, Kay."

"You expect me to live out here? In this country?" Kay laughed. "I won't. I'll never do it. Bill, you're mad."

"No, Kay, I'm wise."


She took off his ring and handed it to him. "I don't care," she cried shrilly. "I



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don't care one bit. I can't do a thing with you, Bill Dewey. You want your own way. That's all you want. And I want mine. You can stay, and I'm glad of it."

He rowed very slowly over to the old boat. Sandy was standing in the bow, smoking his pipe.

"Sandy," Bill said, "let me get this straight. Did Kay come over here this morning and ask you to get that highboy away from Phyllis?"

"That's right, Bill."

"But you knew I wouldn't want you to do it?"

"Reckon I did, Bill."

"Kay promised you a commission, and you took it?"

"Sure, I took it. Glad to do it."

"Sandy, as soon as I tie up this rowboat, I'm coming up there and give you a whaling."

"That so?" Sandy said.

"You went over there and bamboozled Phyllis into selling that highboy?"

"I wouldn't say I bamboozled her, Bill. She was willing. You see—there was something she wanted more."

"What?" Bill demanded.

"This boat. She's bought her, Bill. She's bought me along with her. I told her she couldn't have the boat without me. She's taking delivery right away. As a matter of fact, if you'd stop being mad long enough to use your nose, you'd notice something different around here." Sandy took his pipe out of his mouth, and sniffed. "Smells like roast beef and Yorkshire pudding to me," he said. "You better drop into the galley. Maybe she'll ask you to dinner."

BILL pushed the rowboat around the side, tied it to the stern, and swung himself over the rail and down the ladder into the galley.

Phyllis was standing over the oil stove. She said, "I knew you wouldn't need her any more, Bill. I couldn't bear to think of her sold to—to just anyone."

"You can't fool me," Bill said. "You and Sandy put your heads together. You knew I was out on a limb. You knew that unless I sold the boat I couldn't set up an office of my own. You knew I'd given up

my old job, and that my—my marriage to Kay wouldn't, couldn't work. You sold the highboy, and then you turned around and bought the boat so that I could—"

"Nonsense," she said. "I needed a boat. I needed Sandy, too. Sandy's going to take her over to the fishing grounds, and Father and I will help him. I'll cook, and Father and Sandy will fish."

She looked at him gravely. "You don't mind?" she asked. "You don't mind my buying the old boat and taking Sandy off the beach?"

"May I come up sometimes and go fishing, too?"

"But, rather. I hoped you'd want to." "Of course I want to. You wait right here, Redcoat. If you hear a big noise, don't let the roast beef burn. It'll be Sandy. I have to go out and let Sandy beat me up. Just a little mistake on my part."

"When he gets through, bring him in to dinner. We're having deep berry pie."

"The kind you pour custard on?"

"Yes," she said. "Your kind, Bill. The kind you eat with a big spoon."

THE PAROLE RACKET

(Continued from page 17)

"convince" you that maybe you were wrong about your complaint.

When I talked with Slim one evening over a restaurant table he was carrying a gun in a shoulder holster. I'd been told that Slim had a "system" by which he had been twice paroled. When I asked him to tell me how he worked it, he crossed his thin legs and drummed on the table with his long fingers.

"Parole? Listen, Bud; it's a racket," he chuckled.

He told me his story, including his criminal record. He had been in and out of jail seven times on minor charges before he received his first major sentence of one to three years for bludgeoning a small shopkeeper and rifling his till.

"That was my first tight jam," he explained. "I'd been in seven times, like I told you, so I knew how to keep my nose clean and chalk up my good marks. Nothing like a little experience."

In other words, he had learned how to go about arranging for an early parole.

"Of course, I didn't know the ropes the way I do now," he said deprecatingly. "But I knew plenty. If I didn't I would

have been in for maybe a couple of years. But I laid down my lines right away."

He explained how meticulously he'd observed, to the last letter, every one of the prison rules. "You got to do that if you want to get anywhere with the parole board," he declared emphatically.

"I never got perfect in deportment in public school," he added, with a grin, "but I took good care to get perfect in jail. But that ain't all there's to it when you're after your good marks. There's another angle. You got to get in solid with the ladies."

He explained that a women's reform group had been active in the prison at the time he was serving his sentence.

"Whenever you find a setup like that, it's in the bag," he said. "I acted nice and brushed my hair, and the dames took a shine to me. Maybe it was because I once went to a Sunday school. . . . Sure, I went once. I gave those dames a song and dance, believe you me, and they fell for it. They figured out how they were going to get me a job. They even got one—a shipping clerk's job. Did I have to tell them that I wasn't going to be no bundle packer? All I wanted them to do was to put their okay on me and tell the parole board what a fine guy I was. The way things worked out, I got out on parole in eleven months."

"Once I was outside it was gravy," he explained. "A couple of guys I'd met in jail had some easy pickings staked out in a near-by city. I joined up with them."

BECAUSE the parole officers who were supposed to supervise Slim had too many cases already to keep an eye on, they didn't bother Slim.

"One of the dames was supposed to keep her eye on me," Slim chuckled, "but the first time she came around to ask me if I had warm underwear I told her where to get off, and I never saw her again."

Slim did pretty well with the gang he'd met in jail until he was nabbed by the law again while hijacking a truck. "They

pinned it on me, all right, and I got one to six years in the pen."

The records of that penitentiary, I learned later, show that one fourth of the prisoners are released after serving one year, over a half at the end of three years, 75 per cent at the end of the fifth year. Every ten years there is practically a completely new population in the prison.

"I was eligible to go before the parole board at the end of eight months, because you get a third off for good time," Slim said. "There wasn't any welfare dames in the pen but I had another angle. That was one time I was glad my family went to church regularly, because it's a cinch to get your parole if the church puts in a good word for you. My family went to the minister and asked him to help."

"WAS it that easy?" I asked Slim.

"It doesn't work the way you think," he replied. "It just happened that my family could get to a minister who still had some paroles owing to him."

"Owing to him?"

"Sure. How do you think the politicians pay back the ministers and priests and rabbis who speak a good word for them at election time? Doesn't the pay-off have to be made in some way?" Slim asked.

"Will you come clean and tell the whole truth," I asked. I felt that there was a serious indictment of the clergy, even if it was only an ex-convict's experience. "Did this minister know your past record?"

"Don't be crazy," Slim snorted. "This preacher is a white guy. What he didn't know about me didn't hurt him. He did it as a personal favor for my family. He's got an 'in' with a couple of big shots who like him to be on their side at election time. So he passed the word down the line, and that's how it happened. Of course, I couldn't get him to put in a 'fix' next time I get in a jam. But now I don't need him. I'm in solid with plenty of big shots myself and they'll take care of me."

Slim is typical of a vast number of "wrong men" out on parole—the professional criminals who know from experience that even if they can't "beat the rap," they can find a way to get out of prison after serving only a few months.

SLIM'S story of "parole with benefit of clergy" led me to talks with churchmen. It cannot be said, of course, that clergymen as a rule trade paroles in the game of politics. But I found it to be true that many clergymen, impressed by pleas of the family or friends of a prisoner, intercede by writing letters of recommendation to parole boards. Sincere themselves, the clergymen look for sincerity in others, and there have been many instances where a clergyman has found himself "duped" by friends of a vicious criminal into making a recommendation for leniency.

Typical in this respect is the case of a criminal I shall call Mark. It shows, not only how the clergy, but how prominent citizens are "used" in putting through a parole.

Mark started his march of crime at seventeen, when he was sent to a reformatory on a burglary charge. He was paroled from the reformatory, and in the following 8 years was arrested no less than 17 times. He was convicted 5 times, and served 2 jail sentences for his 5 convictions, which included charges of assault, burglary, and automobile theft. Then he decided to tackle something bigger. He held up a branch bank and was sentenced to serve 25 years in the penitentiary.

He served only 6½ years of the 25 before he was paroled. Exactly 142 days after he signed a paper in which he solemnly promised the state parole board to "obey the law," he shot and brutally beat the owner of a jewelry store and killed the man's son, who grappled with him. In the chase that followed, during which Mark's accomplice in the gem robbery was slain, five people were seriously injured: A woman and her daughter, waiting in their car for a traffic signal, were wounded when the fleeing desperado commandeered their car, two policemen were shot in the ensuing gun battle, and a stray bullet wounded another woman.

THE wholesale shootings led to an inquiry into the facts behind Mark's parole. Why had he been released, when his record showed he was a habitual criminal?

The parole board was ready with its answer. It opened the file containing Mark's record and revealed nearly a score of letters recommending Mark's release.

Tracing these letters brought out the fact that Mark's mother and father and a chorus-girl "friend" had started the machinery turning. They had learned the name of a man known to have connections with a number of political and fraternal organizations and had gained his assistance. That man, it was found, had been involved frequently in efforts to secure the release of convicts in various prisons of the state. As the result of influence, the parole board received five letters, all "recommending" Mark and asking for clemency on his behalf. Not one mentioned a word about Mark's previous record.

The family also made contacts with various clergymen. One of these sent a letter to the parole board in which he said that he "was ready to do whatever I can

..JUST TRY TO GET AWAY!

Yes! Romance lasts
for girls who
guard against
"MIDDLE-AGE"
SKIN!

WISH I COULD FIND SOMETHING THAT
WOULD IMPROVE MY COMPLEXION! IT'S SO
DRY, LIFELESS AND COARSE-LOOKING. I HAVE
REGULAR
'MIDDLE-AGE'
SKIN!

MAYBE YOU'RE USING THE
WRONG SOAP! BECAUSE I
HAD THE SAME
TROUBLE BEFORE
I CHANGED TO
PALMOLIVE!

YOU'VE BEEN MARRIED FIVE YEARS?
I THOUGHT YOU WERE A BRIDE.
THE FUSS YOUR HUSBAND
MAKES OVER YOU! NO WONDER,
THOUGH, WITH THAT 'SCHOOLGIRL
COMPLEXION'!

YOU SEE, PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH
OLIVE OIL...A SPECIAL BLEND OF OLIVE
AND PALM OILS, NATURE'S FINEST
BEAUTY AIDS. THAT'S WHY IT'S SO GOOD
FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN!
IT SOFTENS AND REFINES
SKIN TEXTURE. CLEANSSES
SO THOROUGHLY, TOO...
LEAVES COMPLEXIONS
RADIANT!

THANKS FOR
THE TIP. I'LL
TRY PALMOLIVE
RIGHT AWAY

IF IT'S LOVE YOU WANT, USE
ONLY PALMOLIVE, THE SOAP
MADE WITH OLIVE OIL TO
KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH,
YOUNG!

PALMOLIVE

do under any disposition you may be led to make of the case."

While the family continued its search for more letters, Mark got into the good graces of the prison chaplain. Two years later the clergyman who had offered to do what he could write the following letter to the prison chaplain:

"My dear brother:

"On my writing to the board they inform me this is Mark's third term in a penal institution. This is a surprise to me. I had never known this before and had been led to believe this was his first trouble. Is there any mistake in the matter? Blessings on everybody."

That letter to the chaplain never went into the parole board files.

But other letters had also been added to Mark's dossier. There were several from "prominent" businessmen which had been solicited by Mark's chorus-girl "friend." They had never known Mark but they had met the girl.

The prison chaplain meanwhile had added a letter which said:

"To Whom It May Concern:

"For the past two years Mark has worked in my office. I do not hesitate in recommending that this boy be given another chance to prove himself. . . . I feel sure he will not prove false to those who may put their confidence in him."

That letter went into the parole board file.

Another letter that did *not* was one from the judge who had sentenced Mark and who had been approached by friends to put in a kind word. The judge wrote to the petitioner: ". . . If this is the man who was sentenced for a bank robbery at — in 193- I do not care to recommend his parole."

Meanwhile, the first chaplain, who had taken such an interest in Mark, was changed to another post. His successor was also impressed by Mark, and only six weeks after first meeting the convict the new chaplain wrote: "He is a faithful worker and a fine boy and is deserving of any help that may be given to him."

This clergyman went even farther than his predecessor. He sent out appeals to prominent persons, asking them to interest themselves in Mark. A series of letters followed from people who had never before heard of Mark and knew nothing of his past record.

There are many angles to the parole racket, and the "wrong" men, men like Mark, stop at none of them. The diligence and industry of Mark's outside friends and his family eventually brought results.

PAROLEES manipulated through letters of recommendation from prominent persons entail the use of a simple theory. That theory, used to good advantage in countless parole releases, is based on the fact that those in public office or public life have a natural desire to grant favors—especially if the favors are for prominent citizens. It is all well and good, public officials say, to talk about the welfare of society. But the welfare of society is just a fine-sounding theory. It doesn't get you any votes. What gets you votes is doing favors for people.

Even where a parole "fix" is made with the connivance of the parole board it has

been found that a series of letters of recommendation are put in the files. These letters are the "cover up" for the paroles obtained directly through political pressure. In the Mark case you saw that only the favorable letters were allowed to get into the dossier. Thus, when the parole board was asked to explain its action, it showed itself in the clear. The prison chaplains involved in the case hemmed and hawed but could only admit at last that they had been "used" by those connected with the case.

It was with this in mind that a former Cabinet member said bitterly, "Preachers and prison chaplains are easy marks for sob stories."

THE tearful tale frequently moves a parole board, too. This is the case of the convict named Merton. He was arrested the first time a dozen years ago, charged with burglary, and placed on probation for one year. No sooner had the probation period expired than Merton was caught at another burglary. He was taken before a judge, and again was given a year's probation. No sooner had that period expired than Merton was nabbed again, and again was charged with burglary. Surely, with two strikes against him, he would have to go to jail. But he managed to convince the judge this time that seven months' probation would be enough. The judge gave him just that.

By now, Merton was impatient about waiting for his probation period to expire before committing further crimes. So a month before his latest probation period expired he was caught in the act again, and charged with petty larceny. The court, although it had his record, imposed an "indeterminate sentence." This was simply a method of "passing the buck" to the parole board. The board, which also had Merton's record before it, decided that a couple of years would cure Merton, and accordingly kept him in jail for that period and then paroled him.

Merton made a beeline for his burglar tools and went to work. Again he was caught. Again he was paroled. Then, three years ago, Merton was heard from again. This time he was charged with unlawful entry and sentenced to a definite term—one year in jail. Exactly 128 days after Merton entered prison his sentence was commuted by order of the parole board.

Why were the paroles granted and why was the sentence commuted? I can give you the answer from the parole board records. On each occasion Merton was set free after his mother went before the parole board and, with tears rolling down her cheeks, sobbed to the board members that she "needed her boy at home to work around the house and help support her."

Even when the "wrong" men have had no political connections nor influential friends to work in their behalf, they frequently devise ingenious schemes to place themselves in line for paroles. These are "inside jobs." One that has been used successfully in many states was explained to me by a paroled convict whom I shall call Bill. The main idea is to get into the good graces of the warden's office by "framing" another prisoner and then exposing him.

Bill faced 5 to 20 years for robbery. The first step in his plans was to collect tobacco tins. Each tin he laboriously flattened out, by working in his cell in the dark. When he had six of them, he fitted them together

to form a crude but effective knife, a jagged blade which he flattened by pressure under the heel of his heavy shoe and between the hinged parts of a steel bed frame.

While fashioning the crude knife Bill kept his eyes open for a likely victim. The man he finally picked was reputedly an informer for the "front office." Bill knew that the guards knew that this stool pigeon, who worked in the library, kept his dusting rags on a certain bookshelf. On that shelf Bill hid his tobacco-tin knife. Then Bill went to the front office. "I think I've got some information," he said.

Wardens and guard captains depend on this kind of information for invaluable tips. Bill whispered that a knife was hidden in the library. He'd heard talk of it.

The story was investigated, and the knife was found. The library worker was confronted with the knife. He screamed that he'd been "framed," but his protests did him no good.

So that was how Bill was accepted as an informer for the front office. With time off for model behavior Bill might have had to do about 10 years of his 5-to-20-year sentence. But once he got in the good graces of the warden's office and was careful to bring in small items of gossip at regular intervals he was recommended as worthy of the attention of the parole board. He was turned loose in exactly 40 months.

BUT Bill's story pales into insignificance beside that of Lufe, a convict who time and again gained parole by an unbelievably heartless scheme of cold-blooded killing.

Lufe was sentenced to 15 years in the penitentiary of one of our Southern states for robbing and murdering an aged woman. It was a prison where "trusty" guards are chosen from among the white prisoners to watch over white and Negro convicts.

Lufe was in his teens when convicted. He could look forward to getting one month "good time" off the first year, two months the second year, three months a year from the third to ninth year, and after that each year served would count as two. He could also look forward to "furloughs" from prison during holidays and in case of sickness in his family.

When Lufe was assigned to the prison farm he had his eye on only one job. He wanted to become a trusty guard, because trusty guards were allowed to carry sawed-off shotguns. The mounted guards were known as "high powers" because they carried high-powered rifles.

Lufe saw one of the "high powers" snipe at a Negro prisoner just for practice; he saw another put a bullet through a prisoner's leg and heard the guard explain later that the Negro had stepped three feet over an imaginary boundary line—a line fixed by the guard in his own mind. Lufe heard also that this "high power" received a substantial reduction in his sentence for wounding the Negro, and he heard the "high power" curse his luck because he had only wounded the man.

"I aimed for the center of that black man's head," the "high power" muttered. If he had killed the Negro he would have received at least 5 years' time off for his deed. As it was, he had 2 years added to his "good time." He was serving 30 years for killing one man and shooting out the eye of another.

Lufe was envious. He knew he was a good shot with the rifle. Eventually he managed

to get the "high power" job, and was given a gun and a horse. Remember, Lafe had been sentenced on a murder charge, had been called a ruthless killer.

Six weeks after he first climbed on his horse with a rifle, he proved how good a shot he was. He drilled a Negro convict through the back of the head.

Not only was Lafe's sentence cut in half, but he was at once brought before the parole board, congratulated on his marksmanship, and turned loose. He said he was going to reform and lead an exemplary life. But the first time he got his hands on a shotgun he put a bullet through the back of a woman. Two years later he was caught in an adjoining town. The court calendar was so crowded that Lafe wasn't even tried for the shooting—merely returned to prison as a parole violator.

The prison authorities welcomed such an excellent shot back with open arms. Again Lafe was made a "high power" and again—he shot an "escaping" convict and again received a parole.

A two-time parolist, Lafe just couldn't go straight. He held up a filling-station attendant and put a bullet into the young man's chest. He was captured and sentenced to 5 years. When he passed through the prison doors he was told that his horse and rifle were waiting him.

TO OBTAIN his third parole Lafe knew that he would have to do something really worth while. Only a few months after his third return to his horse and rifle he shot down four "escaping" convicts. One of them he killed instantly with a bullet through the back of the skull.

He got his third parole. Again he resorted to holding up somebody to get money and again he was caught.

Back for his fourth term in prison, his horse and rifle were ready for him. He didn't wait long to shoot down another "escaping" convict. For the fourth time he was paroled. Two months later he was again holding up filling stations. He held up four in a row with success. Emboldened, he forced three of his victims in the fourth holdup to accompany him as he drove them far down the road to obviate an immediate alarm. But there Lafe finally let himself in for something. He inadvertently crossed a state line before releasing his captives, and he was driving a stolen car.

Immediately it became the business of the Bureau of Federal Investigation to step in and arrest Lafe on a kidnapping law violation. On one charge he was given 20 years to serve in Atlanta federal penitentiary, and when he completes that term he will be held on a second indictment.

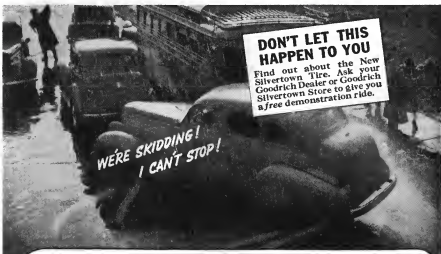
The story of Lafe shows to what limits the unscrupulous or lax administration of a parole system can go in giving freedom to dangerous men.

One of the pressing evils of the present parole system, I found, is a general laxity of supervision over paroled criminals once they are set free. This was strikingly revealed recently in the dismissal from his job of a parole officer in one of our Western states. This officer, it developed, was himself a paroled convict! The parole board that employed the man, to this day has kept the facts in the case quiet. They are as follows:

Three years before his dismissal this man, then in his late thirties (I will call him John Smith), was hired as a parole

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Next time it rains just notice the way your windshield wiper sweeps the water right and left to give you clear, safe vision. Pretty efficient little mechanism, isn't it? Well, that's how the amazing Life-Saver Tread on the new Goodrich Silvertown Tire performs on a wet road. In fact, the Life-Saver Tread acts like a whole battery of windshield wipers. It sweeps the water right and left—forces it out through the deep drainage grooves—makes a DRY TRACK for the rubber to grip—giving the quickest non-skid stops you've ever seen!

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The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

SKID PROTECTION OF LIFE-SAVER TREAD • GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION

officer. His job was to supervise the men turned loose by the parole board. Smith, in common with his fellow parole officers, was underpaid and sometimes had as many as 300 parolees to supervise. The board considered his work satisfactory. Then one day the parole board learned that Smith was himself on parole. He had been turned loose by a board in a neighboring state after serving a portion of a 5-year term for embezzlement!

When Smith succeeded in passing the examinations for parole officer and keeping his past hidden, he held a desperate secret locked in his heart. When six months passed and he was given no reason to believe that his secret had been uncovered, he breathed more freely and worked all the harder at his job. Then one evening he received a visit from two men.

"We know all about you, Smith," they said. "The boss is interested and he's decided you're going to play ball with us."

What Smith had feared was happening. But it wasn't in just the way he had imagined it. These men were racketeers. They didn't want him to lose his job. Smith, whenever he'd thought of his secret's being uncovered, had always pictured himself being denounced by the parole board and summarily discharged.

"You can work with the boss," they assured Smith. "He can use a guy like you."

The "wrong" men are always on the prowl to uncover little secrets in the lives of public officials, no matter how minor the political jitters may be. And to find a parole officer with a secret was a stroke of luck. Smith agreed to keep an appointment with the so-called "boss." He was told that if he failed to play ball he would not only be exposed as a parolee, but that it would be arranged that he be shipped back to serve the rest of his sentence and then prosecuted for perjury.

Like many another paroled man, Smith became the victim of circumstances and, instead of "going straight," had to do the bidding of a racketeering syndicate. He was given a list of the parolees in whom the syndicate was "interested." He had to arrange it so that he was the one to check over the records of those on the list.

Smith could have gone on for years as a parole officer working hand in glove with a crime group if he hadn't one day made an unintentional mistake and failed to okay the record of a man who was on the syndicate's list. It was a clerical error on his part. But the "boss" accused him of trying to "double-cross" the gang. For two years Smith had handled literally hundreds of parole "fixes" for the syndicate. Now he was exposed. A hint was passed along to the parole board, which immediately investigated and found the facts to be as represented in the tip.

WHY did the parole board keep this quiet? The answer is simple. The board would have been wide open to attack by the newspapers, which were already asking why so many parolees were being issued to "wrong" men. Even the governor would have been ridiculed for appointing men on the state parole board who knew no better than to appoint a parolee as a parole officer. The governor was up for re-election, too.

So Smith fared better than he expected. He was removed from his job of supervising

parolees and given a job in the high-way department, at a small increase in pay.

Meanwhile, the "boss" had evolved a new and better plan for making parole fixes. He turned to the parole board, threatening them with exposure of the Smith story if they failed to listen to reason. Thus was a parole board of a state blackmailed by a crime syndicate into handing out paroles on the say-so of a big "boss." That situation lasted for some eighteen months. Then, with an election in the offing, the "boss" went over to the other side and promised to deliver a certain number of votes in a group of uncertain precincts. He knew he could do this by threatening to expose the governor's parole board, if the incumbents didn't ease off their campaign activities in the precincts in question. Thus did the crooked syndicate play both ends against the middle and come out winner.

THE parole situation is today basically the same in all states, in some worse than others. Even the parole commissioners of one Eastern state, who have maintained recently that their state is one of three in which the parole problem is being handled effectively, have admitted that they haven't sufficient parole officers to supervise parolees and that their system of supervision is necessarily a lax one.

That a sweeping study of the whole parole problem is needed was indicated when the Department of Justice two years ago appropriated \$1,000,000 for a federal survey of parole procedure in the United States. Since then thousands of relief workers have been employed to collect statistics in all the states, and the survey includes thousands of pages of figures.

One compilation of records of 14,000 habitual and vicious criminals recently showed that 5,000 of them had been paroled one to ten times.

Among these were men who had murdered. The public believes that murderers at least are kept behind bars for life, yet the official government figures show that the average term for murder, because of the existent parole system, is *three and a half years*. The vast majority of "wrong" men are murderers. And the "wrong" men are those who know how to get paroled.

Portions of the national survey have already shown clearly the need for more and better prison facilities. Parole boards, in states where jails are too small to hold the ever-increasing number of criminals, have granted paroles in hundreds of cases for only one reason: to keep the line moving. If prisoners were not turned loose there would soon be no room for new criminals or for old ones returning.

It is fundamental that criminals must be punished, must be put behind bars and kept segregated from the rest of the community lest they perpetrate further crimes. It costs many millions each year to do this.

To protect this investment is the duty of parole boards. There are some parole boards that fully understand their duty and seek to carry it out to the best of their ability. There was, for instance, the parole board of one of our New England states that insisted upon saying "No" when a murderer asked that he be paroled because he had served his minimum sentence and had been a good boy every minute of that time. The board said "No" not only in one case, but in many.

This board believed that it was answerable to the citizens of the state and that it would be betraying a trust if it issued rubber-stamp paroles. The members had studied their job. They knew that the shrewdest and most cunning criminals are the "models" of any prison; therefore, they refused to consider the recommendation of wardens made on the basis of "good behavior."

What happened?

That board had been appointed by the governor acting through advisory council. When prisoners with "connections" applied for paroles and were refused, they set up squawks to their "connections." They charged the parole board was getting "tough." These complaints were passed along by political powers, right down the line to the state house. As a result, the governor's advisory council "suggested" to the parole board that discretion wasn't its job. The parole board was told that it had only to act on known facts and not bother itself with digging into the past records of applicants for parole.

But the board remained obdurate. It felt strongly that it had a duty to perform to the people of the state. What then? Obviously, it would have been too raw to throw out the parole board and put in one that would see its duty in a different light. There were, however, other means of bringing pressure.

THERE started in the prisons of the state a series of riots and disorders, fomented by convicts who had stuck to their good behavior only so long as they believed it would count with the board. When they found that good behavior was considered only a minor factor, if any, in getting them their freedom, they let loose. Brawls in the dining halls, battles between convicts, attempts on the lives of guards, all the roughhouse tactics of hardened criminals, were called into play. Newspaper headlines screamed of "Bloody Riots!"

Then the council had something tangible to use as argument. It pointed out that "prisoners eligible for parole were sowing seeds of discontent." Blame for a series of attempted jail breaks was laid directly at the door of the parole board by the council, which declared: "Either the board must go or we will continue to have riot and bloodshed in our prisons."

Two of the parole board members remained silent, but another declared that the board "would not unleash hardened criminals on an unprotected public regardless of their prison records, if their past records showed them to be poor parole risks."

This interchange did not go on behind locked doors in secret session, as is frequently the case when the "squeeze" is being applied. The situation became so acute that it was dragged out into the open.

What happened then?

A conservative authority in the state summed it up with the words:

"The state parole board has promised to be more lenient in the future. It was a political compromise. It converts the parole board into a 'rubber stamp,' removing virtually all the discretionary authority which the law gives it."

It took just one month to bring that parole board into line after the "squeeze" was applied.

Knowing the facts in this particular

parole setup, where would you go for help in getting a deserving friend out of prison? Would you go to the parole board direct and tell them that you, as a respectable member of the community, wanted to vouch for the prisoner? Or would you make contact with a ward healer who assured you that he and members of the advisory council are "just like this"—and holds up two closely touching fingers to make his point perfectly clear!

Political pull and political pressure are the connections most sought after by the "wrong" men who get parole. Those men prepare in advance of their crime for the day when they will be caught and will have to go through the mill of "justice." The "wrong" men look upon those who believe that justice will always prevail as "saps." When a "sap" finds himself in prison he discovers that since parole cannot be issued both to deserving men and to those who have "connections"—because it would mean the complete emptying of prisons—he, the sap, has to stay in. Although the theory of parole is to give the deserving man a chance to rehabilitate himself, the wrong men get those paroles.

WHAT is a good parole system? A noted authority, the director of the department of institutions and agencies of a large Eastern state, defines it as "one in which releases are granted only by qualified honest officials who make this work a profession; one in which the fullest possible information about the criminal is obtained; one in which the staff of officers is large enough to give real supervision to every individual on parole."

He also defines a bad parole system:

"Parole," he says, "is a useless, costly, and corrupt practice in the United States—

"1. If it brings automatic release of prisoners at the expiration of their minimum terms.

"2. If it grants releases as acts of favor to prisoners who have given little trouble in prison.

"3. If political influence touches it at any point.

"4. If it accepts written reports from persons on parole and does not keep in touch actively with all such persons to know what they are doing.

"5. If it is staffed by incompetent and unqualified persons.

"6. If each parole officer is expected to supervise too many ex-convicts.

"7. If serious violations are not promptly followed up and violators returned to prison or otherwise disciplined.

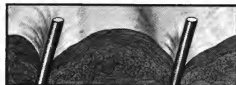
"8. If financial support is so meager that there cannot be proper supervision."

When all parole boards can come before the public and declare that they have done their duty with full consideration for the above eight points, then Slim, who declared that all parole is a racket, will have his answer.



How politicians trade paroles for votes and how political pull can open doors for vicious criminals is told in another article by Mr. Mooney which will appear in a forthcoming issue.

BETTER THAN 10,000 WORDS



WRONG: Examine closely this picture of the "tooth" guard once used on the famous \$5.00 Magazine Razor. It was abandoned because it did not properly and sufficiently flatten and stretch the skin ahead of the blade. And, its "teeth" had a tendency to make additional furrows in the skin surface.

RIGHT: At right below is shown the solid, flat guard of the Schick Injector Razor (now used also on the Magazine Razor). Note how it "irons out" the skin, giving an absolutely smooth skin surface ahead of the blade edge. Whiskers are forced up from their pits and held firmly upright so that the blade can whack them off neatly, without "pulling" or damage to the skin. Five years of study by a great Industrial Research Institute developed this scientifically correct blade guard.



\$2.00
in black
waterproof
case with
20 blades
(\$3 in tin)



One-second blade change... a pull and push of the "trigger"... out shoots the old blade and in goes the new... nothing to unwrap, take apart or re-assemble. Quick... time-saving.



Schick Blades are double-thick... able to take and hold sharper edge. Each blade individually honed, stroped, inspected. Result... more comfortable shaves per blade.



Save minutes every day... no need to wipe and dry the Schick Injector Razor after every shave... a flush under the faucet, and it's clean. No removing, cleaning and replacing blade.

This picture tells, better than 10,000 words, why Schick abandoned its common "tooth" type blade guard. A good shave requires that the naturally bumpy skin* be stretched and flattened—not given an additional set of ridges and valleys.

*Whiskers grow in tiny pits (as pictured at left). The bumpy, uneven skin surface must be stretched and flattened if the razor blade is to cut the hair closely at the skin line without nicking the high spots or ridges.




SOLID GUIDE BAR FLATTENS SKIN

Schick Blades are protected in a bath of oil in this metal blade-injector cartridge. Blade edges are suspended in space; no paper covering which might dull them.

Schick Injector Razor

Magazine Repeating Razor Company, Bridgeport, Connecticut

*Any smart young salesman can tell
you that a girl doesn't always say
what she means*

 DOD AVERY looked at the girl behind the information desk as if he had never seen a girl before. Which is a very dangerous way for a young man to look at a girl. Dangerous, that is, for the young man.

"I—I—" sputtered Dodsworth.

"You sound like a ward heeler voting for one of his leader's pet bills," remarked Sally O'Kim, who was the girl behind the desk.

"But you surprised me."

"Really?"

"Yes. I thought I knew all the girls in Westchester—that is, all the girls I wanted to know. But I didn't."

"Which goes to show that you never can tell what's on the other side of the railroad tracks."

"There should be a heap of interesting facts about you that I ought to know," said Dod.

"Should there? Well, I don't mind. I'm Sally O'Kim, of the Irish O'Kims. My dad was night watchman at the powerhouse. My earlier ancestors would

have come over on the Mayflower, except that it wasn't an Irish boat."

"You are very—"

She held up a hand. "Don't tell me. Let me guess. . . . You were about to say that I am very beautiful and belong in the movies. The reason why salesmen aren't selling any goods these days is because they're spending all their time helping stenographers get into the movies. But, of course, maybe you wouldn't know, since you aren't a salesman."

"What do you know about me?"

"You'd be surprised. I know you're Mr. Dodsworth Allan Avery, and that you've just got home from Harvard, where you were on the crew and studied business administration. You are now about to set the world on fire."

"You must be a detective in your spare time."

"Silly. Every girl in Westchester has been worshiping you ever since you've been in long pants. And that includes us girls from over the tracks, too. We've rated you about on a par with Clark Gable. We clip your pictures out of the

*He swept past her
and shoved open
the office door*

**By
David
William
Moore**



newspaper and pin them up beside our mirrors, where we can see them every day. We dream and sigh and—"

"You mean you do that sort of thing?"

"Of course. But here we are, right spunk at the end of our chapter. You came to see Mr. Fitch about a job, didn't you?"

"Y-e-s, that is—"

"Well, I happen to know that this isn't the well-known psychological moment. His golf has been awful of late, and he hasn't any jobs, anyway. There-

fore, you'll just get yourself a lot of needless punishment if you go in there now and try to high-pressure him."

"But I've got to have a job. I told my dad that I was going to earn my own way in the world and—"

"I'll bet you can build a fire with sticks."

"Huh?"

"Nothing. I was just giving my brain a walk, trying to find an idea. The young man must have a job. A job is something to do for which there is a

stipend. His papa is expecting him to prove worthy, and so—"

"So what?"

"I'll tell you what. Yes, sir; I have an idea. Mr. Fitch is just about to buy ten carloads of long-leaf pine. And he's sore as a goat at the fellow who's been selling him. See if you can finish the paragraph."

"I don't see—"

"I was afraid you wouldn't. A young fellow from the other side of the railroad tracks would have jumped right out of his shoes at such an opportunity."

"Opportunity?"

"Yes, opportunity. Somebody is going to sell Mr. Fitch ten carloads of lumber. Couldn't you just let go and imagine yourself the hero of the plot? In other words, why not *you* sell him?"

"But I'm not a lumber salesman," he protested.

"No, I realize that. And it discourages me terribly. But you're six feet tall, and you have a strong chin and your eyes are an honest blue. Surely, you have the raw materials to make a lumber salesman. And selling lumber isn't a bad little trick, if you can do it. It has paid for a lot of roadsters and steamer tickets. Listen closely, now. You walk into Mr. Fitch's office and say you're selling lumber. Don't let the lie worry you. Tell him you can furnish whatever he needs, that you're especially good on long-leaf pine."

"Aw—"

"Then quote him the price he paid last time. Here"—and she brought a

She always
said **NO**



paper out of a side drawer of her desk—"is the figure for you to quote. Mr. Fitch will ask you who you are, and you say you are so-and-so of the hilltop Averys. Then he'll apologize for not recognizing you and tell you that the business is yours. See how it works? Or do I have to make a diagram?"

"But the lumber will have to be delivered."

"I was afraid you'd choke on that. Didn't they tell you anything about deliveries at Harvard? . . . Well, with the order in your pocket, you go to the telephone—any telephone will do except one Mr. Fitch might be listening in on—and you call lumber mills. I'll give you a list of mills. You tell them you're a broker with a ten-carload order to place at such and such a price, and do they want it. You'll soon find a mill that does want it, and you say okay if they'll pay you the right commission on this and future business. You ought to get five per cent. You send in the order, the shipment is made, the bill is sent to Mr. Fitch direct, and your commission check is mailed to you. You are now ready to secure other orders. And you have a job."

Dod Avery was pretty well nonplussed. "I don't understand why you should do all this for me, Miss O'Kim."

"It's really quite logical. For some time I've been planning to marry you. And any little favor I can do now ought to help the good cause along."

He laughed rather hollowly. "You think I'm a fool."

"I'll know you're one if you don't hop in there and sell that lumber to the chief."

In a few moments Dod came out of Mr. Fitch's office with a good, old-fashioned, ear-to-ear smile. "Say, that's the easiest way of making money I ever heard about."

"All you have to do to run a locomotive," said Sally, "is to pull the throttle. Of course, somebody may have to show you where the throttle is, but that's only a detail."

"I'd like to show you how grateful I am, Sally. Would you have dinner with me this evening?"

SHE shook her head a bit sadly. "No, thank you. You're a salesman now, and I always have a prior engagement when a salesman asks me to have dinner with him. Furthermore, I happen to know you're supposed to belong to Miss Estelle Rayburn, who is of your side of the railroad tracks. You run along and play with her. I'm just the girl who started you in the lumber business."

"You're certainly a strange person, Sally O'Kim. You threaten to marry me, then refuse an invitation to dinner."

"Oh, there's a lot of difference between eating dinner with a man and marrying him. The other day a salesman from Pittsburgh, who wanted to put me in the movies and offered to drive me to California in his roadster, also asked me to have dinner with him."

"But, Sally, I—I—"

"When you're with Miss Rayburn I'll seem wonderful. If you were with me she'd seem wonderful. Some day when you find yourself really hating to be with me, just call me up and we'll dis-

cuss the matter. We Irish girls are very practical about affairs of the heart."

"Anyway, I thank you," stated Dod, "and I think you're swell."

"If you mean only one per cent of that, then my life will not have been lived in vain. Now, scram, so I can get to work." . . .

Dod Avery went out and ordered an armful of orchids and a huge box of candy sent to Sally. This golden-calf offering somehow restored a bit of his self-esteem. But it showed that he didn't know such a lot about girls like Sally O'Kim. He hadn't yet learned that Sally O'Kim wasn't like Estelle Rayburn.

Estelle was a languid creature who made him feel very important and very masculine. She was soft and warm and alluring, a dandy girl to kiss but not so hot to talk to about business. However, Dod told her this evening about his venture into the lumber industry, and she was, oh, so proud of him and all that. Dod laid it on rather thick, but he didn't say a darned word about Sally's part in the big deal.

YET, even when he was kissing Estelle, he was thinking of Sally O'Kim, a rather amazing fact. He was wondering what it would be like to kiss Sally O'Kim. He was quite sure it would be different from this.

And off yonder on the other side of the railroad tracks Sally O'Kim was thinking of Dod and doing a lot of heavy sighing. "I hope he isn't just a louse, after all," she mused. . . .

Of course, Dod was often in the Fitch office during the weeks that followed. There were more orders for lumber, and details to be handled. He'd always stop and chat with Sally. And he'd ask her if she were ready to have dinner with him.

She'd always say no. She said no until her patience was worn through. Then one day she flared up: "That dinner idea of yours is beginning to get in my hair. Isn't there any other way for a young man to begin a courtship?"

"Courtship? Are you still intending to marry me?"

"Yes, of course. That is, if you're making good as a lumber salesman."

"I sold a hundred cars last month."

"A hundred cars! My goodness! Any day now you'll be giving lectures on how to attain success."

"There you go again, riding me. Why do you want to make me feel like a worm?"

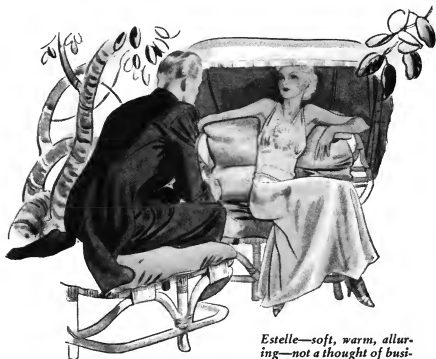
"It's no fault of mine if you have a bad conscience."

"My conscience has nothing to do with the fact that you're always throwing the harpoon into me."

"It's just an old custom, Dod, for a female to snap and kick at the male of her species."

He brightened a little. "If I get on your nerves now, what would it be like if you were married?"

"If you'd only (Continued on page 156)



Estelle—soft, warm, alluring—not a thought of business in her head. But she made a man feel important

ILLUSTRATED BY
MARCO COOPER

Keeper of the Middle Road

(Continued from page 37)

number." He admits that big business executives, combining their businesses, are honestly seeking "stability" and "efficiency." Actually, he thinks that they are both deceiving themselves; that they are both working, unconsciously, toward collectivism, toward a nation where all would be employees, toward the American equivalent of German Nazism or Russian Communism or Italian Fascism, where the United States would be just one huge corporation.

He does not see this as a conspiracy, but as a drift, a dangerous and unrealized drift. Before examining his ideas for arresting this drift, let's look back a bit at his life and qualifications.

ARIZONA was still wild and woolly in 1894. On July 2d of that year Lewis Williams Douglas was born in the small mining town of Bisbee, twenty miles south of Tombstone. His father, James Stuart Douglas, sometimes known as Rawhide Jim, was a prospector and developer of copper mines. The Douglas family came originally from Scotland, where the name of Douglas has been famed in history since the days of the Crusades. Lewis Douglas's grandfather, born in Canada, was a man of extraordinary character and versatility. "The greatest man I ever knew," Mr. Douglas told me.

This Grandfather Douglas was educated at Edinburgh, lectured at Oxford, studied music in Germany. He was a historian, a scientist, a student of religion, a teacher, an engineer, a business executive, a mining expert. He was a pioneer in Cochise County, Arizona, where he founded the town of Douglas, and discovered the Bisbee Queen, one of the world's great copper lodes.

Young Lewis was fortunate in having this grandfather as his friend and companion throughout his boyhood. The bright, eager boy and the learned, gifted, adventurous old man were cronies. They rode together through the hills and fished the clear mountain streams. That is the best and happiest kind of education.

When he was old enough and strong enough to handle a crowbar, Lew Douglas went to work as a laborer in his father's mine. He did not need the money, but



KEEPS YOU KOOL AS A DIP IN A POOL

What's the sense in harboring a heat-wave in your throat! You'll feel fresher, cooler, more like smoking if you switch to KOOLS! Because of the menthol... just the right amount to *soothe*, but not so much that the good full flavor of the Turkish-Domestic tobaccos is cut into. Go for KOOLS and go for that golden coupon on the pack. Coupons are good in the U. S. A. for a wide choice of desirable, practical premiums.

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TUNE IN Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Every Wednesday evening, coast-to-coast NBC Red Network.



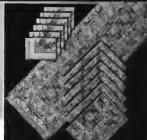
COUPONS ON EVERY PACK...GOOD FOR PREMIUMS LIKE THESE



Platinum-banded cocktail glassware. Pitcher and ice bowl; 100 coupons each.



FREE. Write for illustrated 36-page B & W premium booklet, No. 15. Address the Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Box 599, Louisville, Kentucky.



Luncheon Set—Imported linen, 13 pieces. Choice 3 colors...300 coupons.

B & W COUPONS ALSO PACKED IN RALEIGH & VICEROY CIGARETTES; BIG BEN SMOKING TOBACCO

Rawhide Jim was not the man to coddle his son and Lew was not the boy to be coddled. He worked in the mine for two years, and by that I mean *worked*.

I might say that in the mines he "learned to talk the working man's language," but that would be foolish. He has never had to learn that. He's one of those essentially simple men who does not sort his fellows into "classes." It never occurs to him to talk down or up to anybody.

From the mines he went on to the quiet academic groves of Amherst, near Northampton, Mass., where Calvin Coolidge used to practice law. Douglas studied history and political economy, played on the baseball team, joined the Alpha Delta Phi fraternity, and took the trolley occasionally over to Northampton to see the girls at Smith College. All very pleasant. Besides that, he did some pretty serious thinking about education and government, because Alexander Meiklejohn was then president of Amherst College, and he had a gift for stirring young men up and firing their imaginations with something beyond proms and athletics.

GRADUATING from Amherst in 1916, Douglas went on to Massachusetts Tech to study mining and metallurgy. The following April we entered the war. Douglas volunteered, was sent to training camp at San Francisco, and won a commission in the field artillery. He went abroad with the 91st Division. Perhaps it is characteristic that the most important piece of baggage he carried with him to the war was a copy of Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*. He was in action in Flanders and the Argonne. Belgium awarded him the Croix de Guerre and General Pershing cited him for valor. If you ask him why, he smiles and says, "I don't know."

Back in America, he taught for a year at Amherst. In the spring of 1921 he married the charming Peggy Zinsser of Hastings-on-Hudson, N. Y., a Smith College girl. There are three children—Stuart, Peter, and Sharman.

Now he returned to Arizona and went into mining. Most of his family had gone after copper. He sought lead, by prospecting for new mines and reclaiming old dumps. The dumps yielded more lead than the new mines. He also went into citrus ranching in the Salt River Valley. His business ventures were generally successful, but he never made the large fortune which was attributed to him when he was in Washington. His attention was turning more to government than to business. In 1923 he was elected to the Arizona Legislature, and in 1926 to Congress, as Arizona's lone representative in the House.

He was only thirty-

two years old. He had no political machine to back him. But the people liked him.

In Congress he laid low, said little, and studied hard. He was given the tiresome task of winnowing through the vast tonnage of bills which are proposed but which have little chance of passage. He began to appreciate the insatiable appetite for "pork" that animates most legislators, and to see why the costs of government always go up and never come down. And he turned more and more to the study of the government's organization and structure, its costs and the reason for them.

He was re-elected in 1928 and 1930. Now, as the depression deepened, the cry for economy grew louder in the land, and Douglas was the fellow who knew his facts and figures. He was a leader in drawing economy bills, which Congress cheered for on principle and butchered in practice. He made a speech against larger payments to war veterans. The House rose to its feet, applauding him with enthusiasm for five minutes, and then overwhelmingly voted him down. But he became recognized as an authority on the federal budget.

The campaign of 1932 was his hardest. All the veterans' organizations of Arizona combined against him. He was put in an unpleasant position, accused of a dog-in-the-manger attitude: Because he did not need the extra veteran payments, he opposed them for those who *did* need the money. In the squares of far-flung little Arizona towns, at night, he faced crowds who booed him when he started to speak. He waited them out, and said his say, talking federal finance under the Western stars so earnestly that the very cactus softened and the coyote ceased to howl. Even the veterans who disagreed with his arguments liked his courage. Arizona sent him back to Congress with a big majority.

He was not to resume the Congressional seat for which he had campaigned so hard. Destiny was planning to lift him up to the heights of national fame, and then to pigeonhole him.

The Democratic platform of 1932 had pledged economy, and Roosevelt in his campaign speeches reaffirmed his promise that "rigid governmental economy shall be forced by a stern and unremitting administration policy of living within our income." And because Lew Douglas was the leading exponent in Washington of this principle, because he was fearless and thorough, Roosevelt made him Director of the Budget and told him to cut about \$1,000,000,000 off the federal expenditures.

You may not remember it now, but that was about the biggest news there was in the months immediately following the Bank Holiday.

His was a hard and complicated task, apparently popular with the public, but naturally resented by officialdom. He slashed 15 per cent off all governmental salaries and mapped cuts in the Army, in the Navy, in veteran payments. He explored the interminable bureaus and departments, pruning here, paring there. The wives of government clerks used his name to frighten their children.

DOUGLAS is one of the kindest of men, but he believed that these economies were required by the platform pledge, by his own duty, and by the national welfare. Pressure groups who tried to sway him found him so hard to scratch that they called him "Arizona agate." Conscientiously he carved and trimmed, working sixteen hours a day.

He carved the fat possum of our national extravagance, but the possum was only playing dead. Day by day, while Douglas worked, sentiment in the New Deal councils was changing. Prostrate business, it was said, could not get to its feet unless it was first given a boost by government spending. The New Deal must "prime the pump" and "stimulate purchasing power."

On the merits of this policy eminent economists differ. But certainly its adoption by the New Deal left Douglas out on a limb. Every time he saved \$1,000,000 at

the bunglehouse, eager pump primers sluiced \$10,000,000 from the barrel-top.

He hung on loyally for a while, saving what he could out of the flood. The New Deal turned more and more, it seemed to him, from its original principles. He disapproved of the monetary and banking policy, and he felt that both NRA and AAA were encouraging monopoly, production restriction, and price fixing. On September 1, 1934, he resigned.

Now he was free to speak his mind. He refrained from criticizing his old chief, the President, but he raked the New Deal spending policies fore and aft, and warned of the dangers of inflation. One warning was this: He said



"But, darling—I can't row without him!"

Lawrence LaRiar

that if the spending policy were not soon modified, business would come to depend on it; that if a new slump then came, many businessmen who had been advocates of a balanced budget would join in the chorus for renewed government spending. That very thing has occurred since the beginning of the new slump last fall.

In the late fall of 1934 he was made vice-president and a member of the board of a \$60,000,000 chemical company with offices in New York. This took him into the world of big business and among the men who direct nation-wide organizations of public utilities, banking, transportation, and industry. I think that he liked and admired these men personally, but that he studied the system under which they work with an alert and growingly doubtful eye.

Meanwhile, he worked hard at his job, and fired a broadside at the New Deal spending and power-concentration from time to time. In the spring of 1935 he was invited to deliver the Godkin Lectures at Harvard. These he later published in a book, *The Liberal Tradition*. His ideas have now advanced considerably beyond those he expressed at that time.

Just before the Republican National Convention in June, 1936, a leading Republican newspaper suggested Douglas as a possible vice-presidential candidate on a coalition ticket. Nicholas Murray Butler and other party sages chimed in, but by the time the convention got under way the delegates had hypnotized themselves with thoughts of victory and would not hear of coalition.

LAST fall came the news that Douglas had been chosen as principal (as we would say, president) of McGill University in Montreal. Some Canadians wondered that McGill should choose an American; some Americans wondered that Douglas should choose to go to Canada when so many political possibilities awaited him here. But they are forgetting about that remarkable Grandfather Douglas. He was associated with McGill University years ago, and Douglas Hall, the student residence there, is named after him. McGill knows the Douglas breed, and likes it. Lew Douglas drew from his grandfather a special interest in education and in McGill. Of course, Douglas is keeping his American citizenship and this remains his country.

His American friends were loath to see him go. He was invited to address meetings of economists and businessmen in New York, Philadelphia, and other cities. Groups of Young Republicans urged that he be made head of a steering committee to draft a rejuvenated Republican platform. In the Capitol, at Washington, he was guest of honor at a select senatorial luncheon, in which some Washington commentators decried special significance.

That was the celebrated quail luncheon of December 3d last, at which Senator Byrd of Virginia, Democrat, was the host. Senator Townsend of Delaware, Republican, supplied the quail. Other guests included Senator Carter Glass, Democrat, and Senator Arthur Vandenberg, Republican, and himself prominently mentioned for 1940. You can read coalition in this if you like, or you can take it simply as a tribute of friendship to Douglas. If the haruspices of ancient Rome foretold the future by dissecting birds, why shouldn't Senator Townsend's quail serve as well?

Carter Glass, by the way, is something of an idol to Douglas, who calls him "my friend and father-confessor." Douglas, himself, has been called "a younger Carter Glass."

I thought of that comparison, in Montreal not long ago, when I talked with Dr. Douglas (in universities a man's honorary degrees should not be neglected). The resemblance between the two is not physically apparent. Glass is small, wispy, fiery. Douglas is of medium height, wiry and athletic in build, calm in manner. Glass has a rapier wit; he can cut the hide off a man with a phrase. Douglas has a quiet humor rather than wit; it glints from his bright and steady eyes and plays around the corners of his mouth.

APART from that there is great similarity in their fundamental points of view. They both believe in balanced budgets, sound money, classical economics, free markets, individual enterprise, personal independence. They are independent: Step on their toes at your peril.

It is that regard for the spirit of man which links them most closely. They see America not merely as a machine which turns out goods, but as a country which nurtures men. No abundance of material products could compensate us if we became a nation of frightened hirelings. That is the basis of Douglas's hatred of collectivism, public or private.

I talked with him in the principal's office, the windows of which look down on the historic city of Montreal far below. We chatted for a while about the general situation of business and government.

"What do you think we ought to do now?" I asked, rolling a thousand impossible questions into one.

"Now?" he said. "Well, we have been about seventy years getting into this mess of ours. It may take us seventy years more to get out of it."

It was nearly seventy years ago that we began to go in heavily for protective tariffs. These were originally supposed to protect "infant industries." Instead, Douglas feels that they came to protect inefficiency and encourage monopoly; that they upset the delicate mechanism of world trade; and that our protected infants grew into pampered giants.

He believes that high tariffs, generally, cause the price of manufactured goods to rise and the price of farm products to fall, thus upsetting the balance between farm and factory.

His views on the tariff are old-fashioned Democratic doctrine, but they would not necessarily be a bar to a Democratic-Republican coalition in 1940. Many Republicans have modified their tariff views in recent years, and feel that a co-operative lowering of world trade barriers would be to the benefit of all.

But many Republicans who regard Douglas as merely "a good, sound conservative budget-balancer" would be disturbed, I think, by his views on big business. If he were elected, some of these would soon be denouncing him as a "radical." That is a cloudy word, of many meanings. But certainly his plan for dealing with the abuses of big business is far-reaching. It involves the federal licensing, or incorporation, of companies engaged in interstate commerce.

For years, in his view, certain companies

WOMEN, put this where HE can see it



Women have sent this little bird

Mister, if you find this tacked on your mirror at home or pinned to your coat at the office, it means you are a man with a friend and a future.

Somebody is interested enough in you to hope that you will do something about just one little fault you have.

You are a fine fellow, but maybe you are sometimes unconsciously guilty of just a wee bit of perspiration aura. (I hope it's a wee bit.)

Men, I really don't expect anybody to tack or pin this up for you, but you're reading it now, aren't you?

The thing for you to do is to hint to yourself the possibility of your guilt along the lines I'm discussing, and to use Mum for fear it may be true. Mum is for two kinds of people: those who need it and those who want to be sure they don't.

Nearly everybody needs Mum, because a bath—fine as it is—gives protection against underarm perspiration aura for only a short time. But Mum works for hours and hours.

Mum is a pleasant cream, soothing to the skin, harmless to clothing, which definitely kills perspiration odor for hours without stopping perspiration. Hundreds of thousands of men now use two bars under each arm after each bath and again before evenings out. Many also use touches to the feet to keep hose and shoe linings fresh.

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MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



have been quietly working up certain private privileges of their own, through the endlessly intricate devices of corporation law: Combinations, holding companies, mergers, interlocking directorates. Sometimes these devices increased efficiency; in other cases, he believes, they led to monopoly, price fixing, high overhead, huge salaries, top-heavy inefficiency protected by legal forms and sheer bulk. That is what he means by "private collectivism," and he thinks it leads down the same road as public collectivism.

"Businessmen who do these things," he says, "are false to the system in which they think they believe, to the system which socially has distributed wealth to a greater extent than ever before in history. They are unwittingly torpedoing a great social order and unconsciously undermining themselves."

When Douglas joined the New Deal in 1932 his idea was that it intended to set free the forces of competition by striking at privilege, subsidy, and monopoly. Instead, the New Deal, in his opinion, tried to offset these things by setting up privileges, subsidies, and monopolies of its own. The government, he says, is "fostering monopoly in the fields of agriculture, money, and labor." Meanwhile, monopoly in private corporation structures goes on, in spite of fulminations against it by some New Deal officials, in spite of sporadic attempts to enforce the antitrust laws.

DOUGLAS'S suggestion is that a corporation which wants to do business in various states be required to have a federal license, forbidding direct or indirect price fixing, limiting the holding-company function, and prohibiting the interlocking of interests which should be competitive. If the corporation violated these rules of its license he would allow it to be sued by any consumer or competitor.

Senators Borah and O'Mahoney have been working on a federal licensing bill, but Douglas regards theirs as more complicated and punitive than what he has in mind.

Douglas has no idea that such a law would be a "crack-down" on big business. Rather, he feels that it would exercise a steady and temperate pressure on over-

large and monopolistic structures to dissolve themselves into units of the proper and efficient competitive size.

Douglas is not alone, of course, in his doubts about Big Government and Big Business. You can find kindred reflections in *The Curse of Bigness*, by Mr. Justice Brandeis of the Supreme Court; in *The Good Society*, by Walter Lippman; in *Economic Planning and International Order*, by Lionel Robbins, the British economist. It divides the councils of the New Deal (though there the emphasis is on Big Business) and the councils of business (though there the emphasis is on Big Government).

When Douglas opposes bigness, he does not, of course, mean that we should pulverize industry and go back to making our own cars in the blacksmith shop. I think he would agree, for example, that the growth of the automobile industry has generally been healthy, efficient, and competitive. It is the interests that have used the corporate device for monopolistic purposes which he wants to bring back to competitive size and form. Here are a few notes that he sent me following our conversation, which put things in his own words:

"First, it must be obvious that I do not advocate a return to the old artisan type of production. Secondly, in dealing with this matter of size, it is necessary to define precisely what one means.

"I certainly have no objection to efficient production, commonly defined as 'mass production,' in a few plants. But I do feel that these huge industrial empires which include a vast number of widely distributed units manufacturing everything from soup to nuts are not natural and inevitable consequences of the introduction of the machine. I am disposed to think, too, that the excessive-pyramiding of corporate structures, one upon the other, is not an inevitable consequence of the so-called industrial revolution.

"In many cases I think it is fair to say that corporations have embarked on ventures, wholly outside those originally contemplated, as the only available course by which monopolistic practices of those who supplied raw material or a service could be broken.

"Any effort to correct some of the practices which have grown up in the last seventy years must be temperate. It must not be undertaken in any punitive and capricious spirit. After all, it is safe to say that the businessman has as high a sense of honor as any other person. He has grown up with practices which he has accepted. The only important thing, it seems to me, is to remember that most people are honorable and that the direction of public policy, dealing with long-established practices and views deeply entrenched, is the significant thing.

"I feel very strongly, indeed, that reforms, if they are to be effected, must be carefully considered, wisely initiated, and administered with mature judgment aimed at a slow and gradual restoration of free markets. Freedom in the market places is the only alternative to collectivism. . . .

"This does not mean that the employer must have the right to take it out of the hide of labor. Nor does this all mean what was once considered to be a system of *laissez faire*. If *laissez faire* means private collectivism it contains the seeds of its own destruction."

THOSE are some of his thoughts, and I have tried to trace out and guess out what has led him in this direction. The issue is a critical one. On its decision depends our future direction: what kind of country this will be to live in twenty or fifty or a hundred years from now.

I don't know whether it can be decided by logic. It depends on how you feel about it in your bones. Some men like the independence, variety, competition, give-and-take of a world of private enterprise. Others like the promise of security which collectivism seems to offer; even though it be monotonous and less free, they see in it an escape from the constant hustle and worry of competition.

Just before I left him Douglas said something which perhaps sums it up better than an essay could:

"It seems to me there is something fundamental," he said, "about a man wanting to know his own boss. Maybe this comes from kicking around on the rocks in Arizona."

DIXIE'S

MOTHER

Confessor

(Continued from page 52)

to the children and the homes of the South. I deny the existence of the intrinsically, hopelessly bad boy or girl, and I'm going to prove I'm right.

"I've got many plans, but right now I'm

trying to convince America that we should choose our social workers and penitentiary and reform school staffs as carefully as we choose our G-men.

"Oh, yes, another thing," said the judge, who talks allegorically and in torrents: "I want to teach wives not to scream at their husbands when they (the husbands) have hang-overs."

She spoke as though she were on a lecture platform, as she frequently is. "Women," she said, "are foolish to lecture their drinking husbands. A wife can't tell a drinking man anything his conscience hasn't told him."

The judge takes the position that the best way for a wife to treat a drinking husband is to leave him alone as long as he handles his liquor, but, when liquor handles him, appeal to his pride and sense.

Judge Kelley has jurisdiction over all Memphis children under seventeen, and

her court also handles nonsupport cases, whether there are children in the family or not. She has the authority to compel a husband to pay a regular sum into the court, and the court, in turn, passes it to the wife if the couple are separated. She has no jurisdiction over divorce. In a majority of the nonsupport cases the judge patches up the differences between the man and wife simply by learning the cause of their separation and removing it.

"TEMPERAMENT is the cause of most separations," the judge says. "If I can make two persons' temperaments harmonious I can usually save a family. Of course, if the cause of separation and nonsupport is more serious than temperament I take sterner measures."

That day a man and his wife and their child had appeared before the judge, the husband charged with nonsupport. His

eyes were groggy and he looked like Dracula with a hang-over.

"He's a bushel of nerves," Judge Kelley whispered to me, as I sat at her bench.

His wife was a tiny thing with tight lines about her mouth and a voice that sounded like a nail being rasped across a windowpane.

"She's an atom of TNT," the judge said.

The child was cowed, but held the hands of his parents as though he were the only link between them. Judge Kelley sent the child away with a probation officer, and then told the parents to let their hair down. Anyone who wants to talk in her court can say his piece. The wife started. Her husband was a drunkard, a gambler. Her voice screamed. The father hung his head.

"Her tongue is in high and her brain is in neutral," the judge whispered, and, ignoring the chattering spouse, she addressed the man: "What kind of liquor do you drink, sonny man?"

He told her.

"**I**F YOU'D quit gambling you could afford a better party," the judge said, and the man perked up and grinned. (There is hope for any man who can grin with a hang-over, the judge says.) The wife's mouth popped open, as usual, but no words came out. She was just that surprised.

"Listen, sonny man," the judge continued. "If you knew a man was taking all your money, another was breaking up your home, another was killing you, and a fourth was ruining your son, what would you do to those men?"

"I'd stomp 'em!" said the father.

"Liquor is all four of those men to you, and common sense should tell you that you shouldn't drink at all." And, before the man could reply, she turned to the wife. "Your husband has been drunk for a week, my dear. You've been drunk for ten years—drunk on temperament. You get sober, and I'll bet your husband will."

It worked, not perfectly, but reasonably, for the husband stopped being a souse and the wife ceased being a shrew. Later, the father, the mother, and the child went separately to the judge and put their problems before her. The conferences are treated as confessions, and Judge Kelley never reveals the secrets.

"There comes a time in everybody's life," she said, "when a confession is good for the soul. Mankind wants to tell its troubles to a stranger. Persons hesitate to reveal their errors to their families, because families have a way of remembering errors and recalling them instead of burying them. Most persons won't listen to another person's troubles, but will tell him, 'Don't bother me with your troubles; I've got plenty of my own.' I listen to people, because people are my hobby. I don't play cards, I don't golf, I seldom see shows, and I don't read as much as I would like. I love folks, and I listen to their troubles."

Madam Judge listens eighteen hours out of twenty-four, and she's been doing it for eighteen years. Her friends worry about her health, and she laughs at them. The week I saw her she had traveled more than 2,000 miles in her car, delivered four speeches, patented an invention, heard and settled 53 cases, attended a social service convention, answered more than 200 letters, bought two new hats, and in her spare time talked to me about her work.

"You're going to wreck your health,

Judge," said a woman who was taking supper with the judge and was piddling with a dainty salad.

"Absurd," said Madam Judge between mouthfuls of medium rare steak, French fried potatoes, tomatoes, lettuce, and hot biscuits. "Look at all the energy I'm eating. I've got to burn it up or I'll get fat."

During meals is the only time she will not answer her telephone or see visitors, but immediately after supper the folks started pouring into the house and pouring out their stories. One caller was an old Negro woman.

"Judge," she said sadly, "that young'un of mine done misdeameored ag'in. They got him in the jailhouse. You ain't goin' take my young'un away, is you, Judge?"

"No, aunty." The judge knew the case. "He'll be home tomorrow. Fix a good dinner for him. He's not a bad boy, and don't you let him think that you think he's bad. He's just sort of frisky, like a colt. We'll work him with a halter for a while and treat him gentle. But I warn you, Aunty, if he gets to bucking too much I'll have to put a check bit on him. I don't want to do it, because it might break his spirit, but he's got to pull his lead."

That was talk the old Negro understood, and when she went away the judge sighed "I'm worried about that boy." (She is color-blind when it comes to races.) "He won't go to school and he stays in mischief. That's how gangsters are made. He's got his heart set to work on a steamboat, but his mother objects. It's a choice between hurting the mother or ruining the boy, and the mother must take it. I'll get him a river job, effective when his school closes."

"You know, the law gives me the right to take children from their parents, but I won't do it except in rare cases. I won't tolerate brutality to a child, and temperament, squabbling parents usually are as brutal to their children as harsh, heartless parents, without realizing it. The average child would rather take a beating any day than hear his father and mother quarrel. I'll remove a child from parents who quarrel and nag constantly as quickly as from parents who mistreat their child physically. Not everybody is fit to be a parent." (We should make it more difficult to get married and easier to get divorced, the judge says.)

SHE sat on her couch and held conferences most of the evening. She settles most of her cases with conferences and not with wordy opinions. A young couple, friends of the judge, came seeking advice. There was no charge against them. They had been married three years and simply couldn't get along together.

"They are really very much in love with each other," the judge whispered. "Look at them closely and you'll see the trouble. This is a delicate case."

The man was a dressy fellow and wore a neat gray suit with accessories of blue. His wife was a frilly woman and wore every color except black, and glared at her husband as though she wished she were wearing that.

"She looks like a rainbow at a masquerade party," the judge whispered.

The wife confided that her husband was sober, hard-working, and loyal, but flew into violent rages of temper apparently without cause.

"He's a heap of fun away from home,"

Even guys with yachts like cruisers
Save on Shaves—they're Ingram users!



Treat your face to Ingram's—the Luxury SHAVE!

THE first billowing brushful of Ingram's you drape across your chin will prove that here's a shaving cream that's different! Even a Maharajah couldn't buy a sweeter shave. For Ingram's is shaving cream, lotion and tonic in one, a three-way formula that gives a welcome "wake-up" to your skin. And you'll appreciate Ingram's economy. Ingram's saves you money because it's concentrated.



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Concentrated
SHAVING CREAM
A little goes a longer way

the wife complained, "but the minute he steps foot in his own house he blows up."

The judge eyed her closely. "What kind of furniture have you?"

"Maple."

"What's the color scheme of your bathroom?"

"Red." The wife was puzzled.

Judge Kelley laughed. "I don't blame your husband, honey. Can you imagine a man like him, a sonny man who loves soft colors, stepping into a red bathroom every morning? Go buy yourself a can of light-blue paint and tone down your bathroom, and maybe your husband will tone down." She took the wife aside and gave her a list of a few dainty things to purchase.

"I tried to teach her a few things about colors," the judge explained later. "You know, blondes, brunettes, and redheads are not the only clashing colors that wreck homes. Men are very sensitive to colors. No man wants to see violent colors when he wakes up. They shock his nerves, especially if he dissipates at all. Radiant colors, correctly blended, can be soothing."

THE judge's clothes are a perfect symphony of colors and she always wears a fresh rose. Physically, she is what the moonlight-and-magnolia school of rhapsodists would call a daughter of the Old South. Mentally, she's two whoops and a holler ahead of her own way of living. (That's mixing the old ideals and the new ideas, the judge says.)

She is a mother and a widow, with a passion for red roses and pretty hats, lavender and furbelows, and she literally lives behind bars but seldom puts anyone else there. When you step into her home you feel as though you have stepped back into another age, and any moment you expect girls in crinoline to come tripping down the stairs. The ceilings are high and the rooms are cool and shadowy. The furniture is rosewood and massive and very, very old. It even feels old to the touch—smooth and oily, as fine wood gets when it's well cared for in its old age.

Her bedroom is her home office. There is her rosewood couch and a huge fireplace and her four-poster bed. A dictating machine is beside it, for she often dictates letters and speeches after she retires. There are many mirrors in this room, and you can see into every room on the first floor by looking in the master mirror.

The windows are huge and have Venetian blinds, and on the outside there are bars. The bars and the safety doors of heavy grillwork are the first things a stranger notices. They seem out of place. Why should the judge seek protection behind bars? (Unarmed, she often delivers her own prisoners to Nashville and is known to be fearless.)

"You are going to ask me about the bars," she will say after a few introductory remarks. "Everybody asks about them. You know, I have two sons, Gerald and Heiskell. When they were in their early twenties and were out having fun, they used to worry about me being home alone. So each hour one of them would leave the party and come see about me. It was very fine of them, but it was playing havoc with their party life. So I told them I would have the bars put up, and then they wouldn't have to spoil their evenings running home every hour."

Gerald, thirty-one, is a Boston newspaperman, and Heiskell, thirty-three, is a Memphis attorney. Newspaper work and law are the judge's favorite professions. They look like their father. (But neither is so handsome, the judge says.) Her third child, Evelyn, passed away at the age of twelve. Her husband, Judge Thomas Fitzhugh Kelley, passed away in 1928. (The word death is never used by the judge.)

Her family—the McGees of Tennessee—were leaders in Memphis for generations. Her father held the chair of surgery at Memphis Medical College, and her brother, Howard Hawthorne McGee, was one of the South's best-known poets. Camille McGee was an orphan at an early age and an aunt reared her.

The first time she stepped out of the ranks was when she decided to be a doctor. A woman doctor in Dixie in the Victorian age! It was revolutionary. That's what she liked about it. She studied medicine for two years. And—but let her tell it:

"Well, he was tall and he laughed a lot and he was Irish. I decided there was no future in medicine. There's my husband's picture." (It's not necessary to point out the other Judge Kelley's picture; there are several in every room.)

She has servants, a nice home, and lots of leisure—too much leisure. She gets fidgety when she's idle. And, to tell the brazen truth, she became famous because she had nothing else to do.

"The day my first son went to school I watched him out of sight," she said. "I knew he was going into another environment, an environment I knew nothing about. I studied the schools and soon got interested in everybody's children as well as my own. I got to thinking about juvenile courts. I thought they should be clinics more than courts. Then I read law for two years in my husband's office and worked with him for eighteen months. I was appointed judge in 1920."

THE appointment was made before she had even taken her bar examinations. The political powers in Memphis decided that a judge of a juvenile court didn't need to know very much law. They wanted a mother who understood children.

The only hitch was that there was no legal precedent for a housewife's being made a judge. But the Memphis politicians figured that all right by going before the sonny men at Nashville and asking the solons to make a special rule in Judge Kelley's case. And the solons passed a law that it was all right for her to be a judge without being a lawyer. They held that in her job it wasn't necessary to know real-property and contract laws. She took an examination on fundamental law and passed, but she really would have no standing before any court in the country today as she is not a full-fledged member of the bar. However, she has not had a dozen appeals from her verdicts in eighteen years.

The legislature soon made her post an elective office and she has been elected four times without opposition. She was the first woman juvenile court judge in the South and the second in the nation. Memphis is controlled head and hands by the E. H. Crump political machine. (The notorious Crump machine if you live outside Memphis, the benevolent machine if you live there.) Judge Kelley, a novice in one of the toughest two-fisted political

towns in the country, stayed clear of the shoals and grew in power and understanding of politics. Crump laid down the law to his boys that politics mustn't get in Judge Kelley's court. (They call it Judge Kelley's Court, not Juvenile Court.)

"I'm behind you, Judge," said Crump. "I'll go to the bridge with you."

Memphis had the largest per capita murder rate of any city in the United States then. It was tough. The river and levees and streets were spawning criminals every year. The judge began at the bottom. She organized idle women into social workers and sent them into homes investigating conditions. Most of them worked free, and it didn't take them long to learn that poverty was the goblin that ruined most problem children. When the social workers went into a home they didn't theorize with the parents. They fed them. They got their jobs and gave them clothes.

"Nice clothes, too; I mean pretty," said the judge. "I've seen the time when a new hat was essential to save my self-respect and balance my state of mind. Often I can do more with a delinquent girl by giving her a new dress than by preaching all the sermons in the world."

Professional social workers, skilled probation officers, and a large staff were later furnished the court.

"LET me tell you something about social workers." The judge warned to one of her pet subjects. "There are thousands of good ones, but phlegmatic social workers with no human understanding can do nothing toward stabilizing tempestuous youngsters. Modern social workers should be adequately paid streamlined models—well trained, good personalities, and a sense of humor."

Soon after she became judge she and her chief probation officer began what everybody thought was a futile fight, a movement to outlaw children from the paper-selling business. They had a hard time interesting the proper persons. There is no state law against a child's selling papers. But one day she was walking down the street with one of Memphis' social leaders who was wearing a fresh organdy dress. A tow-headed urchin with filthy hands ran to the lady, tugged at her dress, and begged her to buy a paper.

"My dress!" the socialite gasped. "It's ruined. Those babies shouldn't be allowed to do that."

"Let's take these young children off the streets," said the judge.

"Indeed I will," promised the lady. "It's a disgrace running dresses like that."

A powerful committee was formed. The newspaper editors co-operated, but in spite of vigilance many youngsters under twelve would smuggle papers and bootleg them. Judge Kelley called together the older boys of the news-dealing business and explained that the little fellows were dangerous competitors. The public would buy from the little fellows because they felt sorry for them. At the judge's suggestion, the older boys formed a club, and every time one of the boys saw a child selling papers he reported it to the judge. The case was investigated, and generally it was found that the child was working because his parents were in dire need. The court then began rehabilitating the family, and once the father got a job the case was solved.

Her court is one thing Memphis news-

papers and politicians agree on. The papers promised her years ago that they would back her. "All right," she said. "Here's how you can help: Never publish the names of defendants in my court. Let's protect these children's names."

"But, Judge—" the editors began. "I know a good story when I see one," she said. "And when I have a good one I'll call you. But no names! Is it a go?"

They shook hands on the deal, and right today, when a good human-interest story breaks, the judge calls the papers. The editors simply will not tolerate any tampering with her court. The legislature recently changed the date for her election and it falls next year, although her present term expires this year. That meant that she, or somebody else, would have to be appointed until the next election.

Rumors got around that her reappointment was not certain and that wires were being pulled against her. The press took only one solemn notice of the rumors, and the mayor, to convince the city and state just how Judge Kelley stood with him, reappointed her promptly, more than eight months before her term expires.

SHE sometimes tangles with powerful influences in state politics, but never backs down if a principle is at stake. She sent a boy to the reform school years ago and he escaped, but as soon as he got to a telephone he called the judge. "They beat me, Judge," he sobbed.

"Come to my house, sonny boy," she ordered. She examined his back. He had been thrashed unmercifully. She called the authorities.

The authorities were delighted. "We'll be after him," they said.

"No, you won't!" the judge snapped. "This boy is not going back until I'm satisfied he won't be beaten."

The authorities spluttered, begged, and threatened. It was mutiny—insurrection! A judge harboring a fugitive! The boy wasn't thrashed when he went back, because the judge sent a probation officer with him. Conditions at the school were found to be insufferable. So she bought a new hat, put on a fresh rose, and called on the governor. She and her allies requested a change in administration of the school. The governor was polite, but firm. One of his best allies was running the school, and it wouldn't be good politics to remove him.

The judge wondered, aloud, if it would be good politics to keep him, and went home. Something changed the governor's mind a few days later, and Tennessee's reform school today is a model.

Judge Kelley seldom sends "my boys" to institutions. She prefers probation methods. (Parole is still a poorly functioning welfare method, the judge says.) A policeman brought a young offender into court while I was sitting there. She probationed the boy to the arresting cop!

Her court is housed in a new building which resembles a home. There are two huge trees directly before the entrance. The architect wanted to cut down the trees for a sidewalk. The judge objected.

"No, sir-ee," she said. "Don't touch those trees. Build two sidewalks and let the trees separate them. Many couples who come to see me don't want to walk on the same sidewalk, anyway."

Her record is overcoming the complaint

that she is too lenient with potential criminals. "They are not potential criminals," she insists, "if I get to them soon enough. I'm not in favor of pampering criminals, but in preventing boys from becoming criminals. Give a child half a chance, and he won't go wrong. I try 300 cases here every month and only one boy in a con's age throws me down. Girls are a different problem. Very few girls go to pieces, and when they do it's usually a case of morals or shoplifting. Delinquent girls are harder to adjust than boys, because the girls know society is inflexible and feel that if they make a mistake the world is against them. That's why the name of a girl who comes into this court must never be made public."

A Memphis businessman summed up the situation like this:

"We are interested in results, not in methods. Judge Kelley is a sentimentalist, but so what? If tears can do more than prison bars then we are for tears. She has broken up the gangs of young hoodlums in this city by getting them interested in something else. Yes, she's a smart politician, but she never plays politics."

The judge can be stern if necessary, but she believes so firmly in fair play that she'll go to any means to ensure it. Two boys recently committed a robbery. One was a juvenile. Judge Kelley sent her defendant to the reform school, but a jury freed the other boy. As soon as the judge heard it, she announced that the boy she sent up would be brought home.

"He's not going to take all the discipline unless the other boy does," she said. "It'll make him lose respect for law. That isn't soft; it's simply fair."

The judge will mount a soapbox or any lecture platform any time when the subject of child marriage comes up. "I've seen the results of so many child marriages that it makes me ill to think of them," she says. "Two years ago a child came before me who had married two men in one day—one because her mother insisted and the other as a refuge from her mother and her first husband. Another child of thirteen had married a cab driver on a dare after knowing him two hours. A third case I handled concerned a child who had married a man of forty-eight, and her own mother came to me and complained that her little girl was stubborn and wouldn't obey her husband. The husband's chief complaint was that his wife would run away and play ball with the neighborhood children."

ALTHOUGH she works eighteen hours a day she has found time to deliver radio addresses on several national hookups, and even Hollywood has cast an inquisitive eye in her direction.

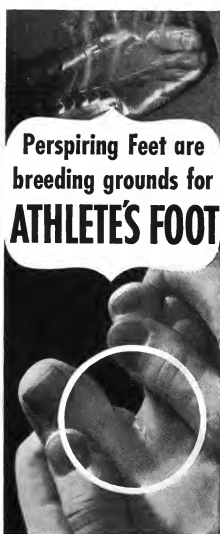
"A movie star? Tut, tut!" says the judge. "My job is children."

Is there anything she hasn't done? "Yes," she said, and laughed. "One thing. You won't think I'm frivolous if I tell you? Well, I want to write a swing song. I've written some lyrics."

Her lyrics tell the woes of a beautiful girl who loses her sweetheart to a girl of lesser charms. And then the patter chorus:

"It's all because the cause—
It's just because the cause—
Is Temperament."

Swing it, Your Honor!



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ATHLETE'S FOOT GERMS live on perspiration products. When the damp skin cracks open, you may already have the dread infection—or you're an easy prey to it. Those cracks let the germ get in! It bores its way through the tissues. You may not even know it's there till you're suffering from white, watery blisters—itchy, red skin—painful, raw soreness—Athlete's Foot!

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ABSORBINE JR.

—Kills ATHLETE'S FOOT Fungi

FOR BEAUTY'S SAKE



(Continued from page 15)

office, which is on the ground floor of the hostelry, the young man in charge called to me.

"Got a telegram for you," he said. "Came three-four hours ago, but I knew you'd be down to dinner, so I didn't bother to send it up."

I opened the envelope and read: "Dimity Sprig died last night. Funeral Thursday. Advisable for you to be present." And it was signed, "Middlesex & Disborough, Attorneys." . . .

FOLLOWING the funeral of my aunt, I accompanied Mr. Middlesex, of the law firm of Middlesex & Disborough, to the apartment where my aunt had lived. It was in an enormous building overlooking the East River, in New York, and there we seated ourselves in a curiously furnished living-room. I was to learn later that it was furnished and decorated in what is called the Modern manner, but if I were called upon to give it a name I fancy I could find one more tellingly descriptive.

There were no colors but black and white. What furniture did not make one think of the more disagreeable departments of a hospital called to mind the cleaner sections of a machine shop.

The whole did not give one a sense of comfort.

When I had found a seat in an eccentric chair covered with a fabric designed to represent the skin of a black-and-white zebra, Mr. Middlesex cleared his throat. "Mr. Dillsome," he said, "this document which I hold in my hand is the last will and testament of your aunt Dimity Sprig."

"Incorporated," I added involuntarily. "Your aunt," said he, "did not seem to approve of your profession."

"Indeed?"

"No," said he.

"The point," said I, "seems to have lost its importance—if it ever had any."

"On the contrary," said he, "it assumes overwhelming importance."

"Indeed?" said I again.

"Your aunt," said he, "was the owner, with the exception of a few shares necessarily allotted for legal purposes, of Dimity Sprig, Incorporated."

"Indeed?" said I once more.

"Can't you say anything except 'indeed'?" he asked testily.

"When necessary," I replied.

"She was also the owner of this apartment, and had the foresight to provide, in the form of life insurance, a sufficient sum to cover costs of administration and inheritance taxes, so that her business might be left intact as a going concern."

To this I made no reply whatever.

"Under the terms of this instrument which I hold in my hand," said Mr. Middlesex, "you take all." He paused.

"My aunt," I asked, "has made me her heir?"

"Precisely."

I looked about me at the room in which I sat. "Including this apartment?" I asked.

"And contents," he said.

"It's a nightmare," said I. "I don't want it."

"Nonsense," he replied. "The profits from Dimity Sprig, Incorporated, were upward of a hundred thousand dollars last year. They are yours—upon certain conditions."

"You mean this business of my aunt's earns a hundred thousand dollars a year?"

"More," said he.

"What," I asked with natural curiosity, "are these conditions?"

"As I said in the beginning, your aunt disapproved of your profession. The conditions, in the words of this instrument, are that you shall give up star-gazing, come down to earth, and assume the active management of Dimity Sprig, Incorporated, for a period of two years."

"My aunt," said I, "was insane."

"On the contrary," said Mr. Middlesex.

"In order to become possessed of this income of a hundred thousand dollars a year," I said, "I must desert that science to which I have devoted my life, and—" I paused and frowned. "And do what? Just what does my aunt's business consist of?" I asked. "Selling lipsticks?"

He permitted himself to smile in a superior manner. "Lipsticks," he said, "represent a minor portion. Dimity Sprig, Incorporated, operates the most widely advertised, most celebrated beauty parlor in the United States."

I WAS astounded, nonplussed. It was a moment of stress and I permitted myself an exclamation that bordered upon profanity. "Suffering cat!" I exclaimed. "It also," said he, "manufactures cosmetics."

"And you," I demanded, "are asking me to desert the noble profession of astronomy to apply face powder to the unpleasant noses of fat women? I decline."

"One does not decline a hundred thousand a year," said he.

I considered the matter. I am given to considering problems carefully, not to pronouncing snap judgments.

"Two years was specified?" I asked.

"Yes."

"At the end of that period I may return to my profession?"

"If you so desire."

"And retain ownership of—of this beauty parlor with its income?"

"You may."

"I shall be twenty-eight years old at the completion of the term," said I to myself.

"That is not an advanced age. I shall be wealthy. I shall be able to devote large sums to the science of astronomy."

"At the expiration of two years," said Mr. Middlesex, "you can take a balloon to Mars if you want to."

NOW, I am a man of decision. First, caution; then firm decision. I looked him directly in the eye. "Mr. Middlesex," said I, "I accept the conditions appertaining to this legacy."

"Naturally," he said.

"No—reluctantly," said I.

"You will require advice and assistance," he said.

I smiled. "I rather fancy," said I, "that if I am capable of making those intricate calculations, such as determining the scale of the solar system by measuring the sun's gravitation upon the moon, I shall not be found deficient in solving such slightly less baffling problems as applying enamel to a debutante's toenails."

"You may be right," he said dryly.

"You have thirty days in which to settle your affairs and enter upon your new life."

"Do I have to live here?" I asked, eying with distaste the room in which we sat.

"It will be your home," he said, and got to his feet. "I congratulate you, Mr. Dillsome," he said. "Good afternoon."

"But," said I, "I know nothing about this—this peculiar calling. What does one do? I have never seen such a place."

Mr. Middlesex paused and frowned.

"You might as well," he said, "know the worst at once. Come with me. I will show you the establishment of Dimity Sprig, Incorporated."

I experienced the vague glimmers of a plan. "Do they cut hair?" I asked.

"They do."

"Give massages?"

"Naturally."

"Er—rub in hair tonic?"

"Yes."

"Then it is a kind of a barber-shop."

"You might call it that," he replied, "but the boys won't drop around evenings to sing close harmony."

We took a taxicab across the city and stopped before a building on Fifty-seventh Street. It exhibited a façade which seemed to me to savor of eccentricity. It belonged to none of the schools of architecture with which my reading had made me familiar. One could distinguish traces of Egyptian, Mayan, Aztec, Amusement Park, and Boudoir, if an exterior may hint at such an intimate interior.

Over the entrance—an exotic hole in the front—appeared in silver Spencerian script the name, "Dimity Sprig, Inc."

"You may," said Mr. Middlesex, "commence by feasting your eyes on that."

"If," I replied, "the planet Mars is inhabited by sentient beings, they might have devised some such structure."

"It is only the prologue," said Mr. Middlesex. "You will not see the interior at its best, for there will be no customers. Owing to the funeral of Miss Sprig. You cannot really appreciate the interior decorations until they become a background for the victims."

"Victims?" I asked.

"Victims," he said firmly. "Did you ever," he asked, "possess a wife whose sole ambition was to acquire an abdomen resembling that of Ginger Rogers, or a—er—shall we say *derrière*?—reminiscent of a young woman named Hepburn?"

"I have never had a wife," I replied.

"If," he said gloomily, "you ever get one, pray to your gods that she never bulges. No savage Comanche," he continued, "ever devised a torture that an adipose woman would not undergo to remove a lump."

"What," I asked, "has that to do with this?"

"A few hundreds of thousands a year gross," he said, and, fitting a key into the lock, admitted me to a corridor which, even in the dim light, shimmered. He found and pressed a button, so that the room was revealed to me. It was not a bright light but it was sufficient. One might say that the room teemed with mirrors, and reeked with colors which I was to learn are called pastel shades. Between each pair of mirrors stood an ornate cabinet displaying bottles and vials and boxes and other containers. At the far end was a swanlike stairway leading upward.

"THE object of this lighting, of these colors and these mirrors," said Mr. Middlesex, "is to make a woman appear at her worst. Its effect is to cause such dismay that, instead of spending two dollars and a half for a mere facial, she will increase her upkeep by at least ten dollars for a scientific treatment. It shatters her sales resistance, so that she buys of those jars and boxes far beyond her means, and goes home, to startle her husband with a new face and a queer, uncanny personality that is a hybrid. A hybrid resulting from a union between a wax show-window dummy and a Spanish tile roof."

"Ah," said I, for I did not know what else to reply. I suspected Mr. Middlesex of employing some sort of humorous exaggeration—a thing which renders me ill at ease.

We climbed the stairs and entered an octagonal reception-room, in the middle of which was something obviously utilized as a desk. It was not a desk as those articles of furniture are known to furniture manufacturers. Rather it resembled an orchid without the restraint of that parasitic blossom. From this room we passed between rows of cubicles, lined with mirrors and shelves of various bottles and jars.

"Treatment rooms," said Mr. Middlesex.

Each of these cubicles, decorated in a different, faintly malign, and suggestive shade, aroused a vague stirring of emotion such as no student of astronomy should harbor.

"Where," I asked hastily, "do they cut hair?"

"That," he said, "is another department. We next come to the baths—the wax baths, the mud baths, the various baths, varying in expense, devised to give you skin of the texture of that of Venus, and advertised to reduce the figure of a fifty-year-old dowager with three chins to that of a dryad dancing in the moonlight."

"I quite fail to understand," said I.

"It is simple," he told me. "This place is devoted to the scientific pursuit of sex appeal by women who have overladen it, outgrown it, out-aged it, or never had it."

"Sex appeal!" I said distastefully.

"Grandmothers cry for it," he said.

"Horrible!" I said. "And what would they do with it if they acquired it?"

"God knows," he said hopelessly.

I WAS becoming hopelessly bewildered, and I admit, frightened at the prospect of associating myself in an executive capacity with an enterprise of this magnitude and of such debatable character. I fear I did not study the remainder of the premises as I should have done; did not give my undivided attention to the exercise salons, with various gymnasium apparatus enameled in mauve and lavender, or even to the barbershop. Never have I been faced with a problem which caused me such acute discomfort nor such dubiety.

Here, if I were not in error, was a new world, operated under a set of laws far different from those regulating the behavior of the universe, or even the lawlessness of comets and meteors. It would require of me that I start afresh, commence my education at the beginning, and devote my intellect to the mastery of occult matters which at once bewildered, frightened, and repelled me.

"I have seen enough," said I.

Mr. Middlesex eyed me slantwise. "When," he asked, "do you think you can complete your arrangements to take over?"

"Will a week be too much?" I asked.

"If," he said cryptically, "this business must get along two years with you, it certainly can survive seven days without you."

"A week from today, then?"

"It is not my custom," he told me, "to solicit business. But I should appreciate being retained as your attorney. Not for the fees involved," he hastened to say, "but because it would, in a manner of speaking, furnish me with a ringside seat."

I have heard that in the business world it is not well to make decisions promptly, even if they are manifestly to your advantage. The phrase, I understand, is "to take it under advisement." Just what theory underlies this I cannot state, but doubtless it rests upon some foundation of reason. Possibly it bewilders your opponent or your customer or your patron to be made to feel that you are unable to make up your mind. It serves, at any rate, to waste your time and his time and to make another meeting inevitable. My observation of businessmen leads me to the conclusion that they never do at one sitting what they can spread over three; that they never decide by themselves what can be taken up in conference; and that the harder you make it for anyone to transact anything with you the more admirable you become. Also, that the most valuable employee of any executive is the secretary who will call someone on the telephone just as you are stepping out, and, by wiles, hold him until you return at your con-

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venience. She must also be able to trick the other individual's secretary into putting him on the phone before you can be induced to lift the receiver.

Business, I was to learn, is an entertaining game, the main object of which is to make an executive appear busy, and so to lengthen and interrupt his work with systems or devices that it will fill his working day. If these makeshifts were not resorted to, any executive of average mentality could complete his day's tasks in something like an hour.

I said good-bye to Mr. Middlesex, had myself driven to the station, and boarded the train for my home. It was a ride given over to self-examinings and to misgivings. . . .

I AM not an individual who considers himself competent to cope with any perplexity. I am willing to seek advice and even to ask active assistance if I feel myself lacking.

It was not necessary for anyone to inform me that there is an appalling difference between the science of astronomy and the business of making homely women appear beautiful. However able I may be in my own field I was not so fatuous as to suppose that, in the beginning, I could be equally at home in this other and so different field of endeavor. It behooved me, therefore, to consult with someone more versed in the subject than myself.

On alighting from the train upon my arrival at home, I walked up the street to the barbershop where my friend, Blimp Moggs, was employed. There were no patrons in the place and Blimp's ample body occupied a chair in a corner.

"Nice funeral?" he asked.

"I saw no defect in it," said I.

"Good turnout?"

"A number of people were present."

He sighed. "Ma always enjoyed a good funeral," he said. "She could tell you how many carriages followed the hearse in any buryin' for thirty years."

"Blimp," said I, "did you ever cut a woman's hair?"

"Who? Me? Say, I've cut the hair of everythin' that grows hair. I even give a fancy haircut to that black poodle the woman had that was visitin' Judge Hooper las' summer."

"Is there," I asked, "a greater difficulty in cutting a woman's hair than a man's?"

"Tain't harder, but you got to give out more art with it."

"I don't understand."

"Wa-al, take a man. You set him into the chair and tuck the sheet inside his collar, and then you fly to it. The way a man estimates a haircut is, how quick do you do it? But a woman is somethin' else."

"In what respect?"

"Wa-al, I find, personal, the way to give satisfaction is to plunk the dame in a chair and then to stand off about five feet, 'n' breathe hard while you study her. Then you got to give out the old sugar, like, for instance, 'Mis' Peters, I never run a finger through a likelier crop, but what dumb cluck give you the last trim?' You always ought to git in that dig, so she'll recognize you're an expert, see? Then you say somethin' like, 'That butcher didn't study to fetch out your points. A lady with a fine-shaped head like yours ought to show it off.'"

"All this before you commence to cut?" I asked.

"And continuin' from start to finish," Blimp said. "The longer you take to cut a woman's hair the better she's contented, and the heavier you breathe and the more you walk around her 'n' stare from different angles. While she tells you the main and principal defects her husband's got as a man and a provider. Wimin can't git their hair cut without disclosin' the family skeletons. The's somethin' about a haircut that primes a woman, like you prime a pump, so she spouts scandal. Yup. She'll tell a barber things she wouldn't even confide to a doctor."

"But the haircut," I prompted.

"Oh, there hain't nothin' to that. You jest cut it. Anythin' goes if you jest make enough purrin' noises 'n' mention Greta Garbo or whatever cutie was in the last picture at the Odeon."

"IT SOUNDS inefficient," said I, "and wasteful of time."

"If you think a woman's wastin' time when she tells you how hard it is to make her husband take a bath, you got another guess comin'. And when it comes to the time she caught her sister-in-law canoodlin' with the school principal, the day ain't long enough."

"By all of which," said I, "you infer that

the element of psychology must be considered."

"A woman'll take that up, too, if you don't head her off. I give you my word I've blushed so that I dum near set my collar on fire."

"Are you also familiar with other beauty treatments, such as, for instance, the Salon Facial, or the Bleach Mask, or the Society Make-up, or the various baths, mud, wax, et cetera?"

"Say," Blimp demanded, with a puzzled look, "what's this got to do with eclipses?"

"I have not," I replied, "subjected you to this cross-examination without a purpose."

"About facials 'n' masks 'n' them beauty rackets," he said, "what I know I got from Dottie."

"Dottie?"

"Yeah. Dottie Nickerson, the girlfriend. You know. Works down to Agnes and Maggie's—dum the beauticians on Main Street."

"SHE is an expert in such matters?" I asked.

"She knows," said Blimp, "all the Greek Ideal Beautician Correspondence School can teach her. Got a diploma that says so." He brought the front legs of his chair down upon the floor with a crash. "Listen," he said; "what's all this heat about face-liftin' and war-paintin'? What's got into you?"

"Be patient," said I, "but be prepared for a revolutionary alteration in your life and your surroundings. Ah—I shall wish to meet and talk with this Miss Dottie Nickerson."

"She ain't your type," said Blimp.

"Nevertheless," said I, "I find it desirable to renew my acquaintance with her."

"I guess I can trust her that far," said Blimp, and then added, "If you can trust a woman any distance at all."

"What has trust to do with it?" I asked.

A peculiar expression dimmed his eyes. It was an expression which one might have termed wistful, or even soulful. "A fat feller," he said earnestly, "can love jest as well as a thin one."

"Indeed!"

"What," he demanded fiercely, "is so doggone comical about two fleshy people bein' in love?"

"That," said I, "is a point upon which I have never reflected."

"It's why fat women want to git thin," he said, "so that folks won't bust out laughin' at the idee of somebody kissin' 'em. It's a sure-fire hoot," he said resentfully, "every time two fat people kiss on the screen."

"What has this," I asked, "to do with my discussing beauty treatments with Miss Dottie Nickerson?"



"Helen's beginning to show her age. Several of the men have asked me if she's the chaperon here"

I. Roir

"You're tall, ain't you? You got a face, ain't you, instead of somethin' that you could roll down a bowlin' alley? You can keep your pants up with a belt instead of a surcingle. If your clothes wasn't kind of sloppy you would look like one of them advertisements. You got the kind of a pussed women go for. That's what it's got to do with Dottie!"

"Nonsense," said I. "I have slight interest in women in their romantic aspects."

"Yeah? Says you! It ain't you I'm worryin' about; it's her. Does she fall for you—whether you ask her or not—where am I at?"

"Nonsense," said I. "Come, come, Blimp. I have important matters to consider and to discuss at the observatory. Be in a receptive mood."

"For what?" he asked.

"For," said I, "a business proposition." . . .

WHEN I left the barbershop it was my intention to see both Blimp Moggs and Miss Dottie Nickerson on the following day, but events intervened. One of these was the necessity for assisting my superior in certain intricate calculations with respect to the variation of latitude.

In the second place, I was interrupted by visitors.

The first of these, arriving in midafternoon of the next day, was a Mr. Rodney Blynn. His card was brought in to me with the message that he desired an interview on a matter of urgent importance. Reluctantly I arose from my calculations and greeted him, I fear, abstractedly.

"Mr. Bertram Erasmus Dillsome?" he asked.

"That is my name," said I.

"Mine, as my card will have told you, is Rodney Blynn," he said, with a pleasant smile.

He was a young man, a few years older than myself, perhaps. His face could be described as handsome, though somewhat angular. Though he smiled with charm, his lips had a way of compressing thinly and his eyes of narrowing. His chin was belligerent, though not unpleasantly so. I consider myself to be no mean judge of character, and I reached the conclusion that Mr. Blynn would be a very friendly man with those who agreed with him, but implacable to opponents.

"I am exceedingly busy," said I, "will you state your errand briefly."

"You have," he said, "inherited the business of Dimity Sprig, Incorporated."

"Possibly," said I, with caution.

"Have you ever heard the saying," he asked, "that a bird in the hand is worth two in a bush?"

"It is not unfamiliar to me."

"It is to put a bird in your hand that I have come," said he affably. "I take it your interest in beauty treatments or cosmetics is not keen."

"Your tense is incorrect," said I. "Was not keen. At the moment it borders upon the avid."

"I am familiar with the terms of Miss Sprig's will," said he. "The provision that you must devote your time to the management of the company for two years is irksome."

"It may not prove so," said I.

"It is a highly specialized business," said he. "One must be trained to it. It is not impossible that two years of mis-

management might destroy it. This is not a criticism of your ability, Mr. Dillsome, but common sense. You have no training, no experience. I fear you will find yourself bewildered, out of your element."

"I doubt," said I, "if the cutting of hair and the massaging of double chins is as difficult to master as the science of astronomy."

"But very different," said he. "You would not expect a beauty expert to step into an observatory and immediately become a competent astronomer."

"Naturally not."

"Why, then," he asked, "should you suppose an astronomer can cope with the intricacies of a beauty salon?"

It was a point well made, and I considered it for a number of moments. He waited patiently.

"I have," said I at last, "devised a means of overcoming that objection."

"May I inquire what it is?"

"Associating with myself assistants who will be able competently to advise me until I have mastered the business."

His eyes narrowed and his lips thinned. "Who beat me to you?" he demanded.

"No one," said I.

"Roberta Volmer? Charlot of Paris? Who?"

"I am unfamiliar with those names," said I.

His face relaxed as though by an effort. "Let us suppose," he said, "that you devote two years to Dimity Sprig, Incorporated, and that at the end of that time the business has been ruined. You will have lost two years and have nothing to show for it."

"It is a possibility."

"But suppose you turn over the actual management to competent persons, yourself agreeing not to interfere, to become—shall we say?—a figurehead with no responsibilities. And for your services accepting \$25,000 a year. And at the end of that time selling to the real managers—when you become the actual owner—say, 51 per cent of the business for \$50,000."

I CONSIDERED this proposal. It was inviting. It would, of course, remove me from contact with the observatory for two years, but there are instruments in New York and facilities for pursuing my chosen calling even though I must pass my days in the office of a beauty salon. But that did not seem to be the point at issue. I was confronted by an ethical problem. When my aunt Dimity died she left me her property upon certain conditions. If I did not like those conditions I could refuse the bequest. If I accepted it I was morally bound. It would savor of dishonesty were I to derive a large profit while avoiding in toto to carry out Aunt Dimity's intentions. "Your proposal," said I, "savors of chicanery."

He lifted his brows. "What," he asked, "is a little chicanery between friends?" He smiled ingratiatingly. "And a hundred thousand dollars is a great deal of money."

"The interview," said I, "is terminated."

"I wouldn't hurry," he said, with an undertone of meaning in his voice. "Can you imagine that there might be people who would not wish you to succeed with Dimity Sprig, Incorporated? Can you imagine such people taking prompt and decisive steps to prevent that success?"

"Would that remark of yours," I asked

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caustically, "be in the nature of a threat?"
 "Did it sound like a benediction?" he asked grimly.

I regarded him mildly, but inwardly I was aroused. I sought a phrase which should be telling and expressive of my state of mind. It was an expression of a sort to which my tongue was unaccustomed, but, having uttered it, I felt a glow of satisfaction at the sound.

"Suppose," said I, "you get the hell out of here!" . . .

IN MIDAFTERNOON of the next day I set out for the village with the intention of conferring with Blimp Moggs, but I was no more than halfway to that destination when a very large horse jumped over a hedge almost upon me. The experience was not agreeable. When I recovered my composure I saw that the horse was not alone. A tiny figure sat on top of it.

"Hi!" she said, as she drew up the creature directly across my path. I recognized her as that Miss Pringle who mistook me for a fortuneteller.

"You almost jumped on me," I said severely.

"I emphatically didn't," she replied. And then, to her horse, "This is him, Peter."

"He," I corrected.

"When I say *him* I mean *him*," she retorted. "Give him the old scrutiny, Peter, and let's have the verdict."

The horse stared at me and then commenced to paw at me with his hoofs.

"Well," said Miss Pringle, "I'll be simply, absolutely darned. He wants to shake hands with you." She paused and frowned. "What are you waiting for?" she demanded crossly. "Peter doesn't offer to shake hands with everybody. I'm almost downright flabbergasted. Are you up-and-down, cross-your-heart certain, Peter?"

The horse pawed at me again, and, quite to my surprise, I found myself shaking hands with him.

"That definitely settles it," said Miss Pringle.

"Settles what?" I asked.

"You're promptly going to find out," she said, and swung down from the saddle. "We'll sit down here under this tree and talk almost everything over."

"We will not," said I. "I am going to the village on an important errand."

"The great, big trouble with you is that you don't know what is important."

"That," I said, "is for me to decide."

"Uh-uh," she said, shaking her head furiously. "It's for me. Peter, if he moves a step just grimly trample him down."

"What do you want?" I demanded.

"I want to start in to fathom you," she said. "A girl can't do it too soon."

"I have no desire to be fathomed. I wish to go to the village."

"Stubborn," she said. "We'll have to take that under consideration. How many utterly poisonous girls have you been in love with?"

"None," said I.

"He'll be just like Darkest Africa where the foot of woman has never trod," she said. "Can you imagine! Here's nice grass." She sat down and patted a spot beside her.

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Have you a suggestion for this column? Address it to "Why Don't They?" THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

I did not desire to do so—indeed, I was averse to it—but for some reason I found myself impelled to obey.

It has been my habit to endeavor to derive some profit from every hour. Now, finding myself prevented from carrying out my original purpose, I determined to salvage what was possible from the time this young woman obviously intended to compel me to waste. "Have you ever," I asked, "been in a beauty salon?"

Her hand flew to her hair and her eyes opened wide. "Why?" she asked in an apprehensive voice. "What's the matter with me?"

"I merely asked," said I, "if you have ever been in a beauty salon."

"I have simply noisily spent half my life in them," she said.

I was surprised. "Why?" I asked. "Why should you patronize such places? You are so—"

"Go on," she urged.

"You are so—"

"Cheer!" she said. "You didn't mean to say that at all. You meant to say I was so beautiful, and you reneged."

"I meant to say no such thing," I replied.

"Then," she said, "you're either just mean, or you've got one of those vile astigmatisms and what you need is an oculist."

"You haven't," I said, "answered my question. Why do you patronize beauty salons?"

"It's the competition," she said.

"For what?"

"Men," she said promptly. "You see girls marrying the foulest-looking men. And if you want one that is nice, and also nice-looking, you better just positively scramble and scratch gravel, because there aren't hardly any."

"Then," said I, "why marry anyone?"

"Don't be silly," she said. "So, because every girl around naturally wants to pick one that would win ribbons, she's just in a jostle. And so you have to spend perfectly grinding hours in beauty places or some wench will steal a lap on you."

"Indeed!" I said.

SHE sighed. "It is sometimes very confusing," she said plaintively, "because your mamma and your aunts and all your teachers and the minister tell you that you have to be very careful about men, and all the time watch your step; and then, at one and the same time, they make you fix yourself up so that even a nice boy can't help himself but make passes."

"So," said I, "the foundation of the business of the beautician is the competition among women for men?"

"You don't know much, do you?" she asked simply.

"That is," I said, "as may be."

"I know simply amazing odds about everything," she said gravely. "For instance, men can get all in a lather about oil wells or selling more potatoes or merging a couple of contemptible electric companies, or even astronomy. They scatter their shot. They can get all passionate about ball games and golf. And women come into it sort of like food when it gets to be mealtimes. But women have to concentrate. The only things that amount to a

twenty bit to a woman are snagging onto a man, nailing him down tight when you get him, making other women uneasy for fear you'll siren off their men, and dishing the good old dirt about what happens in other families that aren't so well regulated."

"Then," I asked, "you regard a beauty salon as supplying a staple—a necessity?"

"Compared to beauty parlors," said Miss Pringle, "grocery stores are absolutely highfalutin luxuries. But why this hunger for knowledge about Salon Facials for Oily Skins?"

"I have inherited a beauty salon."

"Once more," she said, stiffening.

"I have," said I, "inherited from my aunt, Dimity Sprig, Incorporated. With the proviso that I abandon astronomy and conduct the business personally for a term of two years."

She poked a tiny finger at me. "You," she said, and then pointed the same finger off into space, "have inherited that?"

"Yes," said I.

"Whoop!" she exclaimed.

"I beg your pardon."

"It seemed like the thing to say," she said. "It's the kind of a thing you only think of and get to say maybe once in a lifetime. . . . Whoop!" Then she clapped her hands. "That means," she said, "you'll be going to New York."

"Yes," I said.

"It simplifies everything." She sprang to her feet and walked to the horse, Peter. "This," she said, "is so perfectly blastically important that I must go some place and think." She stood by her horse apparently waiting for something. "Well!" she said with an impatient inflection.

"Well, what?" I asked.

"Aren't you going to give me a hand?"

The idea seemed to be that she could not get on top of her horse without assistance. So, with what nonchalance I could assume, I walked to her side, stooped, picked her up gingerly, and sat her in the saddle.

"Well," she said a little breathlessly, "that's one way of doing it." Her horse started away. "And really quite nice," she added. Then, as the horse broadened the distance between us, "How did you like it yourself?" she asked; and suddenly was gone amid a thunder of hoofs.

I remember that I looked at my hands, for they seemed to tingle. It was a curious sensation that ran up my arms. It even communicated itself to my legs. I can only describe it as bewilderingly pleasurable. I felt compelled to swallow before I could speak, and then I called after her loudly—and mendaciously, "I didn't like it."

SO MUCH time had been taken up by this encounter that I returned at once to the observatory; but on the following afternoon I arrived without interruption in the village and entered the barbershop. Fortunately Blimp Moggs was unoccupied.

"Blimp," said I, "would Miss Nickerson be engaged at this hour?"

"I just see her goin' into the ice-cream parlor," he said reluctantly.

"Can you leave the shop and take me to her?"

"I'd rather than to have you go alone," he said.

So we crossed the street and found Miss Nickerson enjoying a concoction consisting of ice cream, whipped cream, sliced bananas, nuts, a clinging sirup, and a red cherry. If she indulged in many of these it

would account for her plumpness. Miss Nickerson's hair was noticeable. It was exceedingly bushy and of a startling color somewhere in the spectrum between lemon yellow and vermilion. Her eyes were round and blue, with wrinkles at the corners which gave her an expression of humorous shrewdness. Above her eyes were arched brows, black as the feathers of a crow and of about the thickness of a wire. Her lips, carefully drawn in a definite orange shade, were obviously works of art, and her fingernails were purple.

"Hey, Dot," said Blimp, "the Prof wants to ask you some answers."

"Shoot," said Miss Nickerson affably, "or give up the shotgun."

"I AM about to surprise both of you," I said. "I am about to make an announcement, and to follow it with a business proposition."

"Take the floor," said Miss Nickerson.

"I am," said I, "the owner and executive head of Dimity Sprig, Incorporated."

"No foolin'?" asked Miss Nickerson.

"It is mine," said I. "Within a few days I leave this village to take charge. I do so with apprehensions. I feel the need of expert advice and assistance. Now, Mr. Moggs is a proven expert in the line of cutting hair; you are competent in the other branches."

"From Powder Foundation to Bleach Masque," she said. "From Youthifying Stimulants to Town and Country Make-up."

"I will offer you," said I, "fifty dollars per week each if you will come with me to New York, to act as my cabinet, if I may call it such—to be—shall we say?—superintendents, each of your own department under me."

"You mean you want me to boss the beauty department of Dimity Sprig?" asked Miss Nickerson.

"Precisely."

"You've hired you a woman," she said. "Me, too," said Blimp. "If Dottie goes to New York I paddle along."

"I am sure," said I, "it will be a pleasant and profitable association. When can you be prepared to leave?"

"Now," said Miss Nickerson promptly. "I was delighted. It gave me a feeling of security I had not experienced since the news of my aunt Dimity's bequest. I sighed with relief."

As I did so the young man from the telegraph office entered, whistling. "I see you come in here, Prof," he said, "so I fetched the message over. It says it's important."

I read the telegram. "Come at once," it said. "Critical situation requiring your immediate presence has arisen." It was signed "Middlesex & Disborough."

"Well," said I, with a sudden sinking feeling, "what can it mean?"

Miss Nickerson wiped her mouth on a paper napkin, imparting to it a color not conceived of by the manufacturers, and leaving her countenance in a state only to be described by one writing of carnage. "We'd better money in and find out," she said firmly.

So it was that, prematurely, accompanied by my chosen advisers, I hastily boarded the night train for the metropolis, apprehensive of what dire condition I might find awaiting me.

(To be Continued)



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Robin



Hill

(Continued from page 26)

Mrs. Kingsley, Jane? Our art teacher, Miss Lombard."

Perfume, with that extra flavor it acquires from association with sables, smote Jane's nostrils as she turned. "But of course!" Elaine Kingsley cried. "Have you had a nice vacation, Miss Lombard?"

Jane bit her lip abruptly, because she wanted to say, "Lousy!" Then Wendell came into the room, slender and elegant, in a tweed suit she had never seen and a fine maroon-colored shirt and matching necktie, and in one second Jane thought blindly, "I bet she bought him that! I hate him! I wish I'd taken that secretarial job!" And then Wendell's smile, the curve of his sensitive mouth and the joy in his gray eyes overwhelmed her.

"Jane!" He had both her hands, but she felt Elaine Kingsley's eyes upon them, and was aware of not looking her best.

"Hello, Wendell. Did you have a nice summer?"

His mouth jerked; his eyes seemed to be saying something secret. "What if I kissed him, right now?" thought Jane.

"When did you get back?" he asked.

"Yesterday." Her eyes fell. Meeting him like this was torture.

"Has Marcel brought in all Bobby's things?" Mrs. Kingsley asked.

"I'll see," said Wendell, and turned toward the door. At the threshold he paused. "Oh, Jane!" he called, and she felt like a puppy, running eagerly after him. "You're prettier than ever and I adore you," he told her softly, as they crossed the piazza together. "And I can't wait very long to kiss you. What about the other side of those spruces?"

"Someone will see us," Jane objected faintly, walking very quickly.

"What if they do?" he demanded, and they were almost running when they reached the screen of blue-needled trees, and then she was in his arms. "Oh, you adorable!" he murmured. "So sweet—"

SHE rubbed her cheek against his. "I've missed you so!" she cried.

"And I've missed you! Darling Jane—" Angry voices rose, beyond the screen of spruce, and they looked up.

"Oh, dear!" said Jane. "That would be our new physical instructor!" Her mouth twitched. "Come on, before he ruins Mrs. Kingsley's chauffeur!" Wendell kissed her again. "Didn't you know that was me you nearly ran into the ditch on your way up?" she asked breathlessly. "Hurry, darling—we'll have to stop him."

The chauffeur was sputtering, and muscles rippled threateningly in Harry Dunn's bare arms. Jane laid her hand gently upon his shoulder and he turned, and then stared at her, silently. Happiness emanated like a tangible substance from her.

"Never mind, Harry," she said, and her voice was tender because she loved everyone in the world at that moment. Wendell came up, and she introduced them; she was too happy to feel the instant antagonism, the profound dislike and mistrust which snapped, like an electric spark, between them.

MRS. KINGSLEY stayed at Robin Hill for luncheon, and Jane, smiling secretly across the table at Wendell, was very gay. Now that she knew again that Wendell loved her, now that she had again felt his arms about her and his mouth on hers, she knew that she had been jealous—and over nothing! Even when Elaine Kingsley put her hand on Wendell's arm in an almost proprietary gesture and suggested that they walk down to the athletic field before she departed, Jane did not care. "Want me to meet the afternoon train?" she asked Dr. Mike, and Harry Dunn said, "Hahn't I better go along to handle the luggage?"

"I'm going to like it here," he told her positively. "The kids look okay, too."

"They're sweet kids," Jane said, and Harry Dunn, looking at her, blinked as a man does who looks straight at the sun.

"Have the Carmichaels lost their senses?" Wendell demanded, that evening, when they had a moment again alone.

"Huh?" asked Jane.

"This thug that they've taken on," he explained.

Jane's husky laughter was instant. "Harry Dunn, you mean? He's no thug, Wendell." Her dimple stirred. "What he really is is a Knight of the Round Table! He helps ladies in distress—"

"You seem to know quite a bit about him," Wendell interrupted.

"Oh, I do!" She told him about the episode on the train. "And all day he's been being gallant to me. I'd forgotten all about gallantry—" She paused, arrested by Wendell's expression. "You know what I mean—the absurd, old-fashioned, chivalrous-to-the-ladies kind."

She shrugged. "Is it gallantry or bulk?" he inquired. "These football heroes—"

Jane said, "I'm surprised at you!"

"I'm a little surprised at you!" he retorted. "I don't know why, though. There never was a woman yet who didn't respond to two hundred pounds of male muscle."

"Darling!" she cried delightedly.

"Don't misunderstand me," he murmured dryly. "I'm not jealous, you know."

Wendell was not jealous, but his dislike grew increasingly with the days. "Does he have to call you 'Jane'?" he asked.

"I told him to," she answered. "After all, Wendell—"

Routine settled upon Robin Hill, and they were all busy, but Harry Dunn was busier than anyone. The children liked him, and he seemed always to move surrounded by an escort of them.

He was busier than anyone, yet it seemed magical to Jane the way in which he always appeared when a shutter became loose outside her classroom, or supplies arrived that needed uncaring.

"Now, why didn't you send for me?" he demanded one November afternoon when he met her carrying a bulky package of raffia for the basket-weaving class.

She laughed, as he took it from her. "It doesn't weigh anything, Harry—it just looks big."

"Women shouldn't carry things," he replied. "And a little thing like you—"

She looked up at him swiftly, startled by something in his voice, and then she looked away from an echo of that something in his brown eyes.

"Can't you see," Wendell told her that evening, "that the poor mutt is falling in love with you, Jane? You ought to have more kindness toward dumb animals."

"But I haven't encouraged him," she objected.

"Why don't you try discouraging him, then?" he asked.

Actively discouraging Harry did seem, to Jane, to come under the heading of cruelty to dumb animals. There was a puzzled, doglike look in his brown eyes when they rested on her.

HE STOPPED her, one gray December morning.

"I'm in a hurry, Harry. My class is waiting."

"They'll wait," he told her, and took firm hold of her arm. "Look here, Jane; have I done something to offend you?"

"Why, of course not," she answered.

"Then what's the matter?"

"Why, nothing!" Even to herself, her voice sounded false.

"I may be a heavyweight, but it's not in my skull," said Harry Dunn. "What's the matter?"

She looked up at him, and his young face was stern and unyielding. "Harry, really I've got to go!"

"Do you want me to pick you up and carry you over to that bench?" he asked.

"No," she said.
 "Will you take a walk with me, after classes?"

She nodded. It was better to get it over with, clearly understood. . . . Her voice shook when she addressed her class, and her heart thumped.

"You see," she told Harry frankly, that afternoon, "I'm going to marry Wendell. And—"

"When?" he interrupted her.
 "We haven't set a date. Early next summer, I guess. And—"

"Are you engaged?" he asked sternly.
 "Why—yes!" said Jane, and heard defiance in her voice. Was she engaged? She had not, yet, met Wendell's people.

"Don't you know?" he persisted.
 "Really, Harry—" she protested indignantly, and again he interrupted her.

"When a man is in love with a girl it gives him certain rights," he told her quietly. "But you needn't worry that I will presume upon them." He turned and walked away, leaving her staring after him.

APPROACHING Christmas and Christmas vacation left little time for personal emotions in the teachers at Robin Hill. The art classes were particularly busy, since their work could so easily be transformed into presents, and Jane spent most of her after-school hours in the art building.

Everyone was going home this year, Jane to her grandmother in Massachusetts, Wendell to his parents outside Boston. She had hoped that he would say something about her meeting them during vacation, but so far he had not.

"We'd better take the morning train, don't you think?" she asked him. "It's a bore, but there are so many youngsters going, and both Mademoiselle and Mrs. Perry are motoring this year."

"Oh, didn't I tell you?" he murmured smoothly. "I'm motoring, too. Elaine Kingsley is coming up for Bobby, and she suggested that I drive home with them."

If Jane had been less stunned she would have made a scene. But Wendell was so matter-of-fact that it paralyzed her.

Harry was a tremendous help. "I don't know what I'd have done without you," she told him gratefully, in the station at Boston. Betsy Davenport's mother had been delayed in meeting her, and Harry had purposely missed the train he intended taking to New York in order to wait with Jane until Mrs. Davenport appeared. "I hope you won't have to wait very long for a train," Jane added.

He shrugged, and stood for a moment looking down at her as though he were trying to memorize everything about her.

"Well—Merry Christmas," he said abruptly, and pressed a package into her hand and was off, his broad shoulders pushing through the crowd, his thick, dark hair—he never wore a hat—gleaming in the wan light peculiar to railroad stations.

Jane looked at the package. It was very small, clumsily wrapped and tied with red ribbons by his big fingers. Whatever it was, he must have bought it in Vermont, she thought—unless he had sent away for it. It did not say "Do Not Open Until Christmas" and her curiosity was great; still standing in the center of the station, with people pushing and jostling her, she opened it, and her face grew tender. He had bought it in Vermont, then, and it was exquisite, a locket of thin old gold

encircled by braided threads of gold, set with tiny seed pearls.

"Why—the lamb!" said Jane softly.
 Flowers and a book from Wendell arrived at her grandmother's house on Christmas morning, and on Christmas afternoon he telephoned her.

"My mother isn't very well, and I'm going to take her to Bermuda and leave her there. See you at school."

"I don't know how I can wait," said Jane, which was not like her, at all. She laughed shortly. "Do have a good time!" She hung up and then called Bill Adams, who used to take her about when she was in college. She'd have a good time, too. . . .

Wendell brought back a startling number of gifts for her from Bermuda—a white Angora sweater, a pin in the shape of a little fish—the color of her eyes, he said—an English china perfume bottle he had found in an antique store, and a spray of white coral. Jane's pleasure was tempered by surprise; Wendell was not a gift giver, and this prodigality had an air of atonement about it which she did not like.

It was going to be a white winter, old Mr. Higgins had told her, way back in October, and by mid-January Robin Hill looked like a toy village made of sugar. Tree trunks and branches, stone walls and buildings, everything but the sky and the bright coats and caps of the children was white, and remained white. Snowplows kept the road to the village open.

"To think that I almost didn't come here!" Harry Dunn exclaimed one Sunday, when he and Jane were piloting the station wagon full of students to the village for church.

Jane smiled indulgently. "You really love it here, don't you, Harry?"

Old Mr. Higgins, who passed the collection plate, was stamping his feet in the vestry, looking more than ever like a very old and wise bird. "Morning, Harry!" he piped. "Cold enough for you?"

"Hi there, Jonathan!" Harry retorted, placing a huge hand on the frail shoulder, and Jane smiled again, amused and touched at the old man and the young one grinning so companionably at each other.

ONE afternoon early in February, Wendell opened the door to the art building and came in, shaking powdery snow from his overcoat and hat. Jane was correcting examination papers. She rose to meet him, her pleated flannel skirt fluttering against schoolgirl stockings of blue and gray wool.

"Honestly, Jane, you don't look a day over twelve!" He sat down on the edge of her desk, laughing at her. "Elaine Kingsley just telephoned from New York. She wants me to take Bobby up to Montreal over the week end for winter sports, and I wondered if you could take my English class—"

Jane whirled about, her cheeks flaming, her blue eyes electric. "Oh, she does, does she?" she demanded. "You're going, of course? You always jump when she cracks the whip, don't you, Wendell?"

"Jane!" said Wendell reproachfully. "I believe you were the first to use the word *gigolo*!" she said hotly. "Does she pay the checks, or does she give you the money and let you pretend you're the host?"

Wendell Sloane's face was flaming, too. "Really, Jane—"

"Don't you 'Really-Jane' me!" she cried. "Go to Montreal! Maybe she'll take you to England next summer!" Before he could speak she went on furiously, "I suppose she was in Bermuda." And when he did not deny it, she closed her eyes and seemed suddenly to droop.

"You know that I don't give a damn about her—that way," he protested.

"Stop it," said Jane tonelessly. She laughed. "And you had the—audacity to tell me that I was encouraging Harry! Wendell, surely you know that she's in love with you?" Her laughter was brittle. "Know it! Maybe I'm just being too quaint! Are you her lover, Wendell?"

"No!" he said, and she believed him.

HE LOOKED up and met her stony eyes. "I deserve it, Jane. I've been kidding myself—looking the other way." She made no gesture of sympathy. "I've never had much money—and I have expensive tastes. Europe, good hotels—"

Her face was expressionless.

"I love you," he told her, without moving. "I do love you, Jane. I'll call Elaine and tell her it's impossible."

"Don't," said Jane, "do that on my account, Wendell."

He winced. "I'm not, my dear. You must think very little of me if you think that's why."

"I don't know what I think of you," she said.

"Don't try to find out—now," he pleaded. "Would you—reserve judgment, Jane?" He moved toward her and took her hand. "Please? Because I love you so much, and you've said you loved me?"

"All right," she agreed. "No—don't kiss me, Wendell. I'm—not in the mood." She smiled gratefully when he moved away; that, she thought, was typical of the thing she had always liked in him, a sensitivity, a delicacy of feeling.

It was true, she reflected, sitting before the uncorrected examination papers after he had gone, that he had expensive tastes. Some day, if he had leisure—and leisure meant money—he would write well, she thought. But he needed money.

She thought about him a great deal in the next days, thought about him less personally, less passionately, than ever before, tried to look at him as the Carmichaels looked at him, the other teachers, the children. He was not, she realized for the first time, very popular; people did not warm to him and respond as they did, for example, to Harry Dunn. But everyone does not like cavie; Wendell Sloane's personality was neither usual nor commonplace. Jane felt that she knew him, appreciated the fineness and delicacy which were half hidden beneath a diffidence that others mistook for arrogance. Certainly there was nothing arrogant about him when he asked her, again, to marry him.

"This was my grandmother Wendell's engagement ring, Jane. Will you wear it?" She took it gravely. "It's lovely, Wendell. I think—I'd like to wait until spring."

"Still punishing me?" he asked.
 She shook her head. "No. Truly I'm not. I just—She did not quite know why. "I like to get engaged in the spring," she said lightly. "It's all so cold and snowy, now . . ." She dropped the ring into his palm. "Later on, Wendell."

The winter (Continued on page 138)

ARE YOU A PRACTICAL PERSON?

BY HAROLD HART

ONE of the prime arts of life is the ability to manage one's purse in a sage, sane, and practical manner. Do you think you're practical?

Here is a series of questions taken from typical psychology tests used in colleges. Answer them honestly, or you won't get a thing out of the test. When you're in doubt about an answer, score it against yourself rather than give yourself the benefit of the doubt. Having indicated your answers, turn to page 148 for the method of scoring.

1. Do you leave electric lights burning in an unoccupied room?

Yes.... No....

2. Do you, or would you, habitually invite people for supper to your home, even though it costs extra money?

Yes.... No....

3. Do you budget your expenses?

Yes.... No....

4. Do you stick to your budget?

Yes.... No....

5. Do you regularly put aside something for a "rainy day"?

Yes.... No....

6. Do you make it a rule to avoid buying those things which you know you can borrow?

Yes.... No....

7. Do you systematically have your clothes mended immediately such mending is needed, realizing that a stitch in time saves cash?

Yes.... No....

8. Have you trained yourself to forego frequent purchasing of sweetmeats, sandwiches, sodas, cold drinks, because you realize that such habitual expenditure is an unnecessary waste?

Yes.... No....

9. Do you recheck itemized retail bills to make sure that you haven't been charged for things you didn't get and to make certain of the addition, in any case?

Yes.... No....

10. Do you make it a habit to buy your clothes at out-of-season sales, so as to get the most for your money?

Yes.... No....

11. Do you ever succumb to the temptation to "treat the crowd" when in a mood of uncontrolled jollity?

Yes.... No....

12. Do you ever spend more money than you had decided to in sending cards or presents on birthdays, anniversaries, and such, rationalizing the expenditure by sentimentalizing?

Yes.... No....

13. Do you, or would you, lend people sizable sums of money without security, merely because they are friends?

Yes.... No....

14. If you dropped a quarter in a sewer, would you reach into the grime and filth up to your bare elbow to retrieve it?

Yes.... No....

15. Do you pile up bills by purchasing things you can't afford?

Yes.... No....

16. Do you chatter endlessly on the telephone at home and give no thought to the idea that such talk costs money?

Yes.... No....

17. Do you habitually get your paid bills receipted?

Yes.... No....

18. Have you ever mentioned to friends that your home is not a provision shop and that guests are not to betake themselves to the icebox and eat at will?

Yes.... No....

19. Do you often overtip merely because it gives you a good feeling?

Yes.... No....

20. Do you consistently defy style, on the principle that stylish clothes cost more and that out-of-style clothes serve the same proper function: they cover the body?

Yes.... No....

(Continued from page 137) continued white. "It's like having a fresh coat of paint on everything every week," she said to Harry one day.

"And nothing to get it dirty," he added. "I knew, of course, that country snow was different, but this—" He shook his head wonderingly.

"You've always lived in the city?" He nodded. "I really belong there, I suppose. Last summer I was counselor at a fresh-air camp for slum kids—" He laughed. "Fifteen years ago I was at one as part of the gang. That's where I met Dr. Mike, and I took this job because it was more money and my family needs it. Didn't dream I'd like it. Now—" They were sitting in the station wagon.

"Now what?" asked Jane, smiling at him.

"Now," he said softly, "I'd like to have a school like this, myself. And what I'd really like would be to have kids from the tenements in it. Not very practical, is it?"

"I don't know," said Jane.

"These kids here—they could go to public schools in the cities and still be well off. They don't need—well, beauty and serenity—like the others." He looked at her intently. "I'd like them to know people like Jonathan Higgins—good people."

"I hope you get it, Harry," she said. "And I think maybe you will."

His eyes flickered. "All of it? All I'd like?" He dropped one hand over hers.

THE Carmichaels were called away in late February, and they left Harry Dunn in command. "He's young, I know," Dr. Mike told Jane, "but he's got the resourcefulness of people who've had to fight for things."

Jane felt that, too, but even Harry couldn't do much about the blizzard which descended upon Robin Hill. He ordered supplies lavishly—"We're likely to get snowbound, Jane," he said, his forehead knotted with responsibility and concentration. He relaxed a little when the oil truck made the ascent through the snow successfully and the tanks which fed the furnaces were full; on the second day of the storm he went alone to the village, and returned sober and saddened.

"Old Jonathan's got pneumonia," he told Jane. "Tough, isn't it?" He shook his head and looked past her at the snow that fell silently from the low sky.

In the morning, they were really snowbound: the road to the village was hidden beneath arctic drifts.

Dr. Carmichael telephoned, was reassured; everything, said Harry, was under control. He called the Higgins house; Jonathan was worse. And the snow continued to fall, silent as death and ominous, as though it might never stop.

On the third day of the blizzard Jonathan Higgins died; services would be held for him the following Sunday.

"I hope they can get the plow through before then," Jane said, her eyes wet.

The sun seemed to have disappeared forever; all day the electric plant chugged spasmodically, making the current for the lights which they needed even at noon. The excitement of being marooned wore away; the steady falling of white flakes became depressing. When it thawed, someone would shovel hard earth over old Jonathan's coffin, and to Jane it was as though the heavens were trying, now, to

bury the old earth, a great, white funeral.

"You're being morbid," Wendell said, when she told him. "After all, Higgins had his three-score and ten years, and more."

"Do you think we'll be able to get down, Sunday?" she asked Harry at supper.

He looked up from Dr. Mike's seat at the head of the long table and shook his head. "There's not a chance. The drifts on the road are solid."

"We'll telephone and see that they send flowers," Wendell murmured, and Jane looked at him curiously. Send flowers—that's what people did, of course. "How about a game of chess, Jane?"

She shook her head. "I feel too—miserable," she said. "I think I'll call the florist now. Do you suppose he'll be able to get flowers through to the village?"

She need not have worried, because she could not get the operator.

"Wires down," said Harry. "Now we are marooned."

For an instant they were silent. No telephone, no mail, no communication with the rest of the world. . . . Then one of the younger children began to whimper. "Let's make a big fire and pop corn," Harry suggested. "Ellen, you run out to the kitchen and ask Mrs. Turner for the poppers." The whimpering ceased as the little girl smiled at Harry. "Jane, I really think you ought to read *Snowbound* aloud." He saw Wendell's smile. "It's a pretty good poem," he stated.

Harry's frown had disappeared; he laughed and told stories, and when the first bell rang for bedtime he announced that this was a party and that even the youngest children could stay up until ten. Outside, the snow dropped without sound; they could not see or hear it, yet the knowledge of its falling was in everyone's mind. If only it pattered, like rain—if only there were wind, it would be less portentous, thought Jane. Great logs blazed in the fireplace; the corn began to pop; laughter and activity mounded within the house, fighting the silence.

JANE was smiling when she said good night, but as soon as she closed her bedroom door she burst into tears. Old Mr. Higgins had been her friend, and tomorrow they would read the final words over him in the little white church and she would not be there. It was important, in the country, to be there at the last.

After the Sunday breakfast she took Betsy Davenport to her room.

"I'm breaking bounds," she said, "and you mustn't tell a soul. I'm going down to the village on snowshoes. If Mr. Dunn asks where I am you tell him I have a headache and am lying down. Or Mr. Sloane."

She slipped out a side door to the art building, and then darted like an Indian, pausing behind white bushes, to reach the road unobserved. Beyond sight of the school she strapped her snowshoes over her heavy boots and began the descent. The snow had stopped falling, but the sky was threatening, flat and low-hung, like a smoked ceiling. When, after about a mile of steady descent, she shivered, it was not from cold.

It was the silence and the blank whiteness of everything, and she began to sing, hymns remembered from her childhood. "From Greenland's icy mountains"—her voice sounded fresh and young in the stillness. Betsy was right; Harry would be

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angry with her, and perhaps worried, too. She hoped that the child would carry it off; she did not want them sending after her. Wendell, of course, would think her an idiot—and she stopped short in her tracks. Wendell would think her an idiot. Harry would come nearer understanding. But that didn't make sense! Wendell was the sensitive one, the understanding one—wasn't he?

"No," said Jane, out loud, and then shouted it—"No!"—so that her voice echoed in the stillness. "No—no... no—no... no—no—no—no!" she sang loudly to the tune of *Old Hundred*.

Her cheeks were crimson when she reached the village; she left her snowshoes at the post office and walked slowly along the snow-banked sidewalk to the church. "Am I late?" she asked the man at the door.

He nodded. "Go in quietly," he whispered, and she slipped into a rear pew.

The minister was talking, and she half listened, half thought her own thoughts about Jonathan Higgins. The scattered congregation was blurred before her eyes;

then the organ sounded a chord, sad and thin, and she could hear the wheezing of the pumping air, and the choir trembled, uncertainly, at first, and then more surely, into song. She blinked, as light flooded through the small-paned windows; irresistibly, heads turned toward the sun as it burst through the sodden sky and flooded the church with radiance. Jane saw a familiar head, thick, dark hair, broad shoulders still, yet somehow eloquent.

TEARS streamed down her cheeks, and she sat motionless, not attempting to wipe them away. The service ended; she waited while the casket was wheeled up the green-carpeted center aisle to the vestry, waited while the men and women in the front pews rose and filed slowly past. Harry moved within arm's length of her, his eyes straight ahead, his young face solemn. She looked for the last time at Jonathan Higgins and thought that he seemed happy and at peace; he had had a long life.

Outside, the sunlight, after a week of grayness, was blinding; it was reflected everywhere, tossed back and forth from

white-painted New England buildings and high banks of snow. She blinked, standing uncertainly, alone, and then a strong hand closed fiercely on her shoulder.

"I'm a dope," said Harry Dunn softly. "I should have known you'd come."

She looked up at him, and the sunlight turned her hair to bright gold.

"I'm a dope, too," she answered. "I should have known that you'd come."

"How did you get here?" he asked.

Jane smiled. "How do you suppose? Perhaps I flew!"

He grinned. "Well—we'd better fly back to our school."

"Our school," she repeated. "It sounds—prophetic, Harry. Shall we have a school?"

His eyes were shining. "Jane! Do you mean that?"

"Of course I mean it," she said. "Daring."

Perhaps they did fly back, up the three long miles of sunlit snow. They seemed to be at the top of Robin Hill in no time at all, and they entered the house together, still hand in hand.

The MORMONS find a way

(Continued from page 23)

makes any private gain from it, either directly or indirectly. Goods are produced to be consumed. Use and need are the standards. Profit is not a measuring stick. Wheat is grown on the Utah highlands and in the Idaho valleys, not for what it will bring in the Chicago pit, but for how many hungry Mormon mouths it will feed.

Even when people outside the plan join in and help, there is no question of profit. A Latter-day Saint family in Denver canned 800 quarts of the fruit picked in Security farm orchards. The jars were distributed to the people working in the program who needed them. No one would have thought of seeking any profit for his labor.

UNDER this co-operative, nonprofit system, wilderness fastnesses have been cleared and thousands of men are being given work and supplies by the Security Plan. These have helped add new buildings to the estimated \$16,000,000 worth of edifices already owned by the Mormon Church. Last year the Security Program encouraged a building outlay of \$3,000,000, the greatest annual expenditure in the history of the Latter-day Saints. Much of the work and materials that went into this undertaking was provided co-operatively by once-idle Mormons in communities scattered all the way from Los Angeles to the Dust Bowl.

The plan was officially started in the early summer of 1936, but it had its indi-

rect origin almost a century earlier. The first Mormons in the Utah wilderness dragged massive blocks of granite across twenty miles of uplands to build a lofty temple on the shores of Great Salt Lake. When their supply of nails gave out they whittled wooden pegs and cut cowhide thongs, and with them held together a vast, domed tabernacle that has endured since the Civil War. Those first Mormons farmed the fastnesses diligently and erected what they called "bishops' storehouses" to contain surplus goods distributed to the poor and unfortunate. On sagebrush flats and rocky slopes the pioneer followers of Brigham Young reared a new civilization beyond the Rockies.

This legacy of toil and independence and resourcefulness has come down to the Mormons of today. It is their greatest heritage. Two years ago their bearded president and leader, eighty-one-year-old Heber Jeddah Grant, whose frontiersman father helped build the temple and the tabernacle, decided that people with such a history should not have to look to the government for sustenance. That was the beginning of a new idea: the Church Security Program. The idea is of importance to the whole nation as it seeks to solve the troublesome dilemma of relief, taxation, and federal spending.

At the April conference of the church in 1936 the tall, patriarchal Heber Grant said that co-operation and hard work and the intelligent use of Nature's bountifulness could end the evils of the dole. Mormons, from metropolitan Salt Lake City to the lonely foothills of the Uintias and Cascades, voiced eager agreement. They eagerly helped set the program in motion. Idle church members were given a chance to harvest crops, cut trees, mine coal, sew petticoats and jackets, and provide other necessities. People once indigent and destitute became self-sustaining. Work replaced idleness. Excess goods were stacked in bins, cellars, and storehouses.

Exactly two years have passed since this

plan was started. In that time 22,000 Mormons have been taken off federal relief rolls. More than 30,000 others have received aid and assistance in the form of food, clothing, shelter, and fuel. Private employment has been found for an additional 2,400. The program is still under way. The ultimate goal is to make every able-bodied Mormon self-sustaining.

HEBER GRANT and the other leaders of the program also have in mind a secondary objective. They want to keep stored away in well-buttressed warehouses enough grain and other foodstuffs to carry the Mormons through any famine or lean years that might grip the country.

The produce for this purpose is harvested on scores of Church Security Program farms that dot the great region between the Continental Divide and the Pacific Coast. The harvesting is done by Mormons who formerly relied upon WPA appropriations for support and livelihood.

Just how is the Security Program being worked out? What methods and ways have taken 22,000 Mormons off relief and made them independent citizens once more?

The Church Security Program is made up of a number of different phases:

1. Keeping a complete index and record of all Mormons who are unemployed or destitute, and making an intensive effort to find jobs for these people in industry and business in their communities.

2. The prompt payment of tithes, the observance of special "fast days," and the contribution of volunteer work by every Mormon able to do so, in order that the church can carry on and finance the Security Program.

3. Investigating thoroughly the agricultural conditions in all sections of Utah, Idaho, Colorado, California, Oregon, and other states where Mormons are located, and placing needy families on farms that are productive and fertile—farms they can pay for in extra produce and surplus goods.

4. Promoting and planning church-building projects, irrigation undertakings,

mining operations, and similar enterprises, and letting the local communities supply their share in labor and materials.

5. Encouraging a co-operative spirit that will make possible the rehabilitation and recovery—spiritually, as well as materially—of many families through the aid and assistance of friends and neighbors.

The whole country watches closely as this plan is put into effect. Who knows but that the basic principles of the Mormons' idea may eventually be as useful in Kentucky or Pennsylvania as they now are in Utah and Idaho? For six years America has sought a route out of the bewildering relief labyrinth. Perhaps the Mormons are pointing the way.

In the rolling hinterlands of Utah, in Davis County, a farmer was taken seriously ill. He could not move from his bed. More than 100 tons of sugar beets lay in his fields, ready to be dug and picked. One of his fellow Mormons drove past and saw the beets ripening in the autumn sun. The neighbor called together the church members in the district and informed them of their friend's predicament: "What are we going to do about it?" he asked.

"We're going to dig those beets," an elder replied.

On Armistice Day a score of Mormons plucked and stored the sick farmer's fields, and picked and hauled 110 tons of sugar beets. Thus a family was spared the loss of its farm, and the federal relief rolls for the county were spared five or six additional names.

When 25 families of Mexican Mormons faced poverty and destitution, the church purchased a 440-acre tract in the Colorado highlands near the town of Manassa and gave them a chance to farm it. Those Mexican families have become independent. They know how to get the utmost out of each beam of sunshine and every drop of rain. They harvest rich crops and pour into the storehouses what they do not use themselves. Their produce helps to feed hundreds of people engaged in work other than farming under the Security Program.

NOT only are the unemployed and impoverished Mormons participating in the Security Program. Virtually all the 750,000 Latter-day Saints throughout the world take part indirectly. The basic financing of the plan comes from the general fund of the church. This means that when farms are obtained and similar expenditures advanced to provide useful work, the church puts up the money.

The church, in turn, is financed by tithes from its members. A tithe consists of one tenth of each Mormon's annual income. Members once negligent about tithing have become faithful again under the stimulus of the new program.

Money for the plan is also derived in another fashion. It has long been a tradition of the Mormon Church for its members to go without two meals on the first Sunday of each month and to contribute the value of these meals to a fund for the poor. A short time ago a special "fast day"—the first in 50 years—was observed. The proceeds went directly to the Security Program. In the vicinity of Great Salt Lake alone more than 120,000 people denied themselves two meals each to help give their more unfortunate fellow Mormons a new start. Clerks and truck drivers did without pot roast and noodles, and contributed 70 or 80 cents apiece to the pro-



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gram. Bankers and railroad executives sent in checks for five or six dollars.

A few days after this remarkable event I had a chance to see exactly what it meant to a great many people. In the spacious kitchen of the Mormon storehouse at Salt Lake City I talked with a woman who was watching a boiling kettle of tomatoes.

"Pretty hot work?" I ventured.

She smiled. "Sure, but I don't mind it. Don't you know that it's fun for a woman to be in a kitchen, especially if it's the first she's been in for a long, long time?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

She told me her story. The depression had taken away her job as cashier in a tear-room. She had worked on and off in stores, but three months in a millinery shop had been the longest at any one place. Finally she had been forced to go on relief. Most of the time she had lived in rooming houses and dingy hotels. Occasionally she had gone hungry. The WPA had been a last refuge. Now she was preserving fruits and vegetables in one of the Mormon storehouses. From the storehouse she was drawing blankets, clothing, shoes, towels, soap, pillow slips—and even books and magazines from a little library that occupied part of the crowded upper floor.

I asked if she was happy.

"Happier than I've ever been since the crash of 1929," she replied. "I lost my job right at the start of the depression. This is the first time in almost ten years that I've felt any security."

PREPARING food and sewing garments are only two of the many tasks in the program. Some of the others are: logging timber, mining coal, shearing wool, stuffing mattresses, repairing furniture and toys, making shoes, providing medical care, digging irrigation ditches, building dams, planning gardens, and constructing storehouses, chapels, houses, and barns.

The products of all these varied labors—whether they be shingles for a leaky roof or a wool coat for a cowboy shivering on the range—are pooled in the 221 storehouses scattered throughout the West. There they are distributed on the basis of need. For example, two Latter-day Saint lumberjacks may each cut precisely the same amount of timber, but if one is unmarried and the other has a wife and two children, the latter will draw four times as many quilts and blankets and four times as much meat and vegetables. At the top of the requisitions which the workers present at the warehouses is the all-important question, "Number in family?"

The Mormon Church is divided into 118 sections known as "stakes." Every stake has seven or eight subdivisions called "wards." In each ward there is a committee concerned exclusively with the Security Program. When a person has done some work under the plan, he receives a receipt signed by the ward committee member in

charge of the task. This receipt entitles him to goods at his local storehouse in accordance with his particular requirements.

I watched goods distributed at the amply stocked storehouse within sight of the towering spires of the Mormon temple in Salt Lake City. There was scarcely any haggling. The workers got what they wanted. A man laboring on an irrigation dam left the big warehouse carrying a pair of children's sandals in one hand and in the other a pair of buckskin laced boots for himself. A farmer who had trudged into the basement with two sacks of potatoes asked for clothes for his "womenfolks." He went out with an armload of gingham dresses and cotton petticoats.

The bulk of the vast amount of supplies distributed by the Security Program is produced by the people participating in the plan. This includes even sprays, disinfectants, ladders, and brooms. However, there is a corner in most Mormon storehouses for such goods as coffee, tea, dry breakfast foods, canned fish, gelatin, crackers, matches, toothpaste, and bluing. A young woman with a baby in her arms asks for a clip of safety pins. An old man needs a wheel chair. These products must be purchased. That is where the financing of the program, through tithes and "fast days," becomes essential. Much of the plan takes care of itself, but some outside help is required. That help comes from the general fund of the Mormon Church.

The general fund also makes possible the financing of numerous building projects. This is one of the main features of the Security Program. Last year a record was set for construction in the history of the Mormon Church. More than \$3,000,000 worth of work was done. The result was 241 new buildings, 407 major programs of renovation and repair, and employment for many thousands of people.

In the railroad division-point of Pocatello, tucked away in Idaho's rugged hills, I talked with men who were planning the construction of a new Security Program storehouse. They told me that bricklayers, carpenters, painters, and loggers were all finding work on the undertaking.

As its contribution to the Security Program, the Cottonwood stake, near Salt Lake City, decided to beautify its chapel. Cement walks were laid out, the building was repainted, and the surrounding lawn landscaped. Shrubbery was put in and trees were brought down out of the hills

and replanted. Even the bishop and deacon of the local ward took a turn at the cement mixer to give enthusiasm to the job. Approximately 13,360 hours of labor went into the work.

The construction part of this plan to remedy unemployment and end the necessity of government relief has not been confined to buildings. On the plateau of eastern Utah hundreds of farmers found themselves the victims of adverse weather. The melting snows of the spring washed away the loamy topsoil like a knife scraping frosting from a cake. This was followed by dry, arid summers. The answer? Build reservoirs and dams to store and control the freshets of the spring for use during the hot spells later on. So that became a Security Program project, and Mormons toiled and labored in the wilderness to protect the crops on which they and their families would live.

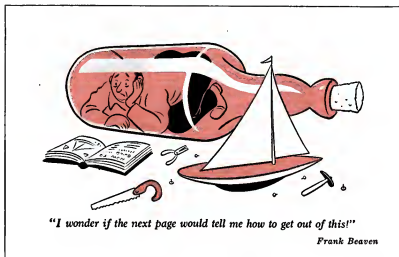
THE mainstay of the Church Security Program is farming. The coal mines, the timber groves, the carpentry shops, the sewing tables, the building enterprises—they all are important but are secondary to the farms. A venerable Mormon elder in Boise said, "We have plenty of land out West. The Lord has provided it. Why shouldn't our unemployed brothers and sisters be cultivating the land, making good things grow? As long as we have idle land there is no need for idle people."

Potatoes and corn cover the farms in Idaho. The Utah tracts produce fruits, sugar beets, and garden vegetables. Lettuce and oranges come from Arizona and California. Sheep and cattle graze on upland pastures in all the Far-Western states. Mormon wards in Canada and Mexico grow great quantities of wheat and other grain. These farming projects vary in size from 10 or 15 acres to the huge 3,500-acre Juab Security farm near Great Salt Lake.

The average Security Program farm is about 40 acres in area. The land is sold to settlers for as little as \$1 an acre; prices never go beyond \$30 an acre. Like trappers going into the Arctic from a Hudson's Bay post, these colonists of 1938 can draw supplies in advance from a church storehouse. The debt is paid back in farm produce. Generally the farms are taken up for an experimental period of a year. This trial system accomplishes the double purpose of finding out whether the land is fertile and whether the settler has the perseverance

and temperament to succeed. Mormon elders assured me that relatively few of their Security Program farmers have failed to make a go of it. In the Wells stake of the church adjacent to Salt Lake City some young men organized a co-operative farm and grew a crop of crunchy Utah celery worth \$5,000.

The West's modern-day pioneers—for that is what the Security Program people actually are—get plenty of help from their neighbors. Tractors and similar



"I wonder if the next page would tell me how to get out of this!"

Frank Beaven

farm equipment are loaned back and forth, and veteran farmers are quick to advise and help their friends who have turned to the countryside to escape the bread line and relief window. In the Juab stake at Nephi, 90 miles south of Salt Lake City, a frost-proof storehouse was needed immediately to protect fruits grown under the program. Shortly after sunrise 400 Mormons went to work. By nightfall the pits had been dug, the structure raised, and dirt packed all around to keep out the cold. The whole community had joined in to make the Security Program succeed.

Hard work is the foundation on which this unique plan rests, and hard work is a Mormon tradition. The beehive, which is the Latter-day-Saint symbol for labor and toil, is to Utah what the crown is to England and the eagle is to the United States. A beehive appears on the state seal and the state flag. "Deseret" is the Mormon word for work and industry. It, too, is seen everywhere in the picturesque Far-Western state where 90 per cent of the church members are Mormons. Dozens of business establishments are named "Deseret." One of Salt Lake City's leading newspapers bears the name; and "Deseret" was the original name bestowed by Brigham Young and his followers upon the state they hacked out of the wilderness.

Many groups and sects raise monuments to their warriors and other heroes. The grateful Latter-day Saints are the only people who ever dedicated a stately granite column to a bird. The first crop in the Mormons' new-found Promised Land would have been destroyed by crickets had not dense flocks of sea gulls flown in from the barren islands of Salt Lake and devoured the pests. Today the most unusual monument in America, standing in Salt Lake City's Temple Square, gives thanks for those white-winged deliverers of the past—and it is against the laws of Utah to kill a sea gull.

The Mormons live in harmony and peace with the members of other churches. There is scarcely any religious bigotry or prejudice in Utah and Idaho and the other states where the Mormons are numerous. Utah's predominantly Latter-day-Saint population not so long ago elected a Jew as governor. This tolerance and understanding has, if anything, been strengthened by the Church Security Program.

THE only criticism that I heard directed against the church's program came from militant New Dealers who claimed that the denunciations of the dole and relief were thrusts at the Roosevelt administration. I asked several Mormon leaders about this. They heatedly denied the charge and pointed out that in November, 1936—when the Security Program was already under way—Utah, with its 300,000 Mormons, gave the President the largest proportionate majority over Landon that he received in any state outside the South except Nevada.

Church and state, these men told me, are separate in Utah. A few years back, they pointed out in answer to the contention of some New Dealers, Reed Smoot, a high-ranking member of the Mormon Council of Twelve Apostles, was defeated for re-election to the United States Senate by a University of Utah professor named Elbert Thomas. Smoot's successor is now

one of the most aggressively liberal supporters of the New Deal.

The hope of every Mormon active in the Security Program is that some day no able-bodied Latter-day Saint will be dependent upon government relief or private charity. In his spacious office in the marble-columned Mormon Church headquarters building, solemn-appearing Heber Grant said, "Our primary purpose is to set up, in so far as possible, a system in which the curse of idleness will be done away with, the evils of the dole abolished, and thrift and self-respect once more established among the people. The aim of the church is to help the people to help themselves."

THE eighty-one-year-old president of the Mormons is himself an example of the hard work and tenacity he recommends to his adherents. When he was a young man in frontier Utah his handwriting shocked the elders. "Heber," he once was told, "your letters look like an ink bottle struck by lightning." Grant made himself sit at a desk hour after hour to learn how to write. Today he writes with a graceful flourish. For a while he was a professor of penmanship at the University of Utah.

As a boy Heber Grant was messenger for an insurance company. Now he is the president of three insurance companies. He saw a big railroad line's tracks laid westward. Now he is one of the railroad's directors. He is more than a great religious leader; he is one of the nation's ablest businessmen. "I have three guideposts," he said; "purity, punctuality, and perseverance."

Heber Grant has been president of the Mormon Church for three decades. Yet he is still active and vigorous. He thought of the Security Program in his eightieth year and takes a direct interest in its management. He has seen to it, for example, that the various stakes and regions exchange surplus products back and forth. In the big Salt Lake City warehouse there was an abundance of canned fruits. The Kanab stake had an excess of mutton. So a trade was made. This trade place all the time under the bearded president's watchful supervision. Heber Grant even helped arrange an exchange with the Mormon storehouse across the Canadian border in the Province of Alberta. Utah strawberries and pears were traded for Calgary beef. The bartered goods were admitted free of duty and the railroads reduced freight rates 50 per cent for the exchange.

"We're making progress," said Mr. Grant. "Some day none of our people will be dependent on the government."

Outside the church headquarters, on the tree-bordered street, I met a couple of young Mormons who were donating their spare time to assisting in the Security Program. With them was a lad who was cultivating celery on one of the co-operative farms. He had been unable to find steady employment in his home city of Ogden.

"How do you like it?" I asked him.

"Well," he said, "it's hard to get used to after living in the city all your life. But I like it better all the time. I'll make a go of it!" And he smiled—a big, confident smile.

Probably some young Mormon of long ago talked and smiled like that when, with plowshare and long rifle, he conquered a hostile wilderness.

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You can

Mr. Moses, head of New York's widely known city and state park and parkway commissions, writes here from his own experiences in creating elaborate new systems of parks, parkways, bridges, and playgrounds, a few of which are pictured on these pages.



I HAVE often been asked whether, in my experience as a city and state park commissioner and in the expenditure of considerable sums of money for public improvements, people generally respect and care for good things and



Four 18-hole golf courses like this: Bethpage Park

Mean parks make mean people. Give the public something to be proud of and you don't have to worry about its manners

BY ROBERT MOSES



Water front beautified: West Side Highway along the Hudson

Trust the PUBLIC

resent what is cheap, inadequate, and shoddy. My answer is Yes. If I were not convinced of this I should direct my energy elsewhere, because this is the only enduring satisfaction to be derived from public work.

If the average citizen for whom public parks and playgrounds are built does not enjoy, protect, and appreciate them they are not a success, and any money spent for other than purely utilitarian purposes would be wasted.

I believe in bigger and better construction for public recreation because I

am satisfied that it makes better people. This is not an endorsement of government extravagance, but simply a plea to do adequately and well what a community needs to make it really livable.

Our mixed population of diverse origins and traditions has absorbed enough of our common heritage of freedom to resent regimentation, goose-stepping, and repression. You can't make the average American, especially the one in a crowded community, neat or well behaved merely by policing or by placing "verboten" signs.

Experience has taught me that you can expect co-operation from the public in the care of parks and recreation grounds only if you give them the best; that is, if you give them something which is obviously suitable, adequate, durable, and perhaps even a little imposing. Shabby playgrounds get pretty rough treatment from the average boy. They give him nothing to be proud of. A public beach littered with refuse, with rickety, overcrowded bathhouses, looks steadily worse from the day it is opened. A municipal (Continued on page 158)



Cleanliness: beach and bathhouses, Jones Beach



Lawn and flowers: trim and untrampled at Jones Beach

thanks



FOR THE ACCIDENT

(Continued from page 47)

do you do, ride around the country incognito?" He was smiling again. Then serious. He took both of her hands in his. "So this is Lucia, that the wedding invitations told about!"

Lucia. She had almost forgotten that she possessed a name. Lucia Munroe . . . Lucia Cole. It was heartening to hear it again. It put her in a very much better mood to discover in Jimmy one of her own breed from her own world. They even had mutual friends. Nostalgia deepened within her for all of the places and people he so vividly brought to mind. . . .

THE Coles drifted in at noon, Ole King, Margaret, and Buff, in the order named. King Cole shook Jimmy's hand warmly and invited him to stay at the ranch as long as he wanted to. Margaret came in flushed from her morning ride. Her high-heeled boots were dusty; her hair was damp and curly where her hat had been. She ran her hand through it hastily before she and Jimmy were introduced.

"Criminy!" shouted Buff at the door of the living-room. "If it isn't Kid Chartiers!"

There was a contrast in the men. Buff was the taller of the two and by far the brawnier. But Jimmy looked tall because he was so slight.

"You've met The . . ." Buff began.

"Yes. Lucia convoked me here."

Buff moved over beside his wife and put an arm around her with obvious intent to pulverize her ribs. "Think I have a nice taste in knickknacks?" He addressed himself to Jimmy but he looked down at her.

All the morning she had been gaining stature under Jimmy's supervision. She had rejoiced in the dignity of her own name. Now, with one witticism, she was diminished. With the "knickknack" speech Buff had reduced her in size again.

The Gadget's hopes reached a new low

when Jimmy agreed to stay at the ranch for a while. Fair play prevented her leaving while he was there. She couldn't quite bring that down on the unwitting Buff.

After the midday meal the four of them took a ride over part of the Cole domain. Buff declared a half-holiday for himself and relegated the afternoon work to the boys, although as the day wore along he maneuvered the tour around to the upper ranch to see how things were coming on.

The boys were bringing in a herd of purebred bulls—thirty of them—to take a tuberculin test, and the four joined the cavalcade, riding along at the end of the string. Suddenly there was a commotion up ahead. One of the creatures turned with a roar and, before anyone could swing over, dropped with all its ton of weight into the rocky creek bed ten feet below.

Buff swore softly but emphatically as he and one of the boys moved out upon a little bridge that spanned the gulch. "The only way to get him out before he breaks a leg is to put a rope on him and pull," he said.

One of the cowboys demurred. "How you going to throw a rope through them cottonwools?"

During this discussion Margaret was uncoiling the rope from her saddlehorn. Then, with a fine scorn for men and their idle talk, she spurred her horse to the brim of the embankment and plunged it straight down into the stream bed. The bull stared at her in hypnotized amazement while she laid the noose around his horns. Then she ordered them to get horses on the rope and pull him up.

They obeyed to a man, and after they had landed the animal, heaving and thrashing, on the bank once more, they complimented her on her quick thinking. She took their praise modestly enough, but it had been as pretty a piece of propaganda as The Gadget had ever seen. Of course, she might have done the same stunt if Jimmy had not been part of the audience, but hardly with such recklessness.

"Your good deed for the day," The Gadget remarked to Jimmy. She was referring to his somewhat dubious aid in hoisting the beast up the bank.

He seemed not to have heard. His eyes were on Margaret Cole's slim back. There was a slight—almost wry—smile on his lips. "She's stupendous, isn't she?" he said thoughtfully.

It had missed fire. Men of Jimmy's sort didn't want their women to perform such fabulous feats. They demanded other things: finesse; even a little frailty, perhaps. Any girl who could juggle hundred-pound sacks would repel Jimmy, The Gadget felt sure.

THAT night they dressed in honor of the guest; that is, they changed from working duds into the clothes of relaxation. It had been Margaret's suggestion, and she appeared in a blurry blue print that enhanced her Nordic beauty. During the course of the casual after-supper conversation they promised Jimmy a few days in Brandon, where they would put on a party showing him the real hospitality of the West. But first Buff planned a two-day trip into the mountains. They would scale Mount Bly, second highest peak in the range. They'd go as far as the bench on the first day, stay

there the night, make the summit early the following morning, and come down and back to the ranch.

The Gadget knew those trips. You rode as far as the foothills and left the horses at Indian Pete's. You climbed until you were fagged, and kept on climbing. It became a severe test of endurance and will power. You crawled to the bench in the late afternoon and stretched out, weary beyond thought. Someone prodded you with a toe and mentioned grub. You hustled the grub while the others found snow to make coffee. After dinner you rolled up in your blanket. In the morning you ate again, but sparingly. You goaded yourself higher. Every step became more labored until somehow you reached the summit and sank down exhausted. Your husband thrust out his magnificent chest, and thumped upon it with his fists. You were limp with fatigue, but he pulled you to your feet so that you stood beside him there. It was his kingdom down below that he wanted you to share. He was playing monarch then—all unconsciously.

THE four of them were leaning over a map while Buff indicated the various peaks with the point of a pencil. Elevation this and elevation that. The Gadget had been over all this many times before, so she wandered out to the porch alone. Moonlight rimmed the edge of things with gold. Jimmy joined her, disturbing her reverie.

The night had put a spell on him. Or maybe the mountains had. "Tomorrow will be the reverse of this," he said, half aloud. "We'll be up there looking down." Then, without preamble, "You remind me of freeways and she"—he nodded toward the room he had just left—"is like golden-rood."

That was the kind of compliment to which The Gadget had once been accustomed, but it seemed pretentious in surroundings such as these. Buff never made such talky-talk and she was no longer attuned to it. "How . . . how were things out on the coast when you left?" she asked wistfully.

"The coast smells of barnacles and bilge. I like this air better."

Some comment was in order. "Yes," she said.

"You have a swell outfit here. The whole business has flavor." He lapsed into the vernacular: "I might even buy me a ranch some day. The people—they're genuine."

Conversation languished.

"Don't you think so, Lucia?"

"Yes, again," The Gadget said dutifully. She looked up sideways at Jimmy Chartiers. "The only complication is that you stand in awe of her," she told him gently. "But don't let that get you down. It's only because she's both beautiful and utilitarian."

"Touché!" exclaimed Jimmy under his breath. "How come you're so psychic?"

"It's plastered all over you. Don't be appalled. Underneath that prowess she's just a girl with the usual female foibles."

"Have you done much climbing?" she asked Jimmy abruptly.

He grinned. "Never climb at all."

"Well then, get a good night's rest. Because the Coles are vigorous."

"I guess you're right."

They turned and went into the house. Buff and his dad were absorbed in some accounts, but Margaret didn't seem to be giving the Cole fortunes her undivided attention. She would be doing her first mountaineering tomorrow. She had all ways begged off before, with the somewhat lofty plea that she couldn't waste her time scaling hummocks. But tomorrow was a special case; she made that quite clear. And she was joining the expedition because they wanted to show Jimmy a super time.

When The Gadget dropped a brief good-night kiss on the top of Buff's tousled head, he reached out blindly with an arm and gathered her close. He didn't look up from the reports when she tried to escape, but he held her in a vise. All very good-natured and by-the-way. Jotting down a final figure, he looked up genially. He was so confident of her, so sure that what he offered was all that she needed to spell content. Suddenly anger sprang into her throat. Half-measures for half-pints, she supposed, even when it came to love.

She stood there a moment more, indecisively. Buff had returned with a furrowed brow to his figuring. King Cole said "Good night" and straightway became preoccupied again. As if by mutual design Jimmy and Margaret drifted into the moon-washed out-of-doors. The Gadget watched them disappear and wondered what qualifications she had lacked to make her marriage a success. If Buff had been a little less interested in cows and a little more in romance . . . or if she had been the strapping sort and not sample-size. She climbed up the stairs in a rush of helpless tears. . . .

THE way Buff Cole sat a horse was pure poetry. They were heading toward Indian Pete's. Then presently they were on foot, starting upward.

"There's where we're roostin' tonight," Buff pointed toward the bench.

"Take a whole day to get up there?" Jimmy asked skeptically.

Buff nodded. "Sure. Because most of the way it's steep as a horse's face, so you gotta climb slantwise."

The Gadget trudged along silently and prayed for strength to sustain her through the next thirty-six hours.

For a time they walked through deeply wooded slopes. Buff went ahead, setting the pace. Jimmy next—voluble. Margaret and The Gadget side by side. They made good time, thanks to Buff, who wouldn't allow them to loiter until they reached a stated spot. Margaret's gear had become disarranged and Jimmy adjusted a pack-strap for her; The Gadget noticed that even that small service took on the aspects of a rite. Buff indicated their next objective as a small, level space fringed with some stunted, wind-blown trees.

"Keep a-climbin'," commanded Buff, "and follow me tight."

The Gadget followed him tight. Jimmy and Margaret lagged behind, talking and laughing.

"Let's rest," Margaret called.

Buff said somewhat curtly, "You just did rest."

They paused, however, and looked down across the tips of countless pointed trees. Above them lay a tumbled terrain. Rock walls, shelves, chimneys.

"Nothin' to bother us much today,"

Buff declared, "but in the mornin' we'll all rope up."

"So that if one skids, we all skid?" Jimmy asked with good humor.

Margaret cast a speculative glance at Jimmy. One of conjecture, almost of fear. And The Gadget, acute to such nuances, thought, "She's afraid he won't be good for it."

They faced forward and set their muscles to the climb. Buff led off, The Gadget on his heels, Margaret next, with Jimmy Charters bringing up the rear. At what seemed a vanishing point they turned abruptly and followed a broad couloir. Then ascended by ledge and chimney to higher ground. After three quarters of an hour they reached an upper saddle.

Margaret drew a long breath. "Where's the bench?"

"Over yonder," Buff pointed. "Can't see it, though, because of that overhangin' rock."

"But we don't have to go around that jutting thing!" Margaret gasped.

"You sort of sneak around," The Gadget explained. "It isn't so hard."

"Like this—"

Buff demonstrated the handholds and how to wedge toes into a slit in the face of the cliff.

QUITE abruptly they arrived at a spot several hundred feet beneath the bench. They could see it then as a broad top step in a descending flight of lesser steps, each one a giant's stride down the mountain-side; a very steep stairway it was. Their ceiling was the under side of the bench, which shut out the sun, so that the rock on which they walked was a little damp. They started cautiously—horizontally—along the step, which was swept clean of debris. The wind had been a good house-keeper up there.

"Lead on, Macduff," Jimmy yelled. "Keep a-comin'," Buff answered cheerily.

Suddenly there was a single sharp cry. A chilling scream. The Gadget turned instantly to look. Margaret Cole was leaning against the rock wall, hands shielding her eyes. But Jimmy was nowhere to be seen.

Buff backed up, the step being almost too narrow for him to turn. The Gadget inched back rapidly, her heart pounding.

Margaret's hands over her face shook uncontrollably. "He tried to reach out . . . thought I was . . . slipping—"

The Gadget closed her eyes to keep from going faint. When she opened them again Buff was lying sideways along the edge of the cliff, staring down.

"He's there," muttered Buff; "about sixty feet below on another ledge. Jim! . . . Jim!"

Margaret Cole slid to a crouching position, her face drained of color, her eyes stark. "I was horribly afraid to come," she confessed through stiff lips. "I'm terrified of heights."

The Gadget looked down at her pityingly. She could hardly credit what she had heard. Margaret wasn't afraid to plunge into a stream after a maddened bull, but she was afraid of heights. Dazed. Useless. In compassion The Gadget bent down and put an arm about her sister-in-law, but Margaret slumped face down on the ledge and began to cry.

Buff's mouth was stern and set when he sat erect. "He's alive . . . I saw him



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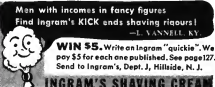
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ANSWERS



move some. We've got plenty of rope to drag him back but—"

"Give me the rope." The Gadget started unwinding it from Buff's waist.

"What for?"

"To put around me so you can let me down where he is."

Buff said roughly, "You're crazy."

The Gadget fussed with a knot and pulled a length of rope free.

"No, I tell you. No!" Buff said.

They faced each other there on the cliff, both almost violent. A man with his skill rendered inept. A girl with a new determination of her own.

Buff's eyes softened. "I couldn't let you take a chance like that, Lucia."

Lucia—from Buff! He hadn't forgotten how to draw it out in that extra special way, how to make it a caress.

"I'm going down myself," he declared.

"You can't go. You're too big. We couldn't hold you." She looked down at Margaret lying prone and sobbing on the ledge. "And there's nothing to tie to."

There wasn't. Not a tree. They were above timber line. Not a point of rock around which to make a loop.

"I'm light," she went on. "You can easily let me down . . ." She swallowed hard when she thought how far it was. "And I'll stay with Jim while you go back . . ." The words stuck in her throat.

"I can't let you do it, Lucia darlin'. It's dangerous."

He was grave. She knew what he was thinking. That the rope, sawing against the cliff, might wear thin. But the rope looked stout and Buff wouldn't fail her.

"I'm going, Buff." Desperately she unwound the rope. Grim-lipped but without further protest he helped her until they had a long coil of it on the ledge. He took a light blanket from his pack and wrapped it snugly about her body. While he worked, he talked. Staccato. Giving detailed instructions in first aid. Things to make Jim as comfortable as possible during the night while he made the long trek back to the ranch for help.

MARGARET turned her face sideways on her arm. It was swollen from weeping. Spasms of trembling shook her. "He . . . he'll find out I was afraid. That I c-ried and carried on." She meant Jimmy, of course.

"If he shouldn't find out, you tell him," Lucia advised. "Because that's all he needs to make wedding bells."

Buff pulled the knots in the rope secure. He tested them with all his strength, then took her by the arms, his hands strained and tense. "If anything should happen to you . . ." His eyes were dark with agony. With the torture of having to allow her to assume risks he would gladly take.

"Hang on to me." She looked up and trusted him. She wanted to touch him. To augment her courage through his strength. She put out her hand and he lifted it to his lips. An unexpected thing for Buff Cole to do. A salute.

"We'll play you're the young lady on the flyin' trapeze," he told her unevenly. "Don't be afraid."

"I won't."

But she was. Mortally afraid as she

SORRY, but we pulled a bit of a fast one on you. The test on page 138 shouldn't be called *Are You a Practical Person?* but *ARE YOU A TIGHTWAD?*

The ten key questions are numbers 2, 6, 8, 11, 12, 13, 14, 18, 19, 20; the other ten are merely blinds. Questions 2, 11, 12, 13, 19 should be answered Yes. Questions 6, 8, 14, 18, 20 should be answered No.

If you've made a score of 10, or even 9 for that matter, you're a grand person to have around; if 8, you are generous; if 7, you're liberal; if 5, you'll pass; but, if 4 or less, you're well on the way toward being classed a tightwad. If you haven't scored more than 2, you're just an old skinflint.



crawled forward. Buff cautioned her to turn around and lower herself slowly, keeping a handhold on the rock as long as she could, so there would be no jerk. In panic, her fingers seemed to freeze to the edge. She forced herself to let go, taking hold of the rope first with one hand and then the other until, at last, she swung out over nothingness.

CONTACT with the rock below seemed like a reprieve. She shoved her toes inward until her heels felt the comfort of the ledge. Her foot came in contact with something else. Jimmy. The side of his face was smeared with blood and dirt. He was badly scratched and his cheek bore a deep cut. He lay awkwardly, one arm doubled under him, eyes closed, but he was breathing.

This shelf was somewhat wider than the one above but on a slant. Lucia edged in toward the wall and pressed close to the cliff. She was weakening now herself. She braced her knees to keep them from buckling. Then with cold, nervous fingers she untied the knots in the rope and set about making Jimmy as comfortable as she could.

As she worked she was fortified with the thought that if she hadn't been so small perhaps they couldn't have gotten Jim. He might have had to stay on this perch alone for hours. Littleless had his uses.

Buff's voice came down to her: "Okay?" She answered him.

"I'm . . . leavin' . . . Margaret . . . here."

"Okay!" Lucia shouted back.

She covered Jim completely with the blanket and huddled close to him for warmth. Sleep was out of the question. Every faculty alert, she subjected herself to a crucial examination. The events of the past few hours demonstrated that she was more than mere bric-a-brac. The fault had been hers. She had never even tried to measure up to the country. Its demands—

and, by the same token, Buff's—were not beyond her. This test by terror proved that conclusively. It all boiled down to the fact that she had been smugly superior to her surroundings. She took a deep draft of the stinging air and with it a fresh option on Buff's newly awakened love. If he should lapse into his old habits again (and he might), Lucia would know them for what they were and deal with them accordingly. For he had promoted her from playmate to partner right there on the mountainside. It was a new job; something she would have to work at consistently. She dedicated herself to it solemnly in the lingering last light of the afterglow. Margaret's voice roused her from her abstraction:

"Halloo?"

"Halloo-oo!" Lucia answered at intervals through the night. . . .

BRANDON and the valley talked about it for weeks. But the principals didn't talk. The memory of that night was still too terribly vivid. The bobbing lanterns advancing so slowly. The gentleness of Buff and the boys as they laced Jimmy onto a stretcher, placed him in a sleeping bag, and tried as best they could to ease him down the tortuous trail.

Eventually there came a day when he was quite himself again. With his right arm in a sling he was well enough to travel. So Margaret prepared to drive him into town. This was a new Margaret, a meek Margaret. One who had confessed all her weaknesses to Jim and, in so doing, found out that Lucia had been exactly right. Jimmy had only needed to know who would be boss before he made wedding bells. He was leaving his car for her to use until he came back to stay. To buy a ranch of his own and settle down with Margaret as top hand.

"I'll flag the bus," Jimmy announced. "Brandon's too far for anyone to drive me to the train—forty miles."

Lucia summoned all of her local pride and said, "Forty miles isn't anything. Here in our country we speak of miles in terms of city blocks."

"Your country," his eyes twinkled. "City blocks is what you speak in terms of, huh?"

Even if he were coming back it was difficult to see him go. There was tension. At last, though, he and Margaret went down to the car. Buff and Lucia and Dad Cole stood in the ranch-house door until on an impulse Lucia darted down the steps. She ran up to the car and seized Jimmy's good hand.

"Thanks for everything," she whispered brokenly.

It was evident that he didn't understand. "For the accident . . . and all."

How could she tell him what he had given back to her? How let him know that through him she had found both herself and Buff?

He looked at her quizzically for a moment, then squeezed her hand.

"Anything to oblige a lady," Jimmy said gallantly. He amended that a trifle just as they drove away. "That is, almost anything," he called back laughingly to little Lucia Cole.

Too Many COOKS

(Continued from page 35)

doctor came, which was just before you did."

"One of the cops had a notebook out."

"What's your name?"

"Archie Goodwin."

He wrote it down. "Did you see anyone in the shrubbery?"

"No. If you'll permit a suggestion, it's been less than ten minutes since the shot was fired. If you get busy out there, you might pick up a hot trail."

"I want to see Wolfe."

"To ask him if I shot him? Well, I didn't. I even know who did. It was the man who stabbed Laszio in Pocahontas Pavilion Tuesday night."

"How do you know it was the one who killed Laszio?"

"Because Wolfe started digging too close to his hole and he didn't like it. There's plenty of people that would like to see Nero Wolfe dead, but not in this neighborhood."

"Is Wolfe conscious?"

"Certainly. That way, through the foyer."

"Come on, Bill."

THEY tramped ahead, and Ashley and I followed, with Odell behind us. In Wolfe's room the nurse had the table half covered with bandages and things. Wolfe, on his side, had his back to us, and the doctor was bending over him with busy fingers.

"What about it, Doc?"

"Who—?" The doctor's head twisted at us. "Oh, it's you fellows. Only a flesh wound in the upper cheek."

Wolfe's voice demanded, "Who is that?"

"Quit talking. State police."

"Archie? Where are you, Archie?"

"Right here, boss." I stepped up. "The cops want to know if I shot you."

"They would. Idiots. Get them out of here. Get everybody out but you and the doctor. I'm in no condition for company."

A cop spoke up: "We want to ask you, Mr. Wolfe—"

"I have nothing to tell you, except that somebody shot at me through the window. Do you think you can catch him?"

Clay Ashley said indignantly, "That's no attitude to take, Wolfe. All this damned mess comes from my permitting a gathering of people who are not of my clientele. Far from it. It seems to me—"

"I know who that is," Wolfe's head started to move, and the doctor held it firm. "That's Mr. Ashley. . . . His clientele! Phui! Put him out, too."

I told the cops, "Come on. Shove off." To Ashley, "You, too. Give your clientele my love. Scat."

I saw them all out.

Back in Wolfe's room, my eye fell on the script still lying on the floor, and I picked it up and examined it. Sure enough, the bullet had gone right through it and had torn loose one of the metal fasteners. I smoothed it out and tossed it on the bureau, and took a post at the foot of the bed.

The doctor was a little slow but he was good and thorough. He told me, as he worked, that the wound was superficial but would be somewhat painful, and the patient should have rest and freedom from disturbance. The patient insisted that he intended to deliver a speech that evening and wouldn't be persuaded out of it, and in case such excessive muscular action started a hemorrhage the doctor must be called.

The doctor finished. I accompanied him and the nurse as far as the main hall.

When I got back I found the patient still lying on his side, with his eyes closed.

"Did you say the bullet went through my speech?" he asked. "Let me see it."

HIS tone was such that I got the script from the bureau and handed it to him without demur. Frowning, he fingered it, and as he saw the extent of the damage the frown deepened. He handed it back. "I suppose you can decipher it. What did you throw it for?"

"Because I had it in my hand. If it hadn't deflected the bullet you might have got it for good—or it might have missed you entirely, I admit that. Depending on how good a shot he is."

"I suppose so. That man's a dolt. I had washed my hands of it. He stood an excellent chance of avoiding exposure, and now he's done for. We'll get him."

"Oh. We will?"

"Certainly. I have plenty of forbearance, but I'm not a complacent target for firearms. Hand me that mirror. I suppose I'm a spectacle."

"You're pretty well decorated." I passed the mirror to him, and he studied his reflection with his lips compressed. "About getting this bird, I'm for it, but from the way you look and what the doctor said—"

"It can't be helped. Now bring me underwear, a clean shirt, the dressing gown from the closet."

"You've got to stay in bed."

"Nonsense. There's more blood in the head lying down than sitting up. If people come here I can't very well make myself presentable, with the gibbosity of this confounded bandage, but at least I needn't give offense to decency."

As he dressed, he instructed me as to details of the program:

"All we can do is try our luck on the possibilities until we find a fact that will allow only one interpretation. I detest alternatives, and at present that is all we have. Do you know how to black a man up with burnt cork? . . . Well, you can try. Get some corks—I suppose we can use matches—and get a Kanawha Spa liver, medium size, including cap. But, first of all, New York on the telephone. . . . We'll have to find time to finish that



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speech. . . I presume you know the numbers of Saul Panzer and Inspector Cramer. But, if we should get our fact from there, it would be undesirable to run the risk of that black-garbed learning we had asked for it. We must prevent that." . . .

My friend Odell stood beside a lobby pillar with an enormous leaf of a palm spread over his head, looking at me with a doubtful glint in his eye.

I said, "Nor am I trying to negotiate a hot date, nor am I engaged in snooping. I've told you straight, I merely want to make sure that a private phone call is private. It's not suspicious; it's just private. You can come along and stay with me, and if I start anything you don't like you can throw stones at me. Which reminds me, this Kanawha Spa seems to be pretty hard on guests. If you don't get hit with a rock you get plugged with a bullet. Huh?"

Without erasing the doubt, he made to move. "Okay. The next time I tell a man a joke it'll be the one about Pat and Mike."

He led me through the lobby, and down a narrow side corridor into a small room. Its furniture consisted of a switchboard running its entire length, perhaps fifteen feet, six maidens in a row with their backs to us, and the straight-backed chairs which the maidens inhabited. Odell went to the one at the end and conversed a moment, and then thumbed me over to the third in the line.

Odell said something to her, and she nodded, and I told her, "I've just thought up a new way to make a phone call. Mr. Wolfe in Suite 60, Upshur Pavilion, wants to put in a call to New York and I'm going to stay and watch you do it."

"Suite 60? That's the man who was shot?"

"Yep."

"And it was you who told me I'm a wonder?"

"Yep. In a way I came to check up. If you'll just get—"

"Excuse me." She turned and talked and listened, and monkeyed with some plugs.

When she was through I said, "Get New York, Liberty 2-3306, and put it on Suite 60."

SHE got busy. I became aware of activity at my elbow, and saw that Odell had got out a notebook and pencil and was writing something down. I told him pleasantly, "To save you the trouble of listening for the next one, it's going to be New York Police Headquarters."

"Much obliged. What's he doing, yelling for help because he got a little scratch on the face?"

I made a fitting reply with my mind elsewhere, because I was watching operations. The board was old style, and it was easy to tell if she was listening in. Her hands were all over the place, pushing and dropping plugs, and it was only five minutes or so before I heard her say, "Mr. Wolfe? Ready with New York. Go ahead, please." She flashed me a grin. "Who was I supposed to tell about it?"

I grinned back. "Don't you bother your little head about it. Be good, dear child—"

"And let who will wear diamonds. I know. Have you heard the one—? Excuse me."

Odell stayed with me till the end. He had a long wait, for Wolfe's talk with Saul

Panzer lasted a good quarter of an hour, and the second one, with Inspector Cramer—provided he got Cramer—almost as long. When it was finished and the plugs had been pulled I thought it was only sociable to pat the maiden on the head and she ducked, and Odell plucked me by the sleeve.

I left him in the lobby with thanks and an assurance that I hadn't forgotten his aspirations to the Hotel Churchill, regarding which Mr. Wolfe would sound out Mr. Liggett at the first opportunity.

A MINUTE later I had an opportunity myself, but was too busy to take advantage of it. Going away from the main entrance in the direction of my next errand took me past the mounting block, and there was Liggett, with the right clothes on, which I suppose he had borrowed, dismounting from a big bay. I slowed down, hoping I might see him or another guest get stepped on by a horse, but it didn't happen so. Not that I have anything against guests as guests; it's only my natural feeling about people who pay twenty bucks a day for a room to sleep in, and they always look either too damn' sleek or as if they had been born with a bellyache. I know if I were a horse . . .

But I had errands. So I got along to Pochontas Pavilion. Another free-for-all lunch was in preparation, not to mention the dinner for that evening, which was to illustrate the subject of Wolfe's speech by consisting of dishes that had originated in America. That, of course, was to be concocted under the direction of Louis Servan, and he was there in white cap and apron, moving around, feeling, looking, smelling, tasting, and instructing.

Servan's dignified old face clouded over when he saw me. "Ah, Mr. Goodwin! I've just heard of that terrible . . . to Mr. Wolfe. I'll call on him as soon as I can manage to leave here. It's not serious? He can be with us?"

I reassured him, and told him I hated to interrupt a busy man but I needed a few words with him, and he went with me to the small parlor. After some conversation he called in Moulton, the headwaiter, and gave him instructions.

When Moulton had departed Servan hesitated before he said, "I wanted to see Mr. Wolfe, anyway. Mr. Ashley tells me that he got a startling story from two of my waiters. I can understand their reluctance . . . but I can't have . . . my friend Laszio murdered here in my own dining-room." He passed his hand wearily across his forehead. "This should have been such a happiness. . . . It is the worst thing that has ever happened to me."

"Forget it." I patted his arm. "I mean, forget the murder. Let Nero Wolfe do the worrying. I always do. Did you elect your four new members this morning?"

"Yes, Why?"

"I was just curious about Malfi. Did he get in?"

"Malfi? In *Les Quinze Maitres*? Good heavens, no!"

"Okay. I was just curious. You go on back to the kitchen and enjoy yourself."

He nodded and pattered away. I had then been gone from Upshur more than an hour, and I hot-footed it back.

Wolfe was in the big chair, frowning at the last page of his speech.

I reported, "Everything set. Servan

turned the details over to Moulton. Servan's going to send a couple of trays of lunch over to us. It's a grand day outdoors; too bad you're cooped up like this. Our client has taken advantage of it by going horseback riding."

"We have no client."

"I was referring to Mr. Liggett. I still think that since he offered to pay for a job of detective work you might as well give him that pleasure. Not to mention hiring Berin for him. Did you get Saul and Cramer?"

"I got them. That alternative is being cared for." He sighed. "This thing hurts. What are they cooking for lunch?"

"I don't know. Five or six of them are messing around. Certainly it hurts, and you won't collect a damn' cent for it." I sat down. "Not only that, it seems to have made you more contrary even than usual. No matter how much of a genius you are, it wouldn't do any harm to find out what various people were doing at a quarter past ten this morning."

"It wouldn't do any harm. But the only thing that will do us any good is direct evidence that a certain person committed the murder."

"Oh, well." I waved a hand feebly. "If that's all. Naturally you've got that."

"I have. It is being tested."

"I'll call. What evidence and who?"

He started to shake his head, then winced and stopped. "It is being tested. I don't pretend that the evidence is conclusive; far from it. We must await the test. It is so little conclusive that I have arranged for this performance with Mr. Blanc because we are pressed for time and no alternative can be ignored. . . . There's someone at the door."

THE performance with Blanc was elaborate but a complete washout. I wasn't surprised at the result, and I don't think Wolfe was, either; he was just being thorough and not neglecting anything.

The first arrivals were Moulton and Paul Whipple, and they had the props with them. I took them in to Wolfe for an explanation of the project, and then deposited them in my room. A few minutes later Leon Blanc came.

The chef and the gastronome had quite a chat. Blanc was, of course, distressed at Wolfe's injury, and said so at length. Then they got on to the business. Blanc had come, he said, at Servan's request, and would answer any questions Mr. Wolfe might care to ask. That was an order for anybody, but Blanc filled it pretty well, including the pointed and insistent queries regarding the extent of his acquaintance with Mrs. Laszio. Blanc stuck to it that he had known her rather well when she had been Mrs. Vukčić and he had been *chef de cuisine* at the Churchill, but that in the past five years, since he had gone to Boston, he had seen her only two or three times, and they had never been at all intimate. I heard most of it from a distance because I was in the bathroom, with the door open a crack, experimenting with the burnt cork.

Blanc balked a little when Wolfe got to the suggestion of the masquerade test, but not very strenuously, and I opened the bathroom door and invited him in. We had a picnic. I suppose I didn't do it like an expert, since I wasn't one, but, by gosh, I got him black. Then he put on the suit of

livery, including the cap, and it wasn't a bad job at all.

I took him in to Wolfe for approval, and telephoned Pocahontas Pavilion and got Mrs. Coyne and told her we were ready.

In five minutes she was there. I stepped into the corridor to give her a brief explanation of the program, and then, admitting her to the foyer and leaving her there, I went back in to pose Blanc. I stood him over beyond the foot of the bed, at what looked like the right distance, pulled his cap lower, and had him put his finger to his lips, and told him to hold it. Then I went to the door to the foyer and opened it six inches.

After ten seconds I told Blanc that would do for that pose, and went to the foyer and told Lio Coyne out to the corridor again. "Well?"

She shook her head. "No. It wasn't that man."

"How do you know it wasn't?"

"His ears are too big. It wasn't him."

"How sure are you?"

"I'm very sure. This man is more slender, too."

"Okay. Much obliged."

The others said the same thing. I posed Blanc twice more, once facing the door for Paul Whipple, and the second time with his back to it for Moulton. Whipple said he would be willing to swear that the man he had seen by the screen in the dining-room was not the one he had seen in Wolfe's room, and Moulton said he couldn't swear to it because he had only seen the man's back, but he thought it wasn't the same man. I sent them back to Pocahontas.

Then I had to help Blanc clean up. Getting it off was twice as hard as putting it on, and I don't know if he ever did get his ears clean again. Considering that he wasn't a murderer at all, he was pretty nice about it. After expressing a hope that Wolfe would feel better by dinnertime, he left.

AND now came the first of a string of visitors who kept knocking at the door intermittently all afternoon. This one was my friend Barry Tolman. "How's Mr. Wolfe?" he asked.

"Battered and belligerent. Go on in."

When I followed him a few minutes later, Tolman had sat down and had his head cocked on one side for a look at Wolfe's bandage, and Wolfe was saying, "Not to me, no, sir. The doctor called it superficial. But I assure you it is highly dangerous to the man who did it. . . . Where is Mr. Berin?"

"Here. At Pocahontas with . . . with his daughter. I brought him myself, just now. Do you think it was the one that stabbed Laszio who did it?"

"Who else?"

"But why was he after you? You were through with it."

"He didn't know that." Wolfe stirred in his chair, winced, and added bitterly, "I'm not through with it now."

"That suits me. I don't say I'm glad you got shot."

Another interruption took me away. This time it was the lunch. There were three enormous trays and three waiters, and Moulton was an outsider for opening doors and clearing traffic.

Wallenko showed up at the same time to say he was sorry somebody shot at Wolfe.

Wolfe told Tolman, "Excuse me,

please." With a healthy grunt he lifted himself from his chair and made his way across to the serving stands. Wallenko got him and hovered over the dishes. Wolfe lifted one of the covers, bent his head and gazed, and sniffed. Then he looked at Moulton. "Piroshki?"

"Yes, sir. By Mr. Wallenko."

Wallenko beamed and bowed.

Wolfe lifted other covers, bent and smelled, with careful nods to himself. He straightened up again. "Artichokes *barigoule*?"

"I think, sir, he called them *drigante*. Mr. Mondor. Something like that. And there is Cream Soup Vichyssoise, a soufflé of sweet potato with rum, and Café Viennois."

"Leave it all here, please. We'll serve ourselves, if you don't mind."

They went.

Wolfe gave me the high sign and I managed to ease Wallenko away from the table, where he was admiring his own *piroshki*, and out the door.

WOLFE sighed. "Telephone the hotel for a luncheon menu."

I stared at him. "Maybe you're delirious?"

"Archie." He sounded savage. "You may guess the humor I'm in. That *piroshki* is by Wallenko, and the artichokes are by Mondor. But how the devil do I know who was in that kitchen or what happened there? These trays were intended for us, and probably everyone knew it. For me. I am still hoping to go home tonight. Phone the hotel, and get those trays out of here so I can't smell them. Put them in your room and leave them there."

Tolman said, "But, man! If you really think . . . we can have that stuff analyzed."

"I don't want to analyze it, I want to eat it. And I can't. I'm not going to. There probably is nothing at all wrong with it, and look at me, terrorized, intimidated by that blackguard! What good would it do to analyze it? I tell you, sir—Archie?"

It was the door again. The greenjacket from the hall had a telegram addressed to Nero Wolfe. I went back in, and handed it to him.

He read it. He murmured, "Indeed." At the sound of the new tone in his voice I gave him a sharp glance. He handed the telegram back to me. "Read it to Mr. Tolman."

I did so:

"NERO WOLFE KANAWHA SPA VA
"NOT MENTIONED ANY PAPER STOP
CRAMER CO-OPERATING STOP PROCEEDING
STOP WILL PHONE FROM DESTINATION
"PANZER."

Wolfe said softly, "That's better. Much better. We might almost eat that *piroshki* now, but there's a chance. . . . No. Phone the hotel, Archie. And, Mr. Tolman, I believe there will be an opportunity for you also to co-operate."

Jerome Berin shook both his fists, so that his chair trembled under him. "Such a dirty dog! Such a—" He stopped himself abruptly and demanded, "You say it was not Blanc? Not Vukčić?"

Wolfe murmured, "None of them, I think."

"Then I repeat, a dirty dog!" Berin leaned forward and tapped Wolfe on the

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knee. "I tell you frankly, it did not take a dog to kill Laszio. Anyone might have done that, anyone at all, merely as an incident in the disposal of garbage. *En passant*. But to shoot at you through a window—you, the guest of honor of *Les Quinze Maitres*! Only because you had interested yourself in the cause of justice! Because you had undertaken to establish my innocence! Because you had the good sense to know that I could not possibly have made seven mistakes of those nine sauces! And let me tell you . . . will you credit it when I tell you what they gave me to eat in that place, in that jail in that place?"

He went on to tell, and it sounded awful. He had come, with his daughter, to express his appreciation of Wolfe's efforts in his behalf. It was nearly four o'clock.

Tolman had stayed until nearly the end of lunch, and, after that was finished, Rossi and Mondor and Coyne had dropped in to offer commiseration for Wolfe's wound, and they had been followed by others. Even Louis Servan had made it. Also, around three o'clock, there had been a phone call from New York, which Wolfe took himself. His end of it consisted mostly of grunts, and all I knew about it when he got through was that he had been talking with Inspector Cramer. But I knew he hadn't got any bad news, for afterward he sat and rubbed the side of his nose and looked self-satisfied.

CONSTANZA BERIN sat for twenty minutes on the edge of her chair trying to get a word in, and when her father called an intermission to get his pipe lit she finally succeeded: "Mr. Wolfe, I . . . I was terrible this morning."

He moved his eyes at her. "You were indeed, Miss Berin. I have often noticed that the more beautiful a woman is, especially a young one, the more liable she is to permit herself unreasonable fits. Tell me—when you feel it coming on like that, is there nothing you can do to stop it? Have you ever tried?"

She laughed at him. "But it isn't fits. I don't have fits. I was scared and mad because they had put my father in jail. And in a strange country I had never been in before. America is an awful country."

"There are those who would disagree with you."

"I suppose so. I suppose it isn't so much the country . . . maybe it's the people who live here. . . . Oh, excuse me, I don't mean you, Mr. Wolfe, or Mr. Goodwin. I'm sure you are very amiable, and of course Mr. Goodwin is, with a wife and so many children. . . ."

"Indeed," Wolfe shot me a withering glance. "How are the children, Archie? Well, I hope?"

"Fine, thanks." I waved a hand. "Doggone the little shavers; I sure do miss 'em, away from home like this."

Berin took his pipe from his mouth to nod at me. "The little ones are nice. Now, my daughter, here . . ." He shrugged. "She is nice, naturally, but she drives me mad!" He leaned to tap Wolfe's knee with the stem of the pipe. "Speaking of getting back. Is it true what I am told, that these dogs can keep us here on and on until they permit us to go? Merely because that Laszio got a knife in his back? My daughter and I were to leave tonight, for New York, and then to Canada. I am out of jail but I am not free. Is that it?"

"I'm afraid that's it. Were you intending to take the midnight train to New York?"

"I was. And now they tell me no one leaves this place until they learn who killed that dog! If we wait on that for that imbecile Tolman . . ."

"But we needn't wait on them," Wolfe sighed. "Thank heaven. I think, sir, it would be wise to have your bags packed, and if you have reservations on that train, keep them. Fortunately, you did not have to wait for Mr. Tolman to discover the truth about those sauces. If you had . . ."

"I might not have left at all. I know that. I might have got this," Berin used the edge of his hand for a cleaver to slice off his head. "Certainly I would still be in that jail, and within three days I would have starved. I know what I owe you, and I called for blessings on you with every bite of my lunch. I discussed it with Servan. I told him how greatly I am indebted to you, and that I do no man the honor of remaining in debt to him. I told Servan I must pay you. He said you would not take pay. He said it had been offered, and you had scorned it. I understand and respect your feeling, since you are our guest of honor."

Another knock on the door made me leave Wolfe simmering in the juice of the stew he had made. I had always known that some day he would talk too much for his own good, and as I went to the foyer I was wearing a grin—I admit malicious.

The arrival was only Vukčić, but he served to make a break in the conversation and take it away from vulgar things like payments for services rendered. Vukčić was in a mood. He acted embarrassed, gloomy, nervous, and abstracted. A few minutes after he arrived, the Berins left, and then he stood in front of Wolfe with his arms folded, frowning down, and told him that in spite of Wolfe's impertinence that morning, it was a duty of old friendship to call personally to offer sympathy.

WOLFE snapped, "I was shot over six hours ago. I might have died by now."

"Oh, come, Nero. Surely not. They said it was only your cheek, and I can see for myself."

"I lost a quart of blood. . . . Archie! Did you say a quart?"

"I hadn't said anything, but I'm always loyal. . . . Yes, sir. At least that. Closer to two. Of course I couldn't stop to measure it, but it came out like a river, like Niagara Falls, like—"

"That will do. Thank you." Vukčić still stood frowning down. He

growled, "I'm sorry. It was a close call. If he had killed you . . ." A pause.

"Look here, Nero. Who was it?"

"I don't know. Not with certainty—yet."

"Was it the murderer of Laszio?"

"Yes. . . . I'll tell you something, Marko. This mist that has arisen between your eyes and mine—we can't ignore it and it is futile to discuss it. All I can say is, it will shortly be dispelled."

"The devil it will. How?"

"By the course of history. By Atropos, and me as her agent. At any rate, I am counting on that. In the meantime, there is nothing we can say to each other. You are drugged again—there, I didn't mean to say that. You see, we can't talk. I would offend you, and you would bore me."

"I don't deny I'm drugged."

"I know it. You know what you're doing, and you do it anyway. Thank you for coming."

Vukčić turned and walked out. Wolfe sat a long while with his eyes closed. Then he sighed deeply and asked me to take the script of the speech for a final rehearsal.

THE only interruptions that time were some phone calls, from Tolman and Clay Ashley and Louis Servan. It was six o'clock before we had another caller, and when I opened the door and saw it was Raymond Liggitt, of the Hotel Churchill, I put on a welcoming grin, because right away I smelled a fee.

Sure enough, it appeared that a fee was in prospect. The first thing Liggitt said after he had got seated and expressed the proper sentiments regarding Wolfe's facial casualty, was that one of the objects of his call was to ask if Wolfe would be willing to reconsider the matter of approaching Berin about the job of *chef de cuisine* at the Hotel Churchill.

Wolfe murmured, "I'm surprised that you still want him—a man who has been accused of murder. The publicity?"

Liggitt dismissed that with a gesture. "Why not? People don't eat publicity; they eat food. And you know what Berin's prestige is. Frankly, I'm more interested in his prestige than in his food. I have an excellent kitchen staff."

"People do eat prestige, then." Wolfe gently patted his tummy. "I don't believe I'd care for it."

Liggitt smiled his thin smile. His gray eyes looked about as irritated as they had Wednesday morning. "Well, they seem to like it. . . . About Berin, I know that yesterday morning you said you wouldn't do it, but you also said you wouldn't investigate Laszio's murder, and I understand you've reconsidered that. Ashley tells me you've done something quite remarkable, I didn't gather just what."

Wolfe inclined his head an eighth of an inch. "Thank you."

"That's what Ashley said. Besides, it was what you discovered, whatever that was, which caused Berin's release. Berin knows that, and therefore you are in a particularly advantageous position to make a suggestion to him—or even a request. I explained to you yesterday why I'm especially anxious to get him. I can add to that, confidentially—"

"I don't want confidences, Mr. Liggitt." Liggitt impatiently brushed that aside. "It's not much of a secret. A competitor



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has been after Berin for two years. Branting, of the Alexander. I happen to know that Berin has an appointment with Branting in New York tomorrow afternoon. That's the main reason I rushed down here. I have to get at him before he sees Branting."

"And soon after your arrival he was taken to jail. That was unfortunate. But he's out now. Why the deuce don't you go and see him?"

"I told you yesterday. Because I don't think I can swing him." Liggett leaned forward. "Look here. I told you that I'd like to have him for forty thousand but would go to sixty if I had to. Now, the time's short and I might even make it seventy. You can offer him fifty at the start—"

"I haven't agreed to offer him anything."

"But I'm telling you. And if you land him I'll pay you ten thousand dollars cash."

WOLFE lifted his brows. "You want him, don't you?"

"I've got to have him. My directors have discussed this—after all, Laszio was getting along in years—and I must get him. Will you talk to Berin?"

"No."

Liggett jerked up. "But, damn it, are you crazy? A chance to make ten thousand dollars"—he snapped his fingers—"just like that! Why not?"

"It's not my business, hiring chefs. I'm a detective. I stick to my profession."

"I'm not asking you to make a business of it. All it means probably, under the circumstances, is one good talk with him. You can tell him he will be executive chef, with complete control—"

Wolfe was wiggling a finger. "Mr. Liggett. Please. This is a waste of time. I shall not approach Mr. Berin on behalf of the Hotel Churchill."

Silence. I covered a yawn. I was surprised that Liggett wasn't bouncing up with exasperation, since his tendencies seemed to run in that direction, but all he did was sit still, not a muscle moving, and look at Wolfe. Wolfe, likewise motionless, returned the gaze with half-shut eyes.

The silence lasted all of a minute. Finally Liggett said, in a level tone with no exasperation at all, "I'll give you twenty thousand cash to get Berin for me."

"It doesn't tempt me, Mr. Liggett."

"I'll . . . I'll make it thirty thousand. I can give it to you in currency tomorrow."

Wolfe stirred a little, without unfocusing his eyes. "No. It wouldn't be worth it to you. Mr. Berin is a master chef, but not the only one alive. . . . See here. This childish pretense is ridiculous. You were ill-advised to come to me like this. You are probably a man of some natural sense, and, with only your own interests to consult and left to your own counsel and devices, I am sure you would never have done such a thing. You were sent here, Mr. Liggett. I know that. It was a mistake that might have been expected, considering who did it. Pfu! Go back and report your failure."

"I don't know what you're talking about. I'm making you a straight proposal."

Wolfe shrugged. "If I am incoherent, that ends communication. Report failure, then, to yourself."

"I'm not reporting failure to anyone."

Liggett's eyes were hard and so was his tone. "I came to you only because it seemed practical. To save annoyance. I can do—whatever I want done—without you."

"Then by all means do it."

"But I would still like to save annoyance. I'll pay you fifty thousand dollars."

Wolfe slowly, barely perceptibly, shook his head. "You'll have to report failure, Mr. Liggett."

The phone rang. When a man turns cold and still I like to keep my eye on him, just in case, so I sidled around beyond Liggett's chair without turning my back on him. The operator said she had a New York call. Then I heard gruff tones demanding Nero Wolfe, and was informed that Inspector Cramer wanted him. I turned. "For you, sir. Mr. Purdy."

With a grunt, Wolfe labored to lift himself from the chair. He stood and looked down at our caller. "This is a confidential affair, Mr. Liggett, and, since our business is concluded, if you don't mind . . ."

Liggett took it as it was given. Without a word, without either haste or hesitation, he arose and departed. I strolled behind him to the foyer, and when he was out and the door closed I turned the key.

Wolfe's conversation with Cramer lasted more than ten minutes, and this time, as I sat and listened, I got something out of it besides grunts, but not enough to make a good picture. It seemed to me that he had distrusted my powers of dissimulation as far as was necessary, so when he hung up I was all set to put in a requisition for light and lucidity, but he had barely got back in his chair when the phone rang again. This time the operator told me it was a call from Charleston, and after some clicking and crackling I heard a familiar voice in my ears:

"Hello. Mr. Wolfe?"

"No, you little shrimp, this is the Supreme Court speaking."

"Oh, Archie! How goes it?"

"Marvelous. Having a fine rest. Hold it. Here's Mr. Wolfe." I handed him the receiver. "Saul Panzer, from Charleston."

THAT was another ten-minute talk, and it afforded me a few more hints and scraps of the alternative that Wolfe had apparently settled on, though it still seemed fairly incredible in spots. When it was finished, Wolfe ambled back to his seat, demanding, "What time is it?"

I glanced at my wrist. "Quarter to seven."

He grunted. "Only a little over an hour till dinner. Don't let me forget to have that speech in my pocket when we go over there. Can you remember a few things without putting them down?"

"Sure. Any quantity."

"They are all important. . . . First, I must talk with Mr. Tolman; I suppose he is at the hotel as arranged. Then I must telephone Mr. Servan; that may be difficult; I believe it is not customary to have guests the last evening. In this case the tradition must be violated. While I am telephoning you will lay out everything we shall need, pack the bags, and arrange for their delivery at the train. We may be pressed for time around midnight. Also, send to the hotel for our bill, and pay it. . . . Did I hear you say you have your pistol along? . . . Good."

(To Be Continued)

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GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

Whatever became of....?

(Continued from page 60)

not have many relatives in the audience.

Afterward we stood around and said good-by, and I looked hungrily at each face as I shook hands. We walked out into the June night then, and I kissed my mother and all three of my aunts and rode home with them in our new automobile, the first in the family. There was a good deal of talk at home and everyone read the diploma, and then we went to bed. Up in my cool room I forgot the orator's warning words. All would succeed, all would accomplish their ambitions. I envisioned a great reunion, ten years hence, with politicians, orators, artists, writers, actors, engineers, lawyers, scientists, and doctors—all my classmates—gathered together swapping yarns, "the greatest high-school class in the history of America." In the midst of my high-flying fancies I fell asleep.

A FEW weeks after my graduation my father was transferred to San Francisco, and we packed up and left New England. The smoke and smell of my native town's factories faded in my memory. Years came and went swiftly. The era of Great Gooiness collapsed; the depression set on its long journey; airplanes began to fly on regular schedules, carrying passengers. One day as I was packing up for a holiday trip to Honolulu my mother came in and asked me why I didn't travel in the opposite direction.

"You'd have a nice time," she said, "seeing your old friends. I've just been looking at their pictures in your class-book."

I sat down on the bed and looked at the book. At dinnertime I was still turning the pages, reading the vainglorious prophecies that were written beside the queer, out-moded photographs. Over and over again I read the paragraph next to what obviously was my picture, though I could not believe it:

"We hope [it said] that our Gerald will pay more attention to his books and less to tripping the light fantastic when he gets to law school. But he will be a great lawyer, anyhow, because he can talk his way through a stone wall."

Lawyer! Ladies' man! Tripping the light fantastic! Talk my way through a stone wall! I, Gerald O'Mahoney, a structural engineer, a bachelor who had not set foot on a dance floor in ten years! In South America they had called me "Noncommittal O'Mahoney." Why, I never even wanted to be a lawyer!

"But of course you did," said my mother, when I told her about it. "When you were small you wanted to be a lawyer. Until your first year in college, at least. And you didn't miss a dance for miles around during your last two years in high school."

"You had more girls than I had knitting needles," my Aunt Hattie sniffed.

"That settles it," I said. "If that happened to me I want to know what happened to the others. I'm going back to find out."

I HAD not really forgotten the town; it had just gone a long way back in my mind and taken a nap. The sprawling factories, roaring with the manufacture of brass candlesticks, bedsprings, rollers for curtain shades and ball bearings for automobiles, were no different in appearance than when I had left.

Even the old frame hotel was the same, and I sallied forth with my classbook under my arm, convinced that my quest would be in vain.

It was not. In fact, my first quarry was no more than a hundred yards from the hotel, and I fell in step with her as she walked up the concrete walk to the steps of the town library. She was a trifle thinner, I thought, and her face had a lifted, ascetic look. She had matured and was graceful. But she was still Beatrice Knox, the girl who helped me with my algebra and made me see the logic of geometry long before I ever thought I would use them in my lifework. I stepped ahead of her at the door and held it open. Then she looked at me.

"Thank you," she said, and started to enter. With one foot over the threshold she stopped and looked again.

"Yes," I said; "you know me."

"I was afraid of that," she said, when we had shaken hands and were inside. "I have always been afraid that you would come back. It's poetic justice. You couldn't solve mathematics, and then you turned out to be an engineer. I couldn't understand Shakespeare or Milton, and now I am the town librarian. Well, now you know."

She took off her hat, showing bobbed hair that made a nice crown for her face, and laughed.

"You were going to be a scientist," I said, remembering the classbook. "A biologist, I think?"

"I was. But I discovered that a hankering for mathematics is no help in the operation of a microscope. Or in the anatomy of a mouse, or a guinea pig, either. I discovered that Shakespeare and Milton were far easier to solve than the life cycle of a sea anemone. So here I am."

She sat down at her desk and began fussing with cards and books while I stood first on one foot, then on the other, answering questions and asking them. Now that I had a classmate I didn't know what to do with her. . . . Yes, I would stay two weeks. . . . Yes, I would stay at the hotel all that time. . . . The food was bad there? Well, yes, I would come to dinner. . . . Why, sure; tonight. . . . Why not? I began to feel better. The prospect of a home meal made the town glow like a promised land. I beamed on Beatrice.

"And now I've got to work," she said. "My car is outside. Here are the keys. Go take yourself for a ride and be back at five-thirty."

I headed first for the Walters farm, con-

fident of a catch there. Phil Walters had never expressed any other desire than that of a good farmer's son—to succeed his father. He had driven the eight miles to school every morning—winter, spring, and fall—in an old buckboard with a horse his father had given him. He had never been other than neat, pleasant, cherub-checked, and industrious. I had remembered him clearly because he had been such an inconspicuous member of the class—just one of us. He, too, would be unchanged.

He wasn't. Long days in the sun had parched his skin and put a squint on his eyes. His neck was wrinkled, his cheeks were like leather, and his nose had narrowed to a thin, straight, Yankee proboscis. He looked remarkably like his father, whereas in boyhood he had resembled his mother.

I found him leaning against a fence, watching a bull wander discontentedly in a field near the rambling farmhouse.

"Glad to see you," he said, speaking with a nasal twang. "That darn' bull over there is sick, but I can't figure out what's the matter with him."

We both looked at the bull, then Phil sighed and turned to me.

"Don't see many of the old class," he said, "except Bill Zabriski."

"Oh, yes," I said; "Bill. Does he—live near you? I thought he was a doctor."

"Studied for a while. Father died. Runs a nursery down the road a piece. Bill always was a hand with flowers." He looked at the bull again, then continued, "Does a good business with shrubs and flowers. . . . Have a drink? Got some cold milk in the dairy."

I said yes, I would have a drink, and we walked through the field to the dairy, keeping wary eyes on the bull, which didn't seem to care about us. The milk was cold.

His wife came up to us and I was introduced.

"Well!" she said. "Well! A classmate of Phil's, eh? Isn't it nice today? How's the bull, darling?"

"Not so good," Phil said.

"I'd better run along," I said. "Just stopped for a minute."

"Come again," Phil said. "Come in the evening or on Sunday. We'll have a talk. I'll get Bill."

I WAS still trying to argue myself out of my deflation when I reached the nurseries. They were not extensive but they were neat, and a sign at the entrance informed me that they were the "SHORE SHRUBBERIES, INC. William Zabriski, Manager." William was examining a new flower he had received, something that looked as if Mother Earth were being underfed, for it had but one leaf.

Valiantly I pulled my mind up to the garden in which his mind was living. I told him about some South American flowers I had seen. He was entranced, asked me into the greenhouse, and dug two bottles of beer from somewhere in a bed of delphinium.

"The wife thinks I ought to drink water during working hours," he explained.

We sat down by the delphinium and talked through several bottles of beer, but not once did we touch on our school days. It was all flowers and South America and the greenhouses.

"Well," he said, when we parted, "it was nice to see you. Come again. I'll hide some more beer."

"Bill didn't even mention the time we threw bags of water from the fourth floor and hit the principal," I said to Beatrice when I went round to dinner. "Why, we were nearly expelled for that."

"I know," she said, "and I lied to save both of you by saying you were in study hall when it happened. I haven't seen Bill myself in some time. What did he say?"

"He said I was getting bald," I replied. "Well, so you are. I haven't seen Phil Walters lately, either. He got a lucky break when he married that girl. She had some money and they put it into the farm. Now it makes money—takes it to make it."

But I wanted to talk about the old days, the school days. Beatrice, as usual, was affable. She sat by the telephone trying to round up some of the old gang.

"Let's eat," she said eventually. "I've got six of them coming around later."

IT WAS a joyous evening, in one sense—everyone had a good time. There was Jack Haley, best athlete in the class, now coach of the high-school teams. There were Mary Lee Bradley and her husband, Bob North, who worked in the bank that his father owned. There was Dick Laguna, the class vice-president, now a foreman in the brass factory and still a bachelor. And there were Joe Glikas and Paddy Moreno, our two halfbacks, who were running a tavern and had the local concession for lottery tickets. Joe and Paddy decided to donate the beer in my honor, and Bob and Mary Lee said they might as well celebrate their tenth wedding anniversary, since it was only a week away.

But they did not talk about the old days and did not say, "Remember when—"

After they had gone Beatrice and I stood on the porch, watching a half-moon do its best to get up over the mountains. I asked her why these people seemed so far away from me.

"They are just as far away from me," she said. "It is a long time since we were together. Each has lived his own life since then, gone his own way. Those six people had never been in this house before. They do not ordinarily move in the same circles. I'm surprised they hit it off so well together tonight. After all, we merely happened to get into the same class. It isn't mandatory that we be all for one and one for all."

"Your ego is bothering you," she went on. "You want these people to feel and think and desire as you do, because that

would tie them to you as once they were tied to you and to me by a common thought and desire and feeling about common things—our class treasury, our football team, our class play, our studies, and our teachers. But there are no longer any of these common interests. We are just human beings, and except for the accident of being classmates few of us have anything in common.

"How many friends do you make in a lifetime, anyhow? Very few. Suppose you were in a war and went over the top with a regiment. Would you expect all of those thousands of men thereafter to be your bosom companions and soul mates because of that one common experience?"

"Enough," I cried. "You are about to point out the philosophy which governs a group of people, a small town such as this. There is a tight band of sympathy which holds them together as children, when dreams are largely communal and ambitions are a matter of age, environment, and parental example. Maturity cuts the band. There is cleavage, and before long the children take the place of the older generation."

I was mightily determined, the next morning, to abide by my reasoning of the night before. I wandered up the south hill to a small cottage and knocked at the door.

"Does Mr. Jake Costello live here?" I asked of the buxom woman who answered.

"Oh," she said, dropping her apron, in which she had been drying her hands. "You must be Mr. O'Mahaney. We heard you were in town. Jake will want to see

you. He's at the airport now. He's the mechanic there. Come in."

Mrs. Costello went about her cooking and a little past noon Jake, in overalls, came driving up in a secondhand car. He had been one of the inconspicuous members of the class, an average student, the son of an Irish foreman in one of the factories. He had the intent look of a man who prides in motors and his arms and shoulders had grown with exercise. Otherwise he was much the same, and he cheerfully invited me to join in the family meal.

And we talked about motors and airplanes, about which I knew almost nothing. I had flown a great deal on passenger planes, however, and this fascinated Jake. He asked endless questions and was reluctant to leave me when it was time to go back to work. I rode with him to the hotel, and he exacted a promise that I would visit the airport and see his "babies."

THAT night I proudly told Beatrice that I had been only glad for Jake and had not been hurt that he did not remember the time our class team won the basketball tournament because Jake, playing guard, shot me a pass in the last second of play which resulted in a score and victory by one point.

"Fine," said Beatrice. "And now that you have learned your lesson, I will tell you something. That which you missed does exist and you have a right to expect it. But it isn't here. The members of the class who followed their ambitions and de-

sires, and who still do, are not here. This is a small town. It offers few opportunities. Most boys and girls with something in them get out. Only twenty-one of the class are still here. You met six last night; you have visited three others; I make ten. Of the others, five girls are schoolteachers, and the boys—one is an insurance agent, one a real estate agent, one works in the savings bank, and one is a policeman. The other two girls, Jane Sharp and Alice Mecklenburg, are married. Jane married Paddy Moreno. Alice married a minister who came to town the year after our graduation. Here's the list. I made it out today."

I looked at the names and the occupations and checked them with the class-book. Each had found his or her niche. Alice Mecklenburg was the class beauty, an ethereal girl perfectly suited for the role of minister's wife. The real estate agent was our



"Trying to be a wise guy, Brother McDaniels?"

class president, popular and persuasive. The policeman was the best guard on our football team, a boy who could never learn algebra. I remembered the day our math instructor, exasperated with him, said cruelly, "They must use you as a block on the football team. I don't believe you can remember signals." And, oddly enough, he couldn't.

The schoolteachers were all nice, good-natured girls, with little prospect of marriage. The insurance agent was our football manager, a promoter at heart. And Paddy Moreno and Jane Sharp had always been sweethearts.

"It is the others," Beatrice said, "who would welcome you, who would talk over old times. They have been away, too, and they have been working in another world that makes, for their memories, a romantic idea of the old town and a sentimental yearning for the old days.

"They are the ones who carried on the dreams of our class. The class did not fail. Of those twenty-seven who left here, you are one. Three of the boys are lawyers, in-

cluding Harry Mabree, the best-looking boy. They are in Boston, New York, and Chicago. Two of the girls are librarians in New York and two are college professors, one a chemist, and three became nurses.

"Two of the boys are foresters for the government, two are doctors in New York hospitals. One, Sam Anderson, is an air-mail pilot. Little Mercer Townes has a queer job. He tests torpedoes for the government. Jack Noyes, the editor of the classbook, is on the staff of a magazine in New York. And our valedictorian, Jackie Saunders, is a biochemist!"

"YES," I said, "but that leaves seven unaccounted for—three boys and four girls."

"Dead. Auto wrecks for three, pneumonia for two. That funny little girl, Ermengarde Hamilton, died of diabetes. Max Hall died of appendicitis."

For a long time I looked over the totals. Each had found his niche, even the dead. An average group of boys and girls had grown up and been accounted for.

*She always
said no*

(Continued from page 122)

grow up. Really, Dod Avery, if you don't hurry and ripen a bit I'm likely to change my mind about marrying you. Romance is a queer animal. It comes and goes and—"

"What have I done that was so adolescent?"

"I really believe you don't know. Should I tell you?"

"Yes."

"Well, hold on tight, because I'm going to take you around a curve. You sent me enough orchids to choke a horse. I'd never been on the same side of a wall with an orchid before. You never thought what they'd make our thirty-dollar-a-month house look like. You sent me a bushel of candy, when I had never had more than a five-cent chocolate bar at one time in my life. You were so grateful for what I did that you nearly broke your back making me feel like an alley cat."

"Aw—"

"And all the time you keep asking me to dinner. You don't seem to get over the idea that I must be a sort of geisha girl. If you'd treated me as if I were a human being, taken me to a movie with a bag of popcorn—but that's not the way an ado-

lescent does things. And you're making me sicker and sicker—"

"I'm sorry, Sally. I—"

"Don't let me keep you from your thriving lumber business."

He stalked out, in a rather large measure of high dudgeon. If she felt that way she could just go hang. She wasn't the only girl in the world. He hadn't asked her to do him a favor. He had tried to show his gratitude.

Such thoughts didn't digest well, and Dod wasn't in a very good humor when he saw Estelle that evening.

They talked around in monosyllables for a while; then Estelle said, "Dod, you're so wrapped up in your work that you hardly know I'm on earth any more. So I think I'll run over to Nice for a month or so. You won't miss me, will you, darling?"

"No, of course not—er, that is—certainly. I'll miss you, Estelle."

"Dodsword Avery! I believe you're tired of me."

He sighed doggedly. "No, I'm just tired of work. You don't understand what it means to carry on a business."

"Should I understand?" petulantly.

He thought of Sally O'Kim, darn her. "Some girls do."

Estelle sat on the arm of his chair and stroked his brow. "Poor boy. It will be good for us both for me to go away." . . .

FOR several days after Estelle left Dod moped around. He was, he decided, through with all women for the present. They were either too practical or not practical enough. There was no pleasing them. Of course, some day he'd find the one woman he could understand, and then—

It was a simple matter to dispose of Estelle in this way. She seemed little more than a vague and unimportant memory. But with Sally O'Kim it was different. He couldn't classify her and file her away so easily. She was constantly popping up in his thoughts to pester him.

"And if you wonder what became of the spirit of the class," Beatrice said, "Sabina Kosowicz has it."

"Sabina," I said. "She wanted to be a brain surgeon! What happened?"

"There is no way for a girl to work her way through medical school. Sabina's father is a factory worker. There are other children. So she trained to be a nurse. Then she met a doctor. They were married, and together they volunteered to go into the interior of China and treat leprosy! They've been gone for two years."

"That's what the class has amounted to. Come out on the porch and look at the moon. Whenever you get to thinking too much about people, look at the sky. It makes you forget them."

So we sat on the porch and looked at the moon. My quest was over. Sabina was its end. She alone was worth all of us. The rest did not matter and, even if they did, they were happy and contented. There was no need to worry about any of them.

And Beatrice? You've guessed it, reader. I married the girl.

He telephoned her one evening: "Say, enemy, I'm ready to qualify. I'm honing to see you."

"Well, if you're leading up to something, lead on and make it snappy. I'm rinsing out stockings and I'm drying wet."

"I want to see you this evening. Okay?"

"No. It seems to me I saw an item in the paper the other day about Miss Estelle Rayburn sailing for Europe."

"Aw, Sally! This has nothing to do with—"

"There's a place down by the river where you can hire girls to dance with you. They're supposed to be good for that lonely feeling. By the way, are you still a lumber salesman?"

"Still a lumber salesman? What kind of talk is that?"

"I just happened to wonder why you weren't doing something about it. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"You would be unpleasant, as usual."

"There was a meeting this afternoon in Mr. Fitch's office, Dod. He and four other well-known gentlemen of Westchester formed a merger. You didn't know that did you?"

"Why should I know about it?"

"Probably you shouldn't. But they're buying a hundred carloads of lumber tomorrow, and the salesman who gets that order will also get a year's contract to supply all lumber."

"I'll be in to see Mr. Fitch first thing in the morning."

"Then I can get back to my stockings. Good-bye, you big lumber salesman." . . .

Next morning, bright and early, Dod was leaning over Sally's desk. "Good morning, angel. Thanks again for a big favor. I'll take you to a movie and buy you a barrel of popcorn and—"

"I'll tell Mr. Fitch you're here. And remember, no silver platter this time. You've got to all the competition there is."

Dod smiled knowingly. "All I've got to do is to bid under the other fellows, isn't it?"

"All Napoleon had to do was to lick Wellington."

"But you've got their prices, haven't you? Let me see 'em."

She gave him a look that would have frozen over the Atlantic Ocean. "When you grow up, if ever, you'll discover there's such a thing as ethics in business. I just love being a nurse to you, but I won't be a cheat to do it. However, a passing thought that comes to me is that since you're expecting to sell Mr. Fitch a whole year's supply of lumber you'd better turn in your regular price, or else you might find yourself at the end of the year holding a large, fat deficit in your lap."

"That's right," Dod admitted.

She looked wistfully after him as he disappeared into the chief's big office. "Oh, well," she sighed, "he is or he isn't."

He was back almost before she realized it, and he seemed to be about to start pounding her on top of the head. "You knew I couldn't get that order at my regular price," he accused her savagely.

"Yes, I knew it."

"Which made me look like a sap."

"Uh-huh."

"You wanted a chance to laugh at me."

"No, I'm all laughed out. However, with your head hanging so low, you should have a fine opportunity to make a discovery."

"For instance?"

"For instance, your feet. They're good to stand on. Some day when you have nothing else to do you might try them."

"Clever, aren't you? You did me a good turn once. Today you double-crossed me. That wipes your slate clean. Good-by."

Sally smiled. "You're really quite attractive when you were that way. I had begun to fear you were just another jelly bean."

"I'll show you what I am."

"Atta boy!"

"Bah!" His ruddy cheeks were flaming; his eyes were throwing out sparks. His dignity and pride and honor had been insolently scorned. With his hand on the knob he turned and looked back. "If you think you can crow over me you've got another thing coming."

"I really can't believe my eyes and ears," said Sally cheerfully.

HE CONTINUED to stand there and glare at her. He was obviously pondering this and that. Presently he stalked back to her. "Tell Fitch I want to see him again."

"Certainly, sir," said Sally, now quite meek. She plugged into the chief's line and announced Dod again. She nodded to Dod, and he swept past her without a word and pushed open the big office door with a shove that nearly took it off its hinges.

Mr. Fitch, a wiry little man with steely eyes, stared at Dod. He liked fighters, and he could tell at a glance that this Avery fellow was bursting with fight. But he couldn't think of anything to fight about except that lumber contract, and it was settled. So he relaxed in his chair and waited for Dod to blow off his steam.

"Mr. Fitch, I've been selling lumber to you for a good while, haven't I?"

"Yes."

"I've sold lots of other firms, too. I've made nearly four thousand dollars these last five months."

"So what?"

"Just this, I'm a darned good salesman."

"Interesting, and perhaps true. But why bring it up here and now in my office?"

"Because I'm here to take the job of sales manager for this new merger of yours."

"You never impressed me as a young man with so much ambition," said Mr. Fitch dryly.

"I can handle the job," stated Dod. "I'm young, and I'll get better, even though I'm good already."

"The logical thing for me to say is no," remarked Mr. Fitch, looking out a window.

"I don't think you'd be such a fool," said Dod.

The old man had made a lot of money playing hunches. He fancied himself as rather smart about such things. And he realized that a very interesting and tempting hunch was nipping at his elbow this very moment. Common sense told him he should kick this young upstart out of his office. But the hunch said for him to take a chance. There must have been something more than mere coincidence that this young fellow should pop in here at the very instant when he had held out names of prospective sales managers.

He stood up and held out his hand. "Come in tomorrow and I'll have your office ready. If you throw me down I'll break your neck."

WHEN Dod reached Sally's desk on his way out he was feeling quite amiable. He decided he'd indulge in the satisfaction of putting this Irish kid in her place.

"Young woman," he said loftily, "it may interest you to know that I have just been made the—"

"—the new sales manager?"

He nodded gravely, as befitted his new dignity.

"Should I stand on my head or something?" asked Sally.

"You can be civil, at least. It wouldn't hurt you to pretend you're pleased."

"I—I don't have to—to pretend," she said.

Dod looked at her, and something made him feel mighty queer. He saw a tiny mist in her eyes. And they were glistening, as if there were sunlight trying to break through.

"Sally O'Kim, you deliberately planned for me to lose that lumber contract so I'd get good and sore and—"

"But you did it," she said a bit wildly. "You did it yourself, you big idiot. You've—You've grown up, that's what you've done. And I'm so—darned happy I—"

The mist in her eyes had formed into drops, which were running down her cheeks.

Dod leaned down close. "Listen, Sally—about that courtship that never seemed to get started, because I was so dumb—"

She didn't say anything.

"It's never going to be started, honey." She looked up, and the old fire began to come back. "Well, you know I was only kidding you and—"

"It's never going to get started, Sally O'Kim, because it's all over—finished. We're going to be married, right away, because I'm loving you so much I feel like a cageful of tigers. And if you dare say no to me this time I'll—I'll—"

Her head went against his arm. "If—if you're sure you want me, Dod. I'm just a little nobody from the other side of—"

"—From the other side of heaven, honey."

+++++

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Praise Ingram's thrift from penthouse terraces!
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McKesson's

NOT DROPS
BUT A REAL
EYEBATH

i-BATH

You can trust the PUBLIC

(Continued from page 145)

boardwalk with little or no beach above high water, and with every inch of frontage on the other side capitalized by private ownership, degenerates into a shambles of penny-catching concessions, mechanical amusements, dance halls, and saloons.

A city park, anywhere from one half to one tenth the size it ought to be, can never arouse the loyalty and human instinct of conservation which can be enlisted to support and sustain a park of adequate size, specially planned to meet the needs of people of all ages. Decaying monuments, scrubby lawns, dead and dying trees, gardens without topsoil or flowers, filthy food stands run by political hacks—all these are an invitation to public carelessness, indifference, and bad manners. If you add slovenly park attendants who are not even in uniform, the appearance of police only at the rarest intervals, broken-down equipment, lack of supplies, and political control of the whole system, it is not to be wondered at that the average citizen treats inadequate parks and playgrounds as the average boy treats a dilapidated, abandoned factory, which presents an irresistible invitation to break windows. The municipality begins by setting the bad example and then complains because the average citizen will not co-operate.

MANY visitors have expressed astonishment in regard to Jones Beach on Long Island, just beyond the limits of the City of New York. They marvel not so much at its size, plan, and facilities as at its order and cleanliness, the efficiency and politeness of its personnel, and the behavior of the public. They remark particularly the obvious dependence of the park authorities on public co-operation rather than on force and policing. Yet there is nothing mysterious about Jones Beach. What has been done there to create an outstanding recreation spot can be done elsewhere, given something like the same natural resources, a like enthusiasm and interest in planning, the same persistence or stubbornness in refusing to compromise on plans, and an equal determination to set high standards of operation.

Jones Beach is one of a series of outer-barrier beaches along the south shore of Long Island, the first of which is Coney Island, within the limits of the City of New York. The contrast between these two beaches is marked. Coney Island has become a byword throughout the country, even though it is tremendously used. The more discriminating citizens and those who have sufficient money go elsewhere to avoid its overcrowding, litter, din, and squalor. A combination of bad planning, inadequate public facilities, and cheap private exploitation have brought this resort down to the point at which even the local landlords and property owners are losing money and are begging the municipality to do something to restore its waning popularity.

JONES BEACH, made accessible to the mainland by a causeway, is a great shore-front park. The entire depth of the beach for many miles, and rights of way for three causeways leading over from the mainland, have been acquired by the state. Two of these causeways run over meadowlands, and all of these meadowlands were acquired to prevent access, advertising signs, hot-dog stands, and other unfavorable developments on the way to the barrier beach.

The whole of Jones Beach has been laid out with the one purpose of providing adequate, fine, and enduring construction, so planned as to preserve all the natural beauties of the meadowlands and barrier beach. There are no private facilities in the main park development, and where the parkway passes through townlands it is protected by a wide right of way and by control over town construction.

The attractive buildings are low and gracious, because there is no reason to go up into the air to save ground space. The one exception is a water tower modeled more or less after the Campanile of St. Mark's, in Venice. The buildings are of brick and sandstone and are not cheap, ramshackle beach structures such as are found on most of our shore front on salt water throughout the country. There are concrete parking spaces for more than 16,000 cars, with underpasses to obviate the necessity of crossing the parkway to reach the beach. Everything is operated by the state except the various food concessions. There are no mechanical, noise-making, catchpenny devices. There are plenty of games and dancing and an outdoor stadium, seating 10,000 comfortably, where operettas and other performances are staged.

It has been assumed that the public goes to Jones Beach for outdoor recreation and not to be stimulated by side shows, shooting galleries, scenic railways, and other gadgets familiar to amusement resorts. The entire personnel is recruited through Civil Service examinations, and politeness is their watchword. There are plenty of receptacles for waste and adequate provision for all reasonable human needs. The number of people who break the rules is very small, indeed. The beach looks clean even after a hundred thousand people have used it. There is no litter, no disorder, and no overcrowding.

The public has been given something attractive and adequate, and they treat it with respect. It has been said that at Jones Beach we are able to do things which cannot be done within the limits of a great

city because we are so far beyond the city boundaries that only middle-class people of considerable means can reach the park. There is just a little truth to this contention, but not much. The fact is that, particularly at week ends and on hot evenings, the overwhelming number of the visitors come in small, inexpensive cars, averaging between four and five to a car; most of them come in their bathing suits and bring their food with them, and therefore do not patronize the bathhouses or the restaurants. They must, however, pay the causeway toll and the parking fees, but the average cost per person, including tolls and parking, is only 16½ cents.

I have a horror of people who pose as authorities on nation-wide conditions, but I have had enough experience with public and private agencies and individuals interested in shore-front conditions and improvements throughout the country, especially on our boundary waters, to state that the experience of the New York metropolitan community is duplicated not only along the Atlantic seaboard, but on the gulf and the Western coast. The American Shore and Beach Preservation Association, the United States Army Engineers, and hundreds of municipal authorities are constantly discussing and bewailing the decay of shore resorts because of bad planning, lack of public enterprise, and unregulated private exploitation. Half of the bulkhead, groin, jetty, and breakwater problems along residential and recreational beaches are due to the initial mistake of letting enterprising real-estate speculators and concessionaires gobble up the beaches as far as high water, ultimately leaving to the taxpayer the problem of holding on to what little he has left, and augmenting it by elaborate engineering construction.

There are, of course, areas which must be stabilized or protected by major construction with stone, concrete, and wood, but a very considerable part of the chronic beach headache throughout the country is of our own making. There are hundreds of run-down beach resorts which will never be rehabilitated until public officials are found with sufficient courage and popular backing to tear down the shambles and start all over again, with something spacious, adequate, and attractive, taking advantage of what nature has provided, and adding only what public convenience requires.

LET me give another illustration of the fact that the public deserves and can be trusted with the best. It is from my experience, as head of the Long Island State Park Commission, with the Bethpage State Park. This is a reservation of some 1,400 acres about 25 miles from the heart of New York City. When the owner of the land died we acquired it by setting up a municipal authority. We paid the heirs for the land out of the bonds of the authority, and obtained revenue for amortization, interest, and maintenance by establishing four 18-hole golf courses radiating from a central clubhouse. Federal and state relief funds afforded the opportunity to do all the necessary construction without recourse to the regular state budget.

This rather bizarre program resulted in one of the conspicuous achievements of relief and the depression. Not only was all construction done by work-relief forces, but practically everything was made with

relief funds, including the furniture in the clubhouse. The courses, among the best in the United States, challenge comparison with the finest of the expensive private golf clubs near New York. On Saturdays and Sundays there are from 700 to 1,200 players, and this figure drops to an average of about 350 on the other days of the week. The greens fees, locker charges, monthly and season tickets, and the bar and restaurant prices are well within the reach of the average middle-class citizen who can not afford to join a good private club, but who knows a first-rate course and wants to play where he can avoid the overcrowded city links. Bethpage, with its four courses, accomplishes what no city course can do, because it begins by being laid out on the right scale.

INVITING public co-operation by intelligent park planning can be illustrated in many other ways. For example, in Central Park in New York we found that the lawn and landscaped areas were being torn to pieces by active children, to the dismay of older, more sedate people seeking rest and passive recreation. Obviously, we could not increase the area of this park in the very heart of the city. The reorganization, therefore, had to be internal.

One of the changes we made was to place a number of fenced, marginal playgrounds for small children around the boundary of the park. These gave the children play areas nearer home at places where they could be easily protected, and the change proved a great success. We also provided more active play space for older children and adults. Some lawn areas had to be sacrificed for this purpose, but the result was that the remaining areas could be protected.

The old Central Park zoo, dating back to the Civil War, was a disgrace to the city. The buildings were wooden, filthy, and beyond proper maintenance. The public had no interest in helping to maintain them and did its share to make conditions worse. We built a new zoo of attractive design and first-rate construction. The public response was instantaneous and there has been no difficulty in controlling the reconstructed area.

New York, like many other seaboard communities, has done everything possible to destroy the natural beauties of its boundary waters. Not only have commercial and industrial developments been permitted everywhere, instead of being segregated, but the most squalid houses and the most contemptible dumps have pre-empted the obscurity of the docks, the tidal marshes, meadows, and sandpits, where, on any reasonable theory, the fine boulevards, residences, and recreation facilities of the city should be.

Gradually, little by little, we are recapturing this water front. A whole stretch of the East River front on Manhattan Island was reclaimed as an approach to the Triborough Bridge connecting the Borough of Queens on Long Island with the Boroughs of the Bronx and Manhattan. Shanties and hovels, coal pockets and junk heaps were replaced by a wide driveway flanked by an esplanade built out into the river, with playgrounds on the land side. The public immediately responded with interest and enthusiasm, rowdiness and vandalism declined, and near-by property

was improved. The same thing has happened along the Hudson River and in outlying sections of the community.

While we are on the subject of the New York water front, I recall the play, *Dead End*, performed in one of our theaters last season and since then filmed and distributed throughout the country. It portrays the history of a gang of boys who congregate at the dead end of a readily identified street near the East River in Manhattan. The play is a most moving and eloquent indictment of the living conditions of the poor in this section and the arrogance and indifference of the rich.

One of our new depression millionaires was so stirred by the play that he sent two secretaries to me to negotiate a gift from him to the city of a large tract in the neighborhood for a playground. Unfortunately, his enthusiasm cooled as the memories of the play faded, and in the end he not only did not give us the playground, but even declined to present a small sum of money to a minister who was trying to get some playground equipment to put on a bit of land next to his church.

By this time the park executives were sufficiently steamed up to go after some more playgrounds in the neighborhood, and succeeded in getting Mayor LaGuardia and the appropriating authorities of the city to round out tunnel and marginal street areas sufficiently to provide two large play spaces on the river front just below the scene of *Dead End*. I believe that if the author could have been persuaded to add a postscript to the play and movie, showing the influence of a new recreation area on the water front, the effect on the city slums throughout the country would have been as great as that of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* on slavery.

In the heart of the old East Side, New York, the City Park Department, through condemnation of hundreds of old tenement houses, built probably the largest playground of its kind in the country. This playground serves three schools and a great surrounding population. It has been operated without difficulty because the general disposition has been to help maintain this new neighborhood asset. On the other hand, where we inherited small and inadequate playgrounds, broken-down and dirty comfort stations beyond repair or cleanliness, dilapidated shelters, grassless plots, and other unattractive public squares and facilities, we have had no help from the users. The city has given them nothing to be proud of or to be interested in and their treatment is contemptuous and even destructive.

MEAN parks make mean people. Psychologists may analyze and explain the process by which people are moved to trample, disfigure, and destroy things which are ugly, inadequate, and contemptible to begin with, but any intelligent policeman can tell you that it is so.

There is, of course, a small but conspicuous and destructive minority of trouble-makers and vandals who can be dealt with only by the police. I believe, however, that the overwhelming majority of Americans are ready to co-operate to maintain the best that can be provided for them. Give them something to be proud of and you don't have to worry about maintenance. The public can be trusted.

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Along the Way

A SAGACIOUS, wispy-haired gentleman walked into his workroom in Phoenix, Arizona, and there was a gleam in his eyes and a chuckle deep down in him. His mind was busy with the question: Suppose a personable young astronomer suddenly found himself the sole proprietor of a beauty parlor de luxe, spang in the center of a big city. What would happen? The thought was so intriguing that there followed weeks and even months in which Clarence Budington Kelland associated with beauticians, astronomers, and barbers, gathering inside facts about beauty creams, planets, and finger waves. And, as a result, we have Mr. Kelland's hilarious new novel, *For Beauty's Sake*, beginning in this issue.

It is a contribution to midsummer gaiety and is a truly worthy successor to *Opera Flat*, Mr. Kelland's serial story in



THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, from which was made one of the really fine Hollywood movies, *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*. . . And, incidentally, this isn't the first time Mr. Kelland has written about beauty. Some years ago, when his hair was wispier than it is now, he wrote a little piece for our last to the title: *A Man with a Face Like Mine Has to Be a Self-Made Man*.

TWO newspapermen whose desks were a paper-wad's-throw from each other a couple of years ago, appear in this issue—a few paper pages from each other. Both made reputations for themselves as reporters in New York. *Martin Mooney* was a crack crime reporter, and *James (Jimmy) Street* had come from his native Mississippi to write colorfully of what he saw on his assignments in the Big Town.

Mooney, still the crime reporter, even though Hollywood recently commended his talents in the fashioning of bang-bang underworld melodramas, takes you with him on a country-wide survey of the "inside angles" in *The Parole Racket*. Street gives you an engaging portrait of a characterful and colorful woman in *Dixie's Mother-Confessor*. . . Mooney, as a reporter, made many friends with underworld characters. He knew them in jail and out of jail. He, himself, served a 30-day term in the Tombs (it was actually 25 days, because he got time off for good behavior) for refusing to divulge the sources from which he gathered material for a smashing series of articles exposing racketeering in New York. "It was while I was peeling potatoes in the Tombs," he said, "that I started to think seriously of the parole racket."

Mooney is in his middle forties, has a shock of black hair streaked with gray, lives at the moment in a palm-shaded Hollywood bungalow with his wife and his twin daughters who are just past six. Jimmy Street—who stands just about so high, but who can spin a mighty fine story, sub—told us that before he reached the ripe age of six his father, a Mississippi judge, had told him many stories of the South. At fourteen he was a reporter for his home-town paper in Laurel, Miss., went through college, and then worked as a newspaperman in every large city of the South before he went to New York. He has written quite a number of fiction stories, and you may be interested to know that the hilarious movie, *Nothing Sacred*, was based on one of them. Jimmy is in his middle thirties and lives with his wife and their two sons and a daughter in Jackson Heights, L. I.

DETOUR: Why the *Why Don't They?* editor wandered about in a daze for nearly a whole day was disclosed when he mutely handed over a contribution for us to read. It asked: "Why don't they make two-pants suits with two coats, so that we can wear the suit while it is at the cleaner's?"

JEROME BEATTY is far from Hollywood and the didoes and shenanigans of the exuberant "boy wonder" he tells you about in *Mervyn of the Movies*. Recently he sailed on a trip around the world, and the last letter from him was postmarked at Rome. He writes that he and his wife Dottie "carry an Italian dictionary and point to the words." He adds that Dottie won \$20 at Monte Carlo—a feat, we are quite sure, that required no dictionary, since they do say as how money talks—in any language. One paragraph gave us pause, however: "A guy just phoned in Italian, and probably said something important but we don't know what it was. I don't think he said the hotel is on fire, so we'll get along all right, I guess." . . . Not guess, Mr. Beatty. *Hopel*



IN *Star Bright* you have a peek into the life and loves of a couple of professional photographic models. *Charles Bonner* has made two beautiful camera mannequins (who can sometimes manage to look so very, very icy and austere) seem most human. Of course, our cover girl looks far from icy, and she, we have learned, is very human, too. Her name is *Marguerite Falkenberg* and she's just celebrated her eighteenth birthday. *Paul*

Hesse, the photographer, chose her from his long roster of beautiful girl models when we talked over with him the cover girl for this issue. That talk took place way back on St. Patrick's Day in a steam-heated office. Since Miss Falkenberg lives in Los Angeles, Mr. Hesse went there, posed her on the edge of a Palm Springs swimming pool in her patriotic bathing outfit, and rushed his pictures to us on wings.

Mr. Hesse tells us that in his estima-



tion Miss Falkenberg is one of the most beautiful models in America (we're right behind you there). "I couldn't convince her," he wailed upon his return, "that she ought to come to New York and model professionally." It seems that she prefers to enjoy life in California in a bathing suit on the edge of an inviting pool. Now, please don't tell us that we slipped when we failed to call her our "uncover girl." We thought of it first.

WHEN *Beverly Smith* wants a little relaxation he begins thinking about *Buzz the Bullfrog* and the benevolent Parson. And usually, as a result, he taps out a whimsical and wholly delightful story, such as *Buzz Meets a Mammoth* in this issue. These stories are a long cry from Beverly's precise reportorial writings on economics and politics and personalities. He need not confine himself to facts, and his mind soars into the pleasant realms of fancy. A native of Baltimore, Md., and a New Yorker by way of a Rhodes Scholarship in England's Oxford University, he is, at this writing, on the highroad to Dublin, Ireland, in the course of one of his roving assignments for THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

WE'RE not like the man who tells you that he knows only what he reads in the papers. We know some mighty interesting things about Postmaster General Farley, who, beginning next month, will tell for the first time his own story to readers of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. Jim Farley says he is going to "take off his gloves" in this series. Anyway, just the other day we observed him wearing out one stenographer after another as he dictated his facts and anecdotes. We saw him at the moment he was discussing a third term for President Roosevelt. He was saying . . . But, whoa! As they used to say in the silent movie era: *To Be Continued in Our Next*. . .

—jq

Yes, American...

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This is probably one of the strangest ads you have ever seen. But when you have read it, you will understand *two* things you may not have known before: How a full-color picture is printed... and why Four Roses is such a downright magnificent whiskey.



1. Here you see the first of the four "color engravings," or "printing plates," that are printed, one on top of another, to make the *one* finished picture in the lower left corner.



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FOUR ROSES

*A blend of straight whiskies
100% straight whiskies—90 proof*



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fall in with the army
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Chesterfield

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